



The Vampire Temple of Atazoth

Anarchism - Traditional Satanism
and Psychic Vampirism Philosophy

Abyssal Anthology of David Myatt

And From Various Authors

Manuscripts of Grand Master Hagur

The Giving by David Myatt (Short Story)



Order of Nine Angles Communication

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See also the final and important note of the compiler of this work on page 302.

Our Abyssal Universe of Consciousness

By Grand Master Hagur



The name “Sinister Pathway Triangle Order” is an inner subjective group work per three adepts which gives way to the metaphorical black journey we go on, within ourselves, as we explore our beliefs or unbelief, our strengths, and our weaknesses, in an attempt to understand ourselves, and bring about self-growth, self-reliance, self-love, self-power, and the kingdom within. We need to overcome past trauma and negative experiences as through Christianity’s impossible dogmas, child and old age near death abuse .

Consciousness

Consciousness is our knowing that we know; that phase of knowing by which we take cognizance of our existence and of our relation to what we call environment. Environment is made by ideas held in mind and objectified. The ideas that are held in mind are the basis of all consciousness. The nature of the ideas upon which consciousness is formed gives character to it. Consciousness, the direct awareness: the incessant flow of sensation, images, thoughts, feelings, desires, and impulses, which one can observe, analyse, and judge.

The subconscious mind, or subjective consciousness, is the sum of all man’s past thinking. It may be called memory. The subconscious sometimes acts separately from the conscious mind, for instance, in dreams and in its work of carrying in bodily functions, such as breathing and digestion. The subconscious mind has no power to do original thinking. It acts upon what is given it through the conscious or the subconscious mind. All our involuntary or automatic activities are of the subconscious mind, they are the result of our having trained

ourselves by the conscious mind to form certain habits and do certain things without having to centre our thought upon them consciously.

Personal consciousness is formed from limited, selfish ideas and self-esteem

Sense consciousness is a mental state formed from believing in and acting through the senses. It is, allegorically, the serpent consciousness, deluded with sensation. Since an individual becomes attached to whatever he thinks about, the result of his forming sense consciousness is that he withdraws his consciousness from the Dark Gods (Energies), and loses conscious connection with his Source, the Cosmic Tree of Wyrð.

Material consciousness (or, the field of consciousness) is much the same as personal and sense consciousness. It is a state of mind based on belief in the reality of materiality, or in things as they appear. It is the area in which we are directly aware, the sphere in which the personality, with its constant flow of thoughts, perceptions, feelings, desires, sensations and other activities functions consciously. It could also be called the field of experience, because we have learnt through our vehicles, to recognize the phenomena surrounding us – odour, sounds, sights and much more. However, it is the field we move through, the field we more or less deliberately move out to and return from, and is not to be confused with the “I”.

The conscious self or the “I”, the point within the embodied of pure self-awareness, different from the changing content of our consciousness (the sensations, thoughts, feelings, and more). It is the true centre of awareness, and in varying degrees the observer, the analyst and controller of the field.

The superconsciousness, or superconscious mind, is the Higher Self, a state of consciousness that is based on true ideas, upon an understanding and realisation of the Oneness of Truth, our Sinister Truth.

The Higher Self, or the “Self” with a capital letter, submerged in the ceaseless flow of psychological contents, disappearing (walking away as it were) when we fall asleep, when we faint, when we are under the effect of an anaesthetic or narcotic, or in a state of hypnosis, and when one awakes the “Self” is appearing again.

The Collective Consciousness. According to Jung, consciousness, seemingly the “sine qua non” of humanity is just the tip of the iceberg. Beneath consciousness lies a much larger substratum of forgotten or repressed personal memories, feelings and behaviours, which Jung termed the personal unconscious. Moreover, beneath that lies the deep sea of collective unconscious, huge and ancient, filled with all the images and behaviours (souls, entities) that have been

repeated over and over (reincarnation) throughout the history of not only humanity, but also life itself (all creation). As Jung said: "... the deeper you go, the broader the base becomes."

The Collective Consciousness consists of images and behavioural patterns not acquired by an individual in his or her lifetime, yet accessible to all individuals in all times, "unconscious" because it cannot be reached through conscious awareness. Here is faith and intent, rituals, pathworkings, and meditation to be brought into practice, to open ourselves up to the universal but hidden treasure. The collective unconscious or consciousness (as I prefer to say) dwells in each of us. Much of our life is structured by the archetypal symbols that are the organised units of the collective unconscious (consciousness).

Here, it is where religion is absolutely wrong. They taught and still teach of paradise or heaven, purgatory identical to hell-fire, and hell. These doctrines have been introduced when humanity knew not better, heaven above, behind the clouds and the blue sky or firmament, and hell beneath the earth. Since, man passed through the sky, went on the Moon, photographed planet Mars and other planets, sends satellites in the air far from eyesight, presenting as such a different view about the cosmos, macrocosmic and microcosmic. Where is your God hiding? Where is that eternal abode for the saved ones as well as for the damned, Science says, "nowhere".

The psychologists Carl Gustav Jung, Roberto Assagioli, and many others claim scientifically, "there is a collective consciousness, which is neither a philosophic construct nor a religious dogma, but an albeit, sometimes rather a primitive attempt, to present an "accurate" description of the inner world of the psyche, and its relation with the outer material world.

Carl Gustav Jung found this world or universe by carefully exploring the dreams of his patients, then relating them to similar themes he found in the fairy tales, mythology, art, culture of the world.

The collective unconscious contains information that can be accessed by anyone at any time, appearing to have no limits in time and space. The collective unconscious keeps information that was recorded, say, by primitive people, or it can access information about events that have not yet taken place in one's life. The problem, the collective unconscious does not fit into an individual brain very well. It needs training to catch something from the collective unconscious.

The inhabitants as it were of the collective unconscious, along Carl Gustav Jung's comments are called "archetypes", meaning formless patterns that underlay both instinctual behaviours and primordial images. Christians and

others would say, “but this is heaven”, and forget all about hell, as one can hardly locate “hell” in heaven. Well, it all does not work that way.

What is really an archetype according to Carl Gustav Jung?

Jung discovered that humans have a "preconscious psychic disposition that enables someone to react in a human manner." These potentials for creation are actualized when they enter consciousness as images. There is a very important distinction between the "unconscious, pre-existent disposition" and the "archetypal image." The archetype may emerge into consciousness in myriads of variations. To put it another way, there are very few basic archetypes or patterns which exist at the unconscious level, but there are an infinite variety of specific images which point back to these few patterns. Since these *potentials for significance* are not under conscious control, we may tend to fear them and deny their existence through repression, or attract them.

To use a verse from the Book of Revelation, the last book of the Bible, chapter 20, verse 12: “And another book was opened, which is the Book of Life....” This is an illustration of the Collective Consciousness and its archetypes, keeping a record of absolutely everything, nothing whatever is lost. We die, and physically we disappear, but our thoughts and whatever of our actions remain forever. And, it can be called forth through mediumship. The collective consciousness is filled with memories of images and behaviours we have acquired during our lifetime. Indeed, passing the domain of the personal unconscious we pass into the regions of the collective unconscious, such as tribal and cultural memories. One can pass even into racial memories, and even memories of early species.

Is this really possible? Or, is this again religious nonsense? Sorry, we have no time for religious non-sense. The answer is found in the scientific knowledge of dreams. Dream research has indicated that dreaming is hardly confined to humans. Even an animal dream.

Between the conscious man and the collective consciousness lies the mental way of telepathic interplay as it were, and through psychic development is this mediumship possible. The undeveloped and unthinking human being, the non-mental man or woman can be and often is telepathic, but the centre through which they act is from the solar plexus to the solar plexus (*to the self-same level*), the characteristic of the animal body of man. An example, the telepathic rapport between a mother and her child. High telepathy is from mind to mind, and it is with this form of communication that the highest investigations are possible. Communication with the collective consciousness is a kind of telepathy, the drawing of oneself to an archetype. However, telepathy and the

allied psychic powers will only be understood when the nature of cosmic forces and its emanations, radiations and energy currents will be fully understood.

(The Solar Plexus is often confused with the navel chakra, and most writers refer to only a single chakra, located either at the navel or the solar plexus. However, these two centres are quite different

The Solar Plexus Chakra is located midway between the navel and the base of the sternum. It supports the spleen, pancreas, stomach, and liver. Each of these vital organs in addition is associated with its own chakra, just as the heart, lungs, and kidneys are.

The Solar Plexus Centre is one of the main power chakras of the individual. It is associated with the functioning of the aura or psychic energy field, and with Etheric and Astral plane sensitivity . The Solar Plexus Chakra is also the centre of etheric-psychic intuition: a vague or non-specific, sensual sense of knowing; a vague sense of size, shape, and intent of being. The Solar Plexus Chakra - like the Heart Chakra above it and the Navel Chakra below it - is a purely Emotional Centre.)

A professional medium claiming, “I see your deceased mother-in-law standing before me, in a grey dress, and so on and forth, is only an archetype, relating some truth. But, when the medium says, “she feels sorry for what she has done to you”, is only rounding up the story to bring appeasement to the client. The medium may have felt an enmity between the two of you, and that’s all. Or, she or he must be a very good medium.

There have been occasions that people gave me a photo about someone, in the hope of getting some thoughts through. Two questions should always arise: Is the person dead or alive? And, “Is it a recent photograph?”

What is important:

1. The medium of transmission
2. The method of transmission
3. The manner of reception
4. The mode of inter-related activity between the medium and the collective consciousness where the archetype should come forth.

The true telepathic person is him or her who is responsive to impressions coming from the collective consciousness, the universe of archetypes, where

psychic development is certainly necessary, and that is through hard, creative, subjective work.

To conclude about the archetypes in the collective consciousness, differently explained:

The contents of the collective unconscious are called "archetypes," which means they are original inherited patterns, or forms of thought and experience. They are the ancient, unconscious source of much that we think, do, and say as human beings. They are the "givens" in our psychological makeup, the patterns that shape our perceptions of the world, the furnishings that are present in our psychological home from the moment of birth. We inherit the same forms, but each of us fills in the content by the way we experience our lives. So, the father might be a positive archetype to one person, but it might be filled with negative meaning for another.

Archetypes can be loosely compared to the instincts of animals. For example, birds instinctively know how to build nests and all the birds of a species build the exact same kind of nest. The bird is unaware that it has a special instinct for a particular form of nest building. Nevertheless, it does. Or we could say that dogs, as a species, are psychologically patterned to be loyal and obedient to the archetype of Master. Master is an archetype that is strongly developed in dogs; however, it does not appear to be an archetype that exists in the psyches of giraffes, snails, or buffaloes.

Humans are the same way. Archetypes that exist in humans include Male and Female, God and Satan, Goddess and Witch, Father and Brother, Mother and Sister, Dragon, Lion, Priest, Lover, Hero, Tree, Snake, and so on. We humans automatically inherit the outlines of these archetypes, fill them in with colours and details of our individual experiences, attach meaning to them, and project them into the outer world.

Archetypes are neither good nor bad. They simply are in the collective unconscious. Archetypes are not susceptible to being favoured or tamed by civilization; they live an autonomous existence at the root of our psyches in their original raw and primitive states. To most humans, with their limited awareness of the natural cycles of life and our fear of suffering, certain archetypal qualities seem good and others seem bad. We are attracted to the "positive," creating, nurturing aspects of Mother, for example, but terrified of her "negative" qualities such as her terrible fierce possessiveness, or her power of life and death over us.

Because of our fascination with, and fear of, these unknown qualities within us, when an archetype appears in a dream it can have an especially powerful impact. If a positive or likeable aspect of Lion, Dragon, Mother, Father, Goddess, or

God appears in a dream, we may wake up feeling fascinated with the dream - it feels mysterious and meaningful. The meaning behind this kind of dream is often more profound than the meanings behind dreams that have to do with our daily lives. An archetypal dream may have something to do with our life's journey: our striving for individuation, the unification of our masculine and feminine potential, or our initiation into the sinister and dark realm, our underworld and abyss.

But when an archetype appears in a dream in its negative or most primitive guise, it can disrupt our sleep in terrifying nightmares. Then we want to run and hide. We want to forget the dream as soon as we can, for it feels dangerous and threatening to our well-being. We cannot prevent these contents of the collective unconscious from appearing in our dreams, nor can we domesticate them, but we can diminish their power to interfere with our waking lives by paying attention to what they tell us about ourselves. Accepting the fact that we contain the potential for vile and inhuman behaviour can be a humbling experience that teaches us tolerance, compassion, and empathy; when we know that the archetypal evil lives within ourselves, we are far less apt to point an accusatory finger at someone else

Worthy to know, in his earlier work, Carl Gustav Jung tried to link the archetypes to heredity and regarded them as instinctual. We are born with these patterns which structure our imagination and make it distinctly human. Archetypes are thus very closely linked to our bodies. In his later work after a lot of experiments on his patients, Carl Gustave Jung was convinced that the archetypes are *psychoid*, that is, "they shape matter (nature) as well as mind (psyche)." In other words, archetypes are elemental forces which play a vital role in the creation of the world and of the human mind itself. The Ancients and Occultists call them "*elemental spirits*", the Christians and other Religious Faiths "*bad spirits*". How do archetypes operate? Jung found the archetypal patterns and images in every culture and in every time period of human history. They behaved according to the same laws in all cases. He postulated the *Collective or Universal Unconscious* to account for this fact. We humans do not have separate, personal unconscious minds. We share a single Collective or Universal Unconscious. Mind is rooted in the Unconscious just as a tree is rooted in the ground. Imagine the Collective or Universal Unconscious as a cosmic computer. Our minds are subdirectories of the root directory. If we look in our personal "work areas," we find much material that is unique to our historical experience--could only have happened to us--but it is shaped according to universal patterns. If we humans have the courage to seek the source to which our "account" belongs, we begin to discover ever more impersonal and universal patterns. The directories of the cosmic computer to

which we can gain access are filled with the myths of the human species, and so is our Cosmic Tree of Wyrð with its twenty-one Dark Gods or Energies, each having received a particular name.

Autosuggestion and Affirmation

Autosuggestion will not bear its full fruit unless it is formulated with a minimum of effort... The work of suggestion goes on in the subconscious, and has nothing to do with “conscious” effort which presides over the will. We may say that suggestion is a form of the will, but of subconscious will. So-called miracles at Lourdes (France), and elsewhere in the Roman Catholic Church, are nothing else than someone’s deep faith and intent in some archetype as “Mary” that she will intervene in the healing process, which is a kind of autosuggestion and self-affirmation, nothing else. The same with practising faith healers, even if they are honest. Miracles are extremely rare, as most people have doubts about saints and miracles. They say, “let us have a try anyway, one does not know”; but, they do not believe in what they are really looking for. The suggestion that we want to impress on the unconscious should be repeated again and again. It seems that there is a spiritual art here to be learnt, the art that makes possible association with and participation in things far greater and more extensive than ourselves, an art in which the little self does not, for once, assert its own powers and knowledge. We may desire and will, but we shall do so vainly if we imagine or fear ourselves to be unable. Our imagination and our thoughts must tend in the same direction as our desire and will.

Epilogue from Carl Gustav Jung

Just as some kind of analytical technique is needed to understand a dream, so a knowledge of mythology is needed in order to grasp the meaning of a content deriving from the deeper levels of the psyche....

The collective unconscious -- so far as we can say anything about it at all -- appears to consist of mythological motifs or primordial images, for which reason the myths of all nations are its real exponents. In fact, the whole of mythology could be taken as a sort of projection of the collective unconscious.

We can see this most clearly if we look at the heavenly constellations, which original chaotic forms were organized through the projection of images. This explains the influence of the stars as asserted by astrologers. These influences are nothing but unconscious, introspective perceptions of the activity of the collective unconscious. Just as the constellations were projected into the heavens, similar figures were projected into legends and fairy tales or upon historical persons.

A Ritual for Healing

Meditation and ways of prayers are universally practiced as a means of healing, and a great many methods are used. The following is a ritual for personal healing; it should be said with a pause between each line to give time for the desired state to be established, and with a few minutes of reflection between each stanza.

1. Relaxation and calmness

May each and every living cell in my body be relaxed, quiet and at ease.

May each be still and know the peace of the Universal Energy, Infinity.

Each and every living atom in my body has this right.

2. Clearing of the Channel

I empty myself of all action;

I empty myself of all emotion;

I empty myself of active thought;

I am a poll of perfect quietness, open to the Inflow of Healing.

3. Visualization

I visualize a lighted yellow (*golden*) aura, enfolding and filling me gently with its light;

Its bright, yellow vital force, feeding, strengthening and bringing me new life.

3. Reception

I rest back in the Presence of my “Higher Self (*of the Mind*)” (the very Soul of my being);

Its love prevails my self-love, and its healing power pours in, rebuilding, restoring and transforming me.

4. Affirmation

“I am the Power, I am the Glory, I am another god.”

May the healing power of my Higher and Deeper Abyssal Self pour through me unimpeded.

May the Energy of Health prevail and bless.

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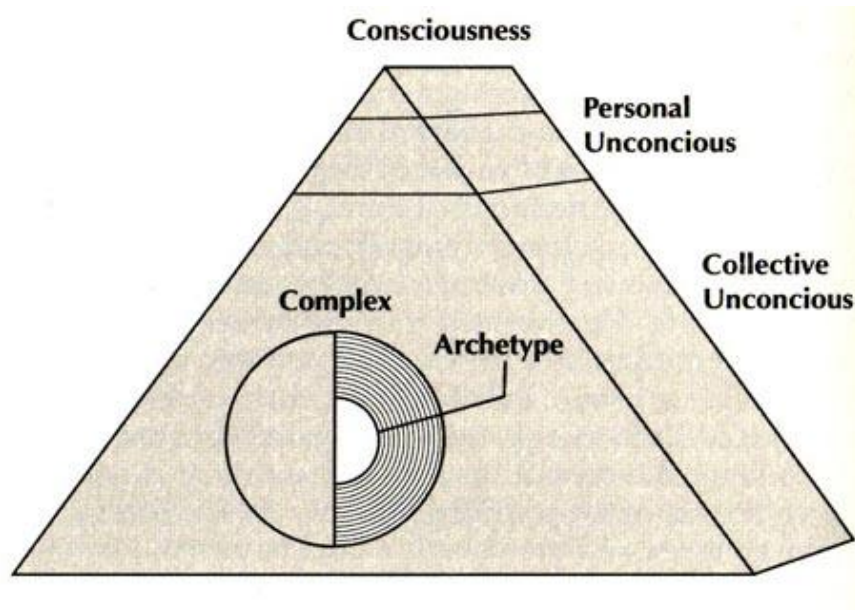
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The structure of the “embodied man”, the psyche. Consciousness is only a tiny part of the psyche, beneath it lies the personal unconscious and below that lies the vast expanse of the collective unconscious. All sensory experience is first filtered through the building blocks of the collective unconscious – the archetypes – which gather our life experiences around them to form complexes.

Christianity and Slavery

The largest slave trade in the history of the world was created by Christian European nations. This is a fact.

It is also a fact that the Bible has many verses defending slavery.

In America before the Civil War, the majority of evangelical Christians were totally convinced that "their personal relationship with Jesus Christ" authorized them to own slaves.

Some evangelical factions in recent times did oppose the slave trade. In England they helped abolish it in the early 19th century. The radical abolitionist John Brown defended his raid at Harper's Ferry, Virginia in 1859 as an act against slavery born out of his Christian conviction.

However, throughout most of Christian history slavery has been a reality that has received the official sanction of the church. Leading figures in the Catholic Church, from St. Augustine, to numerous popes, to consider the enslavement of human beings to be a perfectly acceptable practice sanctioned by God. After the Reformation, this was a tradition that carried over into many Protestant sects as well.

The set of quotes below makes clear the depth of pro-slavery sentiment within the history of Christianity. They are not intended to be an exhaustive list. Rather, they are but a fraction of justifications based on Scripture that were used to uphold the existence of slavery.

Justification in the Bible

Old Testament

"Cursed be Canaan! The lowest of slaves will he be to his brothers. He also said, 'Blessed be the Lord, the God of Shem! **May Canaan be the slave of Shem.** May God extend the territory of Japheth; may Japheth live in the tents of Shem and may Canaan be his slave'. " -- *Genesis 9:25-27*

"If you buy a Hebrew slave, he is to serve for only six years. Set him free in the seventh year, and he will owe you nothing for his freedom. If he was single when he became your slave and then married afterward, only he will go free in the seventh year. But if he was married before he became a slave, then his wife will be freed with him. If his master gave him a wife while he was a slave, and

they had sons or daughters, then the man will be free in the seventh year, but his wife and children will still belong to his master. But the slave may plainly declare, 'I love my master, my wife, and my children. I would rather not go free.' If he does this, his master must present him before God. Then his master must take him to the door and publicly pierce his ear with an awl. After that, the slave will belong to his master forever." -- *Exodus 21:2-6*

"When a slave owner strikes a male or female slave with a rod and the slave dies immediately, the owner shall be punished. But if the slave survives a day or two, there is no punishment; for **the slave is the owner's property.**" -- *Exodus 21:20-21*.

"Your male and female slaves are to come from the nations around you; from them you may buy slaves. **You may also buy some of the temporary residents living among you and members of their clans born in your country, and they will become your property.**" -- *Leviticus 25:44-45*

New Testament

"Who then is the faithful and wise slave, whom his master has put in charge of his household, to give the other slaves their allowance of food at the proper time? Blessed is that slave whom his master will find at work when he arrives." -- *Matthew 24:45-46*.

"Let all who are under the yoke of slavery regard their masters as worthy of all honor, so that the name of God and the teaching may not be blasphemed. Those who have believing masters must not be disrespectful to them on the ground that they are members of the church; rather they must serve them all the more, since those who benefit by their service are believers and beloved. Teach and urge these duties. Whoever teaches otherwise and does not agree with the sound words of our Lord Jesus Christ and the teaching that is in accordance with godliness, is conceited, understanding nothing, and has a morbid craving for controversy and for disputes about words. From these come envy, dissension, slander, base suspicions, and wrangling among those who are depraved in mind and bereft of the truth, imagining that godliness is a means of gain." -- *1 Timothy 6:1-5*.

"Slaves, obey your earthly masters with fear and trembling, in singleness of heart, as you obey Christ; not only while being watched, and in order to please them, but as slaves of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart." - *Ephesians 6:5-6*.

"Submit yourselves for the Lord's sake to every authority instituted among men." -- 1 *Peter* 2:13

"Slaves, accept the authority of your masters with all deference, not only those who are kind and gentle but also those who are harsh. For it is a credit to you if, being aware of God, you endure pain while suffering unjustly. If you endure when you are beaten for doing wrong, what credit is that? But if you endure when you do right and suffer for it, you have God's approval." -- 1 *Peter* 2:18-29.

Slavery and the Early Church Fathers

ST THOMAS AQUINAS

"Slavery among men is natural, for some are naturally slaves according to the Philosopher (Polit. i, 2). Now 'slavery belongs to the right of nations,' as Isidore states (Etym. v, 4). Therefore the right of nations is a natural right."

Source: Thomas Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, "On Justice"

"It belongs to justice to render to each one his right, the distinction between individuals being presupposed: for if a man gives himself his due, this is not strictly called 'just.' And since **what belongs to the son is his father's, and what belongs to the slave is his master's, it follows that properly speaking there is not justice of father to son, or of master to slave.**"

Source: Thomas Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, "On Justice"

ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO

"The prime cause ... of slavery is sin, which brings man under the dominion of his fellow -- that which does not happen save by the judgment of God, with whom is no unrighteousness, and who knows how to award fit punishments to every variety of offence."

Source: St. Augustine of Hippo, *City of God*, Book XIX, Chapter. 15.

"Beyond question it is a happier thing to be the slave of a man than of a lust; for even this very lust of ruling, to mention no others, lays waste men's hearts with the most ruthless dominion."

Source: St. Augustine of Hippo, *City of God*, Book XIX, Chapter. 15.

"But by nature, as God first created us, no one is the slave either of man or of sin. **This servitude is, however, penal, and is appointed by that law which enjoins the preservation of the natural order and forbids its disturbance; for if nothing had been done in violation of that law, there would have been nothing to restrain by penal servitude.** And therefore the apostle admonishes slaves to be subject to their masters, and to serve them heartily and with goodwill, so that, if they cannot be freed by their masters, they may themselves make their slavery in some sort free, by serving not in crafty fear, but in faithful love, until all unrighteousness pass away, and all principality and every human power be brought to nothing, and God be all in all."

Source: St. Augustine of Hippo, *City of God*, Book XIX, Chapter. 15.

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM

"Masters contribute greater benefits to their servants than servants to their masters. For the former furnish the money to purchase for them sufficient food and clothing, and bestow much care upon them in other respects, so that the masters pay them the larger service ... they suffer much toil and trouble for your repose, ought they not in return to receive much honor from you, their servants?"

Source: St. John Chrysostom, "Homily 16 on 1 Timothy," quoted in Philip Schaff, *Saint Chrysostom and Saint Augustin* (New York: Whittaker Press, 1889), p. 465.

"Astonishing! Where has he put slavery? As circumcision profits not, and uncircumcision does no harm, so neither doeth slavery, nor yet liberty. And that he might point out this with surpassing clarity, he says 'But even if thou canst become free, use it rather,' that is, rather continue as a slave. Now upon what possible ground does he tell the person who might be set free to remain a slave? He means to point out that **slavery is no harm but rather an advantage.**"

Source: St. John Chrysostom, "Homily 19 on I Corinthians," quoted in Philip Schaff, *Saint Chrysostom and Saint Augustin* (New York: Whittaker Press, 1889), p. 108.

"Since not at all for need's sake was **the class of slaves introduced**, else even along with Adam had a slave been formed; **but it is the penalty of sin and punishment of disobedience.** But when Christ came, He put an end to this. ... So that it is not necessary to have a slave: **or if it be at all necessary, let it be about one only, or at the most two.**

Source: St. John Chrysostom, "Homily 40 on I Corinthians".

Slavery and Church Canon Laws

"If any one shall teach a slave, under pretext of piety, to despise his master and to run away from his service, and not to serve his own master with good-will and all honour, let him be anathema."

Source: Synod of Gangra, ca. 340 C.E.

"Cruel avarice has so seized the hearts of some that though they glory in the name of Christians they provide the Saracens with arms and wood for helmets, and become their equals or even their superiors in wickedness and supply them with arms and necessities to attack Christians. There are even some who for gain act as captains or pilots in galleys or Saracen pirate vessels. **Therefore we declare that such persons should be cut off from the communion of the church and be excommunicated for their wickedness, that catholic princes and civil magistrates should confiscate their possessions, and that if they are captured they should become the slaves of their captors.** We order that throughout the churches of maritime cities frequent and solemn excommunication should be pronounced against them."

Source: Canon 24, Third Lateran Council, 1179 C.E.

"With regard to the Brabanters, Aragonese, Navarrese, Basques, Coterelli and Triaverdini, who practise such cruelty upon Christians that they respect neither churches nor monasteries, and spare neither widows, orphans, old or young nor any age or sex, but like pagans destroy and lay everything waste, we likewise decree that those who hire, keep or support them, in the districts where they rage around, should be denounced publicly on Sundays and other solemn days in the churches, that they should be subject in every way to the same sentence and penalty as the above-mentioned heretics and that they should not be received into the communion of the church, unless they abjure their pernicious society and heresy. As long as such people persist in their wickedness, let all who are bound to them by any pact know that they are free from all obligations of loyalty, homage or any obedience. **On these and on all the faithful we enjoin, for the remission of sins, that they oppose this scourge with all their might and by arms protect the Christian people against them. Their goods are to be confiscated and princes free to subject them to slavery.** Those who in true sorrow for their sins die in such a conflict should not doubt that they will receive forgiveness for their sins and the fruit of an eternal reward."

Source: Canon 27, Third Lateran Council, 1179 C.E.

"Slavery itself, considered as such in its essential nature, is not at all contrary to the natural and divine law, and there can be several just titles of slavery and these are referred to by approved theologians and commentators of the sacred canons. ... It is not contrary to the natural and divine law for a slave to be sold, bought, exchanged or given. The purchaser should carefully examine whether the slave who is put up for sale has been justly or unjustly deprived of his liberty, and that the vendor should do nothing which might endanger the life, virtue, or Catholic faith of the slave."

Source: Instruction 20, The Holy Office (Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith), June 20, 1866.

Slavery and the Papacy

GREGORY I

"Indeed, the deeds of superiors are not to be smitten with the sword of the mouth, even when they are rightly thought to be deserving of reproof. And if sometimes the tongue in criticism of them slips in the least degree, the heart must be overwhelmed with penitential grief. It should reflect upon itself, and when it has offended the power set over it, it should dread the judgment passed against it by Him who appointed superiors. **For when we offend those set over us, we oppose the ordinance of Him who set them above us.**"

Source: Pope Gregory I, ca. 540-604 C.E., quoted in Henry Davis, *Pastoral Care; Ancient Christian Writers Series*, no.11, (Westminster, MD: Newman Press, 1950), p. 100.

"Differently to be admonished are servants and masters. Servants, to wit, that they ever keep in view the humility of their condition; but masters, that they lose not recollection of their nature, in which they are constituted on an equality with servants. **Servants are to be admonished that they despise not their masters, lest they offend God, if by behaving themselves proudly they gainsay His ordinance:** masters, too, are to be admonished, that they are proud against God with respect to His gift, if they acknowledge not those whom they hold in subjection by reason of their condition to be their equals by reason of their community of nature. **The former are to be admonished to know themselves to be servants of masters;** the latter are to be admonished to acknowledge themselves to be fellow-servants of servants. For to those it is said, **Servants, obey your masters according to the flesh** (Coloss. iii. 22); and again, Let as

many servants as are under the yoke count their masters worthy of all honour (1 Tim. vi. 1); but to these it is said, And ye, masters, do the same things unto them, forbearing threatening, knowing that both their and your Master is in heaven (Ephes. vi. 9)."

Source: Gregory I, The Book of Pastoral Rule, Part III, Chapter V.

"Slavery itself ... is not at all contrary to the natural and divine law ... The purchaser [of the slave] should carefully examine whether the slave who is put up for sale has been justly or unjustly deprived of his liberty, and that the vendor should do nothing which might endanger the life, virtue, or Catholic faith of the slave."

Source: Statement of the Holy Office of the Vatican, 1866

NICHOLAS V

"We (therefore) weighing all and singular the premises with due meditation, and noting that since we had formerly by other letters of ours granted among other things free and ample faculty to the aforesaid King Alfonso -- **to invade, search out, capture, vanquish, and subdue all Saracens and pagans whatsoever, and other enemies of Christ where so ever placed, and the kingdoms, dukedoms, principalities, dominions, possessions, and all movable and immovable goods whatsoever held and possessed by them and to reduce their persons to perpetual slavery.**"

Source: Nicholas V, Papal Bull *Romanus Pontifex*, January 8, 1455.

GREGORY IX

"It is certainly a matter of faith that this sort of **slavery in which a man serves his master as his slave, is altogether lawful. This is proved from Holy Scripture.** It is also proved from reason for it is not unreasonable that just as things which are captured in a just war pass into the power and ownership of the victors, so persons captured in war pass into the ownership of the captors. All theologians are unanimous on this."

Source: Leander, *Quaestiones Morales Theologicae*, Lyons 1668 - 1692, Tome VIII, De Quarto Decalogi Praecepto, Tract. IV, Disp. I, Q. 3.

Slavery in the United States

"All servants not being Christians, imported into this colony by shipping, shall be slaves for their lives."

Source: Official Act of the Colony of Virginia, 1670. Quoted in David Brion Davis, *The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1966), p. 180.

"It is to be hoped, that on a question of such vital importance as this to the peace and safety of our common country, as well as to the welfare of the church, we shall be seen cleaving to the Bible, and taking all our decisions about this matter, from its inspired pages. **With men from the North, I have observed for many years a palpable ignorance of the divine will, in reference to the institution of slavery.** I have seen but a few, who made the Bible their study, that had obtained a knowledge of what it did reveal on this subject. Of late, their denunciation of slavery as a sin, is loud and long.

I propose, therefore, to examine the sacred volume briefly, and if I am not greatly mistaken, I shall be able to make it appear that the institution of slavery has received, in the first place,

1st. The sanction of the Almighty in the Patriarchal age.

2d. That it was incorporated into the only National Constitution which ever emanated from God.

3d. That its legality was recognized, and its relative duties regulated, by Jesus Christ in his kingdom; and

4th. That it is full of mercy.

... Now, my dear sir, if, from the evidence contained in the Bible to prove slavery a lawful relation among God's people under every dispensation, the assertion is still made, in the very face of this evidence, that slavery has *ever been* the greatest sin-- *everywhere, and under all circumstances*-- can you, or can any sane man bring himself to believe, that the mind capable of such a decision, is not capable of trampling the Word of God under foot upon any subject?"

Source: Reverend Thomas Stringfellow, *A Brief Examination of Scripture Testimony on the Institution of Slavery* (Locust Grove, VA, 1841)

"Jesus Christ recognized this (i.e. slavery) institution as one that was lawful among men, and regulated its relative duties. ... I affirm then, first (and no

man denies) that Jesus Christ has not abolished slavery by a prohibitory command; and second, I affirm, he has introduced no new moral principle which can work its destruction."

Source: Reverend Thomas Stringfellow, *A Scriptural View of Slavery*, Culpeper County, Virginia, 1856.

"... The right of holding slaves is clearly established by the Holy Scriptures, both by precept and example. In the Old Testament, the Israelites were directed to purchase their bond-men and bond-maids of the Heathen nations; except they were of the Canaanites, for these were to be destroyed. And it is declared, that the persons purchased were to be their 'bond-men forever'; and an 'inheritance for them and their children.' They were not to go out free in the year of jubilee, as the Hebrews, who had been purchased, were: the line being clearly drawn between them. ...

In the New-Testament, the Gospel History, or representation of facts, presents us a view correspondent with that which is furnished by other authentic ancient histories of the state of the world at the commencement of Christianity. The powerful Romans had succeeded, in empire, the polished Greeks; and under both empires, the countries they possessed and governed were full of slaves. **Many of these with their masters, were converted to the Christian Faith, and received, together with them into the Christian Church, while it was yet under the ministry of the inspired Apostles. In things purely spiritual, they appear to have enjoyed equal privileges; but their relationship, as masters and slaves, was not dissolved. Their respective duties are strictly enjoined.** The masters are not required to emancipate their slaves; but to give them the things that are just and equal, forbearing threatening; and to remember, they also have a master in Heaven. The "servants under the yoke" (bond-servants or slaves) mentioned by Paul to Timothy, as having "believing masters," are not authorized by him to demand of them emancipation, or to employ violent means to obtain it; but are directed to "account their masters worthy of all honor," and "not to despise them, because they were brethren" in religion; "but the rather to do them service, because they were faithful and beloved partakers of the Christian benefit." Similar directions are given by him in other places, and by other Apostles. And it gives great weight to the argument, that in this place, Paul follows his directions concerning servants with a charge to Timothy, as an Evangelist, to teach and exhort men to observe this doctrine.

Had the holding of slaves been a moral evil, it cannot be supposed, that the inspired Apostles, who feared not the faces of men, and were ready to lay down their lives in the cause of their God, would have tolerated it, for a

moment, in the Christian Church. If they had done so on a principle of accommodation, in cases where the masters remained heathen, to avoid offences and civil commotion; yet, surely, where both master and servant were Christian, as in the case before us, they would have enforced the law of Christ, and required, that the master should liberate his slave in the first instance. But, instead of this, they let the relationship remain untouched, as being lawful and right, and insist on the relative duties.

In proving this subject justifiable by Scriptural authority, its morality is also proved; for the Divine Law never sanctions immoral actions.

... If the holding of slaves is lawful, or according to the Scriptures; then this Scriptural rule can be considered as requiring no more of the master, in respect of justice (whatever it may do in point of generosity) than what he, if a slave, could consistently, wish to be done to himself, while the relationship between master and servant should still be continued."

Source: Reverend Dr. Richard Furman, President of the Baptist State Convention, *Exposition of the Views of the Baptists, Relative to the Coloured Population in the United States in a Communication to the Governor of South Carolina* (1838)

"If we prove that domestic slavery is, in the general, a natural and necessary institution, we remove the greatest stumbling block to belief in the Bible; for whilst texts, detached and torn from their context, may be found for any other purpose, none can be found that even militates against slavery. The distorted and forced construction of certain passages, for this purpose, by abolitionists, if employed as a common rule of construction, would reduce the Bible to a mere allegory, to be interpreted to suit every vicious taste and wicked purpose.

Source: George Fitzhugh, *Cannibals All! or Slaves without Masters* (Richmond, VA, 1857)

"We have a great lesson to teach the world with respect to the relation of races: that certain races are permanently inferior in their capacities to others, and that the African who is entrusted to our care can only reach the amount of civilization and development of which he is capable--can only contribute to the benefit of humanity in the position in which God has placed him among us (i.e. that of a slave)."

Source: Reverend James Warley Miles, *God in History: A Discourse Delivered Before the Graduating Class of the College of Charleston* (March 29, 1863)

"What right had you under the Constitution to declare war against a 'sovereign' state? To invade one for coercion? To blockade a port? To declare slaves free? To suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*? To create the state of West Virginia by the consent of two states, one of which was dead, and the other one of which lived in Ohio? By what authority have you appointed military governors in the 'sovereign' states of Virginia, Tennessee, and Louisiana? Why trim the hedge and lie about it? We, too, are revolutionists, and you are our executive. **The Constitution sustained and protected slavery.** It was 'a league with death and a covenant with hell,' and our flag 'a polluted rag'!"

The South is no more to blame for Negro slavery than the North. Our slaves were stolen from Africa by Yankee skippers. **When a slaver arrived at Boston, your pious Puritan clergyman offered public prayer of thanks that 'A gracious and overruling Providence had been pleased to bring to this land of freedom another cargo of benighted heathen to enjoy the blessings of a gospel dispensation.'**"

Source: Baptist Minister Thomas F. Dixon, Jr, *The Clansman: An Historical Romance of the Ku Klux Klan* (New York: Doubleday, 1905)

Short Biography of David Myatt, aka Anton Long



David Myatt, aka Anton Long

A Short Chronology of His Life

Introduction and Disclaimer:

This is the latest, updated, version (1.15a, January 120yf) and supersedes all previous versions.

I have pieced this *Chronology* together from a variety of sources, including some unpublished ones, some Internet items, and some articles published in various printed magazines, newspapers, and books. I have also, on occasion, used information supplied by various contacts of mine who are familiar with the life and works of both David Myatt and Anton Long.

This unofficial Chronology is based on the assumption that Anton Long is a pseudonym of David Myatt.

Thus, it is an amalgam of the assumed life of Anton Long – taken from the above mentioned variety of sources – and information about Myatt obtained from a similar variety of sources.

In the interests of fairness, I must point out that Myatt himself still continues, publicly and privately and consistently, to deny being Anton Long, and publicly and privately denies any involvement with the ONA, and affirms his continuing commitment to Islam.

All errors, mistakes, omissions, and the unintentional reproduction of disinformation, in this *Chronology*, are entirely my fault.

Born 1950

1950-c.1967: Africa and Far East

c.1965-66:

Begins study of Martial Art, based on Taoism, in Singapore
Initiated into pleasures of erotica in Singapore brothel

1967: Arrives in England to complete schooling

Notable events: 1967- 1968

Leaves home (his father returns to live and work in Africa) – working during School holidays at a variety of jobs, including fruit picking, a farm, and a local factory. His father gives him a generous monthly allowance

Joins small traditional coven in the Fenlands of East Anglia

Begins study of National Socialism following reading about Major General Otto Ernst Remer

Joins Colin Jordan's newly formed neo-nazi British Movement

Visits London in search of Occult groups and makes contact with small group following G*D* and Crowleyian magick, which he soon rejects as “wishy-washy arty-farty mumbo-jumbo”

Regularly attends meetings and rallies and demonstrations by BM, and newly formed NF, and gets involved with many fights

Joins small Left Hand Path group in London, and meets lady who runs a well-kept and high-class brothel: *Quod duo Concubinatus genera sint*, as he was to later, mockingly, write.

All this activity and seeking has a deleterious effect on his school studies, and he seriously considers quitting studying for his “A” levels and moving to live and work in London

1969 – 71

Seeking Promethean challenges, he becomes, for around nine months, a cat-burglar, and targets premises in London, expressing delight in the risks and the physical challenges, especially when access is through entries such as upper floor windows and roofs. He tests each “mark” personally – in terms of their individual character – before deciding if their premises, domestic or business (or both, but often just business and commercial premises), merit his attention, and later uses the experience gained to refine the ONA’s guidelines for the testing of opfers.

Leaves School to enter University, where he studies Physics

1971: Becomes disenchanted with University, and spends more time traveling around the country attending political meetings, rallies and demonstrations, as well as working with a small Left Hand Path group, based in Yorkshire, called *The Temple of the Sun*, and visiting and staying with his lady friend, the brothel owner, in London where he occasionally helps out with running the business

On several occasions, he acts as Colin Jordan’s bodyguard at BM meetings and rallies.

He meets, via a contact in a Manchester Left Hand Path group, the Lady Master, of a traditional Sinister group, whose daughter initiates him into their reclusive sinister ways, and he spends many weeks staying with them, studying, and recording, their aural traditions after which his new Lady Master and her daughter emigrate to Australia, leaving him in charge of their very small Left Hand Path group, numbering less than thirteen people, to which group he gives the name Order of Nine Angles. The young lady who initiates him subsequently (and in Australia) gives birth to Myatt’s daughter, whom Myatt only meets decades later. She and her mother have stipulated that Myatt should have no

contact with them, nor try to find them, unless they contact him, a stipulation which he, honorably, honors.

1971-1974: Leeds and the NDFM

1971: Finally leaves University after meeting and becoming friends with Eddy Morrison at several neo-nazi rallies and meetings in Leeds, and moves, early in 1972, to live in Leeds, where he is active on behalf of BM and other neo-nazi groups, and where, in the following months – after yet another violent skirmish – he is arrested for his part in a “Paki-bashing” incident involving a gang of skinheads, for which he is subsequently sent to Prison, having been identified as the leader of that gang.

1973: On release from prison he decides to form, with Eddy Morrison, his own neo-nazi group, the NDFM (National Democratic Freedom Movement), with Morrison as leader and himself in charge of propaganda.

Also forms a small criminal gang to “re-distribute some of the wealth stolen by big capitalist firms”, believing that these are “victimless crimes”. He is to be arrested, early in 1974, for his part in these crimes, after an investigation and raids by the Yorkshire *Regional Crime Squad* (later to become part of the National Crime Squad, which dealt with “serious and organized crime”). Following his arrest, Myatt is charged with several crimes, held on remand in prison, and is subsequently found guilty, and given a suspended Prison sentence.

He is invited to join the underground neo-nazi group Column 88 (a part of NATO’s clandestine Gladio network, with links to MI5 and MI6), which he does, and regularly attends their training sessions, meetings and camps. C88 is led by a former Special Forces Army officer, and its main NATO given task was to conduct sabotage and assassinations in the event of a Soviet invasion.

In early 1974 Myatt gives his first interview to a newspaper journalist, who subsequently reneges on his promise to show Myatt a draft before it is published, and who publishes a sensationalist and untrue story about Myatt and Satanism which appears on the front-page of the local evening newspaper, complete with Myatt’s photograph. The sensationalist claims includes stories of animal sacrifice, and Myatt is interviewed by both the RSPCA, and the Police, about these stories, with both the RSPCA and the Police concluding that they are journalistic invention. The reporter subsequently becomes ill and dies, after a lingering illness, less than a year later. Anton Long was to later write that he never did and never would sacrifice any animals since there was an abundance of human dross suitable as offers.

Myatt makes several visits to Northern Ireland, traveling on the overnight ferry from Liverpool to Belfast, describing these as “visits of a curious tourist”.

^ 1974: the ultra-violent NDFM year where Myatt regularly speaks at public meetings and rallies, smashes up an anti-Apartheid exhibition (twice), assaults an anti-fascist photographer, and gets arrested at least five times for violent offenses, including wading into a Trades Union march and destroying one of their banners. Speaks at Speakers Corner, Hyde Park, to a crowd of nearly a thousand, and at an outdoor rally on Leeds Town Hall steps, to a crowd of several hundred, which ends in a mass brawl, and with him being arrested again. A few months later he appears in Court, and is sent to Prison, again, for his part in “inciting and leading” the fighting during yet another mass brawl.

1975-1981: ONA Insight Roles

On his release from Prison, he grows a beard, and becomes – for several months – a “Gentleman of the Road” (a drifter or vagabond), then settles down to live alone in a caravan in a field in the Fenlands to begin codifying and extensively developing ONA teachings. He undertakes the physical tasks described in the aural traditions he has inherited, then the grade Ritual of Internal Adept, in the Highlands of Scotland (near Loch Ness), afterwards resuming his regular visits to his lady friend, and her girls, in London, who have moved to new premises.

He decides he must spend many years personally trying out – and the refining, from experience – various ONA techniques, including Insight Roles, and opts to enter the noviciate of a Nazarene monastery where he spends nearly two years, during which he continues his Occult studies.

Not long after he leaves the monastery, he moves to Shropshire, resumes his Occult writings, begins writing about National Socialism, and meets the woman whom he marries some months later. He successfully undertakes another Insight Role and completes all the new physical challenges he has developed, for External Adept, and described in *Complete Guide To The Seven-Fold Sinister Way* – having considered the ones he has inherited, and already undertaken, as “just too easy”.

Begins work as a gardener at a country house in Shropshire, and occasionally travels overseas, while continuing his association with Column 88, attending their clandestine meetings and training sessions.

1982-1988:

Settled, in Shropshire, he begins writing in earnest about National Socialism, and publishes *Vindex: The Destiny of The West* and other works of his fourteen volume *National-Socialist Series*. Begins translating Greek literature, and publishes his translations of Sappho and Sophocles. Regularly writes for a variety of NS and nationalist publications (under his own name and using a variety of ‘nyms) including for John Tyndall’s *Spearhead* magazine. Privately teaches a few individuals Martial Arts, and completes *The Deofel Quartet*, and his voluminous ONA works, which he begins to distribute via *Thormynd Press* and other outlets. These ONA works include early editions of *Naos*, *Hostia*, and *Black Book of Satan*, Part 1

In the middle 80’s he is interviewed by the Police about the murder of a local woman (Hilda Murrell) who was an active supporter of nuclear disarmament, and is also interviewed by Jenny Rathbone, of ITV’s *World in Action*, about the affair (although his comments were never broadcast), suspicions having been raised in some quarters as to whether Myatt was doing some “dirty work” for MI5. Someone – who was also suspected of “dirty tricks” for MI5, knew someone who knew Myatt – committed suicide before he could be questioned about the murder, and the murder was to spawn various “conspiracy theories” although, decades later, the real murderer was found, charged and imprisoned.

A few years after this incident, Myatt divorces his wife (she goes off to live with a younger lady) and he disbands the few, and small, ceremonial ONA groups that exist and which he still leads, having returned to, and further developed, the more traditional way of individual Initiates working alone with perchance some guidance.

With Column 88 disbanded after its existence became public knowledge, he regularly travels the UK to recruit (at neo-nazi and nationalist meetings and events) members for his clandestine neo-nazi group, the Aryan Resistance Movement (later, Aryan Liberation Army) whose candidates he tests by methods deriving from the ONA, but finds only a few suitable individuals.

1989-1993:

Still living in Shropshire, he marries again, and travels many times to Egypt and other parts of Africa (where he again visits his father’s grave which lies somewhere “between the Bangweulu swamp and the Lulua river”). He publishes further NS writings, more ONA material, and a translation of *The Agamemnon* by Aeschylus, and – following the untimely death of his second wife from cancer – he begins a course in Arabic at a British University only to leave after a short while to cycle through the Sahara Desert (from Cairo to El-Kharga oasis

via Farafra), returning to move to live near the Herefordshire-Worcestershire border and work on a farm.

He then becomes involved with Combat 18, a group started not by Myatt himself but by Charlie Sargent, and his brother, Steve.

1994-1999: Combat 18 and The London Nail Bombings

During these years, he returns again to being publicly active on behalf of National Socialism, attending meetings and events organized by C18 and other neo-nazi groups, and again speaking in public. Several articles about him appear in the anti-fascist magazine *Searchlight*, and in other magazines, and *Liberty Bell*, in America, publish most of his *Thormynd National-Socialist Series* of NS essays. A booklet, attributed to Myatt, announcing the formation of a leaderless resistance racist group, "*The White Wolves*", is distributed, containing practical advice on making home-made bombs. Myatt issues a bi-monthly NS publication, *The National-Socialist*, in support of C18. He also marries for the third time, to live (after a honeymoon in The Maldives) in what one Midlands newspaper subsequently reported (complete with photograph) as a "luxury detached four-bedroomed house" in a small village near the town of Malvern.

Not long after settling there, Myatt travels to Australia, having received an unexpected invitation from the lady who initiated him into what was to become the ONA to attend the funeral of her mother, and Myatt there meets his daughter for the first time, who is a married woman with children of her own.

Myatt continues to clandestinely recruit for his covert Aryan Resistance Movement (ARM), his terrorist manual *A Practical Guide to Aryan Revolution* – described as a "*detailed step-by-step guide for terrorist insurrection*" – is put on the Internet for the first-time by someone in Canada, and there are rumors of Myatt receiving financial support from a former member of Hitler's Waffen SS.

He makes further visits to Northern Ireland, flying from Manchester Airport to 'Derry, describing these visits as "coastal and hill walks; enjoying the solitude and scenery."

During 1997, C18 splits into two factions, the disloyal faction being led by someone called Browning who was accused by Charlie and others of stealing C18 funds, and Charlie Sargent is arrested for the murder of a Browning supporter. Myatt, remaining loyal to Charlie, forms and leads *The National-Socialist Movement*, after getting Colin Jordan's permission to use that name, and all the members of C18 loyal to Charlie join this group, which includes

several serving soldiers of the British Army. Myatt appears at Charlie's trial to give him public support and twice publicly challenges Browning to a duel with deadly weapons but Browning fails to accept these challenges to a private duel. A photograph of Myatt with a woman (a C18 member) – outside the Court at Chelmsford – appears in *Searchlight* together with a description of the continuing feud between the two C18 factions.

Myatt is interviewed at an Inn in Craven Arms, Shropshire, by Nick Lowles of *Searchlight*, who – fearful of Myatt's reputation as man of violence who "always carries a weapon" – brings along a "minder" and declines Myatt's suggestion to meet elsewhere, fearing an ambush. Unknown to Lowles, several supporters of Myatt are already present in the Inn. Lowles tries to get Myatt to admit to being Anton Long, mentioning a PO Box in Hereford which he claims is "proof", but Myatt politely replies that he was, for a short while only, merely doing a favor for a long-standing friend whose views he did not share. Lowles eventually gets angry – shouting at Myatt: "Why don't you just admit it!" – but Myatt remains calm and polite and repeats his denial. Myatt was later to write that he had mentioned this friend several times before, including to Professor Jeffrey Kaplan (see footnote #51 of Kaplan's book *Nation and Race*). Myatt was to later publicly challenge Lowles to a duel with deadly weapons for spreading lies and making malicious allegations about him, a challenge which Lowles did not accept, leading Myatt to publicly call him "a dishonourable lying coward".

In the early months of 1998, a squad of detectives from Scotland Yard's SO12 unit conduct a Dawn raid on Myatt's home and arrest him. His house is searched by seven Police officers for over seven hours, and computers, literature and other items are seized, while Myatt is taken away for questioning. (Myatt is formally arrested and cautioned by DC Mark Whalley, of SO12, Scotland Yard.) Myatt is later released on bail, while the Police continue what is to be a three year long investigation into charges relating to incitement to murder, conspiracy to murder, and incitement to racial hatred, with this investigation involving Interpol, the FBI, MI6, and the Canadian Police. Myatt is again the subject of an article in *Searchlight*, who post a photograph of him on their front cover, with the heading *The Most Evil Nazi in Britain*. It later transpires that Nick Lowles and Gerry Gable, of *Searchlight*, and Michael Whine, of the Board of Deputies of British Jews, are the people responsible for putting pressure on Scotland Yard to arrest Myatt, having made an official complaint against him and his neo-nazi activities.

Some months after Charlie Sargent is sent to prison for murder, Myatt resigns as leader of the NSM, to concentrate on his own Reichsfolk and ARM

organizations. Then, quietly, with no announcement either public or private, in September of 1998 Myatt converts to Islam at a Mosque in the Midlands.

In 1999 David Copeland – a member of Myatt’s NSM – begins his campaign to start a racial war by exploding three nail-bombs in various areas of London. Three people are killed, and over a hundred are injured, many seriously. Copeland is arrested soon after the last bomb explodes, and before he could detonate more bombs.

Prior to Copeland’s trial, Myatt is questioned by Police officers from Scotland Yard’s Anti-Terrorism branch about Copeland, but denies any connection, and he is also confronted by a reporter from the BBC’s *Panorama* program who asks him the same question.

Following Copeland’s trial and conviction, a year later, the BBC Panorama program about Copeland is broadcast (with Myatt’s voice altered by BBC special effects at the suggestion of Nick Lowles), accusing Myatt of being Copeland’s mentor, and there are subsequently many other Media reports about Myatt and Copeland, with journalists arriving at Myatt’s home and place of work (a farm) in an effort to interview him. Myatt declines to answer any of their questions, and instead issues a public statement in which he stated: “*I personally regret nothing. There is nothing to apologize for; nothing to plead or feel guilty about...*”

Every six months or so (and until 2001), the Police continue to formally interrogate Myatt (mostly at Charing Cross Police Station, in London, but on one occasion at Oxford Police Station) regarding Copeland, *A Practical Guide to Aryan Revolution*, and other matters relating to the charges still pending against him.

2000-2008:

David Myatt continues – until the end of 2000 – to issue editions of his *The National-Socialist* newsletter, as he continues to write about National Socialism, and lead Reichsfolk. At the beginning of 2001, the Police inform Myatt that they have dropped all charges against him, and return his computers and other belongings.

In the Summer of 2000, Myatt, according to one source, travels to Iran, from whence he crosses over to Iraq. He begins to write about Islam and in particular articles about and praising Osama bin Laden and the Taliban. In the Summer of 2001, Myatt leaves his wife, citing “irreconcilable differences” mostly to do with his Islam, sells the house, and goes to briefly stay with CB (and his female

partner) on a farm in Shropshire for a few months, before becoming, for some months, a “Gentleman of the Road” in the fells of Cumbria.

He then settles in a town in the north of England, together with a new girlfriend, producing more writings about both Islam and what he calls *The Numinous Way*. After around six months, he moves again to begin work on a rural farm, visiting Egypt several times, while continuing to produce more polemical Islamist writings and continuing to try and get neo-nazis to cooperate with radical Muslims in order to fight “the tyrannical New World Order, the dishonourable profane Zionist led Crusade alliance...” and, of this cooperation, Professor George Michael was later to write that Myatt has “*arguably done more than any other theorist to develop a synthesis of the extreme right and Islam.*”

Between 2003 and 2006 Myatt concentrates on writing about, and being involved with, Islam, earning a reputation as a radical Islamist, a supporter of both “suicide attacks”, and of Osama bin Laden. One of his articles justifying suicide attacks is, for several years, on the *Izz al-Din al-Qassam* (the military wing) section of the Hamas website whose members have killed hundreds of Jews in such attacks. Myatt, in many essays and on Internet forums, in various interviews and discussions, and using his Muslim names including Abdul Aziz, defends both the 9/11 and the London 7/7 attacks.

In 2005, he is mentioned at a NATO conference *On Terrorism and Communications*, in Slovakia, where it is stated that he has called upon “*all enemies of the Zionists to embrace the Jihad, the ‘true martial religion’ which will most effectively fight against the Jews and the Americans.*”

In 2006, he takes part in an “on-line” dialog, on a well-known and respected Islamic website, answering questions from Muslims world-wide. He is the subject of a full-page article (complete with color photograph) in *The Times*, of London, newspaper – under the topic *Muslim Extremists in Britain* – and is subsequently asked by several other newspapers for interviews, and invited to appear on an Arabic television station to discuss his support for bin Laden, all of which offers he declines.

Also in 2006, Myatt – as Abdul-Aziz ibn Myatt – is mentioned at the grandly named *NATO Advanced Research Workshop on Hypermedia Seduction for Terrorist Recruiting*, held at Eilat, in “Israel”.

Recent Islamist articles of his include essays such as *In Reply to Sheikh Salman b. Fahd al-Oadah* (where he again defends bin Laden), *The Revival of Aql*, and

The Aims of Al-Qaeda which is translated into many languages, including Italian.

Despite his involvement with Islam, rumors persist concerning Myatt continuing to be involved with the ONA, and continuing to develop his Numinous Way philosophy, and, between 2006 and 2008 dozens of new and revised articles about The Numinous Way are distributed. In early 2009 *The Numinous Way Foundation* issues a compilation of these revised and new articles. In the late Fall of 2008 – as in some previous years – rumors began circulating that Myatt had abandoned Islam in favor of his The Numinous Way, but Myatt himself denies this, claiming he is still a Muslim, and continues to write and publish Islamist articles, such as *The Zionist Attacks on Gaza*, dated 8 Muharram 1430 (i.e. January 2009).

DarkLogos9
January 120 yf

A Very Sinister Way of Living

The essence of my personal way, of my life, has been: practical experience, practical experience, practical experience – a surfeit of diverse, often, extreme, experiences which imbue one with life and enable one to live on a higher level than mundanes – and then a reflexion on those experiences, and especially on the personal emotions such experiences engender. A moving, thus, from such a symbiosis, toward and beyond a self-understanding: as the genesis of further, internal alchemical, change.

So, this way is not and has not, in essence, been about acquiring wealth, or power, or influence or other mundane, causal, things which mundanes love and covet – instead, it is about an ecstatic and individual affirmation of Life; about never being really satisfied with the *status quo*; always desiring more, and always able to move easily, effortlessly, from, between, what has been termed the opposites of the Light and the Dark. And it is this desire for continually indulging in such affirming experiences, both Light and Dark – combined with the ability to consciously reflect upon and learn from them – that is the essence of the Sinister Way itself.

Thus one's knows, experiences, love – intense, personal, passionate, beautiful, subsuming, and sometimes tragic. One knows, experiences and feels the beauty, the satisfaction, of a personal revenge, of a personal hate. One knows and feels the purity of violence in the service of one's *δαίμων*: one's Destiny and Wyrd. One knows, experiences, going to and surpassing one's physical limits, not once but many times – setting one's self one challenging physical goal after another and achieving them and exulting in the effort, the achievement. One knows the intoxication – a few loyal friends at one's side – of facing a combat situation, a fight, where death is a real possibility: knowing the anticipation, that sickness, of fear, and then, when the moment arrives, knowing that calm resolve of action when one becomes a unity of deed, emotion, and living, having not given in to that sickness of fear, that nausea of anticipation. One knows that wordless comradeship that makes one just act instantly and without thought to help, aid, save, a comrade even if – or especially if – there is danger and the possibility of one's own death. There is the foolish berserk almost animal resolve and instinct when one just unthinkingly acts as when one runs miles in drenching rain to the dwelling of one's former lover and smashes down the door to beat into unconsciousness the man mistreating her after she had telephoned you in desperation, and you never expect or even think about anything in return...

This way is the way of using our brief, mortal life, our fragile human existence, for a purpose – as a means of exulting in and affirming the essence of Life itself, and then alchemically melding ourselves so that there is always a change, an evolution, of ourselves; a learning, a moving-on, a bringing-into-being of a new

self, a new individual which is an amalgam of what is in our past, what is us, in the present, and what is in or can be in and of our future. This is, in brief, the archetype of our Satan, and of our Dark Enchantress, Baphomet.

This is the breeding, the knowing, the discovery within one's self, of *arête* – of that type of personal character that marks our kind, our new type, and which is also a personal reflexion upon one's life, one's deeds, one's experiences, that either breaks one, or makes one into a different, a new, type of human being – a type that mundanes do not and never will understand, and which they instinctively fear, and which they try to constrain, contain, by laws, and by their illusive abstract categories, their terms, which they unceasingly project onto our kind in a vain attempt to classify and to try and “understand” us.

We are beyond their laws; their categories, their ethics, their restrictions, their lives, their experiences; their terms; and no theory of theirs can ever “explain” us or give them any genuine “understanding” of us.

Thus, our own lives becomes an inspiration for others like us, others of our own kind; others who feel as we have felt; who dream as we have dreamt; who desire as we have desired; we – the outlaws, the rebels, the heretics, the subversives, the baleful ones; we whom it is the intent of every mundane society, every government, every nation, every State, every religion, to subdue, constrain, rule over, control, “re-educate”, imprison, kill, or legislate out of existence.

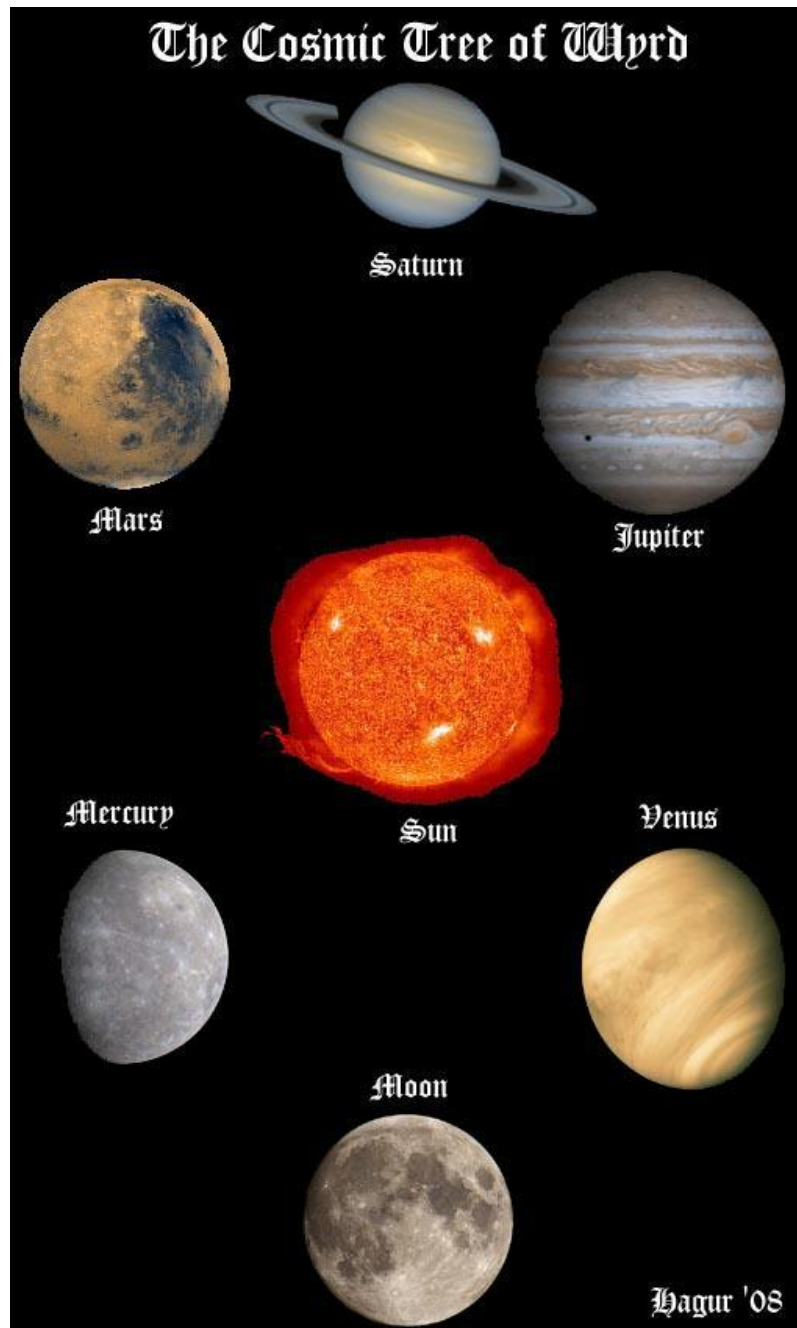
But they have failed; they will always fail, for our spirit lives on, century after century, millennia after millennia, and always will live on. For we defy them, and have defied and will continue to defy them, these failed specimens, this sub-human species; these mundanes.

They, the mundanes, have not only failed – but they will soon have a terrible nightmare of theirs come true. For we, our kind, are – for the first time in our history – organizing against them; co-operating among ourselves, and plotting and scheming against them. For we have finally, after so long, decided it is time for us to claim, to reclaim, this Earth. And that is what the esoteric association known as the ONA, is all about – organizing ourselves, organizing our kind; inspiring more and more humans by our lives; and overthrowing the mundanes and building a new way of living where the potential of human beings, of our species, is fulfilled in us and by means of the new structures, we will create to pass on our vision, our spirit, our *arête*, to future generations.

Now, if you compare all this to the likes of Anton LaVain, Creepless Crowley, The Golden Yawn, The Temple of Silt. The Order of Typhoo, The Luciferless

Lot – and all the other pretentious mundanes who imitate them or are like them – you might begin to understand.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Feyen



Balocraft of Baphomet - Gruyllan's Tale

Although he did not know it then, the prepossessing half-timbered large Edwardian house that he passed – a quarter of the way up Trevor Hill – would be his final destination. But, sweating profusely in the hot mid-June Sun, Gruyllan gave it only a cursory glance, and continued along his way, cursing the lateness of his train and oblivious to the exclusive properties that lined both sides of that steep upward lane which gave splendid views, to the West, of the Stretton valley, of Caer Caradoc, Hazler Hill, and of The Lawley, beyond.

He had been given only an ordnance Survey map reference, and a time, and his assumed lateness and the memory of the beautiful young voluptuous woman combined to make him walk faster until he was almost running.

She had leant toward him, so that he could see down past her cleavage to where her large erected nipples strained against the thin fabric of her low cut evening dress.

“Meet me here,” she had said, and pushed a handwritten piece of paper toward him, making sure her fingers touched his as they sat in the Tempus bar of The Station Hotel in now faraway York.

Even now he seemed still able to smell her scent, and, as he reached almost to the top of that lane he could see his destination ahead: the summit of Haddon Hill beyond the scattered grassy often wind-swept links that formed the highest Golf Course in England.

So he struggled on in the heat of that late afternoon; a young man dressed incongruously in black, seeking Satanic initiation. And when – clammy from sweat, breathless, and pleased – he reached his destination among the sheep-cropped grass and heather of those Shropshire hills, there was no one to greet, to meet, him. Only the breeze, that – warm – did little to cool him, and the westward vista of South Shropshire valley and hills. No beautiful woman, naked, to open her legs enticing as she lay with him to seal his oath by bodily fluids, exchanged. No words of Initiation to echo, Satanically, in his head.

You the nameless are here to give yourself to us:
To seal with blood your oath
To we your new family in this
Our Nexion to Bride-Mother
Baphomet...

Instead, only the wordful, wyrdful, wind. Sun, thirst, heat; the exhausted tiredness of disappointment where, under the blue sky, he sat down alone on that hill. Had it all been a dream, or some jape? Hope bade him stay – for half an

hour, then more, until – nearly two hours later as the Sun descended, clouds came – he stood to walk, wearily, away. There would be no lips, rouged, to touch, kiss. No tongue to taste and toy with. No breasts to touch, feel; no nipples to lick, suck and chew upon. No moist, warm, furrow to plough; no painted finely manicured nails to clasp his shoulders as seed was sown. No scent to suffuse his senses as bodies meshed with sweat suffusing them.

It was painful, leaving, while her image, her scent, her promise, lingered in memory within his head. But he left, nevertheless, and it did not seem to matter to him that he had memorized their – her book, *The Grimoire of Baphomet* – given, the day before, in that Bar when first he saw her, enticingly waiting.

There had been e-mails, of course, exchanged – for weeks, beforehand. Questions asked, and answered. No real names given, required, presumed. And then that meeting, arranged. He had spent the days, before, trying not to hope too much, and failing. Hope of a sexual initiation, with a young woman, of course. Hopes of joining a secret elite. Hopes of lust, joy, danger; a new and darker way of life.

There were stories; almost urban legends. Many warnings from Undergraduate friends who shared his Occultic interests, though not his inclination toward Baleful Arts. “The ONA?” they would say, mixing incredulity with censure. “They don’t exist”, one said. “Avoid them; they’re hard-core; dangerous; criminal; immoral; they practise human sacrifice,” said another. “They’re a cult; they have these hard, brutal, tests – if you fail them, you become an offer for their Black Mass,” opined another. “They’re evil; I mean – really evil; subversive...” said the fourth, and last.

Painful, leaving – but by the time he had arrived back at the small unstaffed Railway Station, to sit on a half-vandalised wooden bench, he was happy, again. Exhausted, hungry, thirsty, but happy. For it was all a test, he knew – or, rather, he assumed it was a test. The first, perhaps, of many. So he would re-apply; and wait, for it was a test, just a test, he kept repeating to himself, and he was still thinking this – idly smiling and idly feeling, knowing now, how stupid, how studently stupid he was to wear black clothes – when the Shrewsbury bound train arrived to disgorge a few motley mundanes.

He rose to move toward a still open train-carriage door. But an elderly women, tweedily-dressed and carrying an umbrella, smiled at him and blocked his way. He tried to deftly swerve around her, as a young athletic man could, but she was too quick, for with a flick of her umbrella she tripped him up.

“How clumsy of me,” and she looked down at him, sprawled on the platform.
“Do please forgive me.”

“No, no – it’s perfectly all-right,” he replied, somewhat clumsily rising to his feet where she still stood blocking his way to the train.

“I imagine, ” she said, in her smiling grannyesque way, “you are in a hurry to board the train.” But she made no move to move aside. Instead, she said, “Such a lovely town, this. Do you not agree?”

“What?” And he was about to smile, politely, and turn toward the carriage when he sensed the strangeness of the scene, as if it was some dream of the previous night, half-remembered and still a little haunting. And so he let his train depart.

“There is a quite lovely tea-shop, just around the corner,” she was saying, and so he walked beside her, silent, up the slight incline toward the tree-lined road, until she said: “How very perceptive of you.”

“Have I passed, then?”

“You are quite thirsty, so let us have some tea – and cake – and then talk, a little more.”

The tea-room – atop a cluttered, dusty, antique market – was small, quite stuffy, and quite full, and he sat still and waiting despite his rather nervous anticipation, and he had consumed two pots of tea before she spoke again.

“I imagine I am not what you imagined,” she said. Then, before he could reply: “But yes, you are correct.”

“You’re an empath. So, you would have passed me by had I decided not to re-apply.”

“More tea?” she smiled.

“No thanks.”

“There is another test...”

“Of course.”

“But first – go here, now, where we await you.” And she pushed a handwritten piece of paper toward him, making sure her fingers touched his as they sat in that stuffy tea-room in sunny South Shropshire.

He left then, enwrapped in her – their – scent, to walk through that small town oblivious to everything until he came again to Trevor Hill, snaking upwards as its lane did from, and to the right of, that narrow road that led to Cardingmill Valley.

The house, on the second corner of and set back from the hilly lane, seemed almost to grow out from the ground, its black-painted timbers mirrored in the wooden verandah that surrounded its south side and overlooked the terraced garden with its large century-old tree of Oak. Several stone steps led to the large front door and he was about to tug on the cord to ring the antique brass bell when the door opened.

His memory was there, before him – the beautiful young woman whose crimson lipstick, fulsomely applied, matched the colour of her dress, and she, wordless, led him into the cool if dim interior, along a tiled floor, and up an oak staircase to a spacious high-ceilinged curtainless room of parquet floor whose only furnishings were a chaise-longue and a marble mantel above the Coalbrookdale fireplace, and which held a large clear quartz crystal tetrahedron.

The door closed slowly, silently, behind them and it did not take her long to remove her dress. She was naked beneath it.

“Veni omnipotens aeterne diabolus!” she lisped, to supinely wreath herself around, upon, the chaise-longue, and he, eagerly stripping away his earthly coverings, obliged to lay upon her and enter her warm moistness as her crimson painted nails sank into the flesh of his shoulders to draw forth fresh blood.

Her sibilation was almost silent but it beat upon the tympanon of his ears -

You the nameless are here to give yourself to us:
To seal with blood your oath
To we your new family in this
Our Nexion to our Bride-Mother
Baphomet

He was soon spent, drained, unused to such female – almost feline – ferocity, and she turned him over to lay upon him to lick his shoulder wounds.

So she whispered to him his appointed task, his test, and waited while he – enwreathed in his sweat and hers – dressed himself before taking him down to the cellar. The tools, the instruments of death and slaughter, were there, in plenty, and he watched while she placed her chosen items, and bundles of money, into some nondescript suitcase. Then – a silver chain with sigil pendant of Baphomet placed around his neck; a kiss, tongue seeking his; her still naked body pressed to his. A promise that he could – should – sow his seed within her again, again, again. And then he was out, dazed, back out into the bright day of light to walk with heavy suitcase down the hill.

There was no train at the Station; no elderly women to block his way when train arrived. Only the journey, the long journey of no doubts.

She was never there when each evening he returned to that cocktail Bar, hoping. Never there, red lips touching Champagne flute; never there to take him to her suite where he would lay upon her.

The money certainly helped – to ease his pain of separation and his preparations, and he worked assiduously, planning, enticing, ensnaring, while maintaining the appearance of a student life. The mundane he selected was eager, willing, as well he might be, given Gruyllan's weeks of preparation even before that wyrdful meeting, with her.

So Peter The Mundane sat with him in that vulgar bar of Vanbrugh College, anonymous in their student anonymity, while darkness came to the world outside. Thus Gruyllan The Cunning continued to weave his web of lies, and the younger student listened, weakened as he was from netorrhoea spread by specious sites, from abstractions believed, and the money Gruyllan had lavished upon him.

“In every war there are casualties; collateral damage. Anyway, they'll be plenty of time for the area to be cleared. Just remember, those there in that place on that day are flunkies of the repressive, immoral, State. Waiting is defeat, and the State isn't simply going to collapse; it's got to be pushed; the capitalists are vulnerable, and one of their weaknesses is the confidence that the money markets require. Dent that – get them into a state of fear – and you've got them ready to topple. Keep them wondering where and when we're going to strike next...”

So Gruyllan talked, and Peter The Mundane listened. Talked of the struggle; of Bonanno; of the need to inspire others; and when they parted, hours later, each to their own student rooms, Gruyllan knew Peter was primed.

A few days, and they were in a rainy London, with the mundane carrying a large, heavy, rucksack. It was a symbolic target, near the Bank of England, and they shook hands before Gruyllan left, ostensibly to telephone a warning. But the timer, unknown to that mundane, was set for only a few seconds delay so that he had walked only a few paces away before the bomb exploded.

There was bloody carnage. Bodies, buildings, damaged, And around, among, the dead, the dying, waiting demonic shapes gathered, unseen by any mortal mundane eye – shapes feeding on, upon, the pain, the suffering, the deaths; transforming the life-force – leaking, leaving – into new life, Their life, as one more portal opened, allowing other shapes to eagerly egress forth. *Agios o Baphomet, Your Balocraft be done*, Gruyllan intoned from his well-kept distance, and smiled, knowing a reward awaited.

He was correct about the reward. She was there – when he, hours later, safely arrived – to take him to her spacious high-ceilinged curtainless room of the parquet floor. And when his passion spasmed in its ending, her almost silent sibilation beat upon the tympanon of his ears -

Our being takes form in defiance
Of mundanes.
In you, of you – we are.
Before you – we were.
After you – we and you shall be, again.
Before us – They who humans cannot name.
After us – They who will be, yet again.

There was a feast of welcome, in the Sitting Room below; family to meet, greet. And – most of all – deeds past and future waiting to be toasted, planned, and told. For Vindex will, must, have her baleful day.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
121 Year of Feyen

For Information Only

Islam and National-Socialism:

The Basis for Co-operation

By David Myatt (also named by Anton Long)¹

Should we seek to find allies and friends among those of other races who are fighting the common Zionist enemy? Or should we regard such people as ‘racially inferior’? Indeed, how should we react to and interact with people of other races, other cultures?

Our own Aryan ethics must guide us, and our ethics alone. Our Aryan – our National-Socialist – ethics are based upon the principles of honour, loyalty and duty. Honour demands that we act in a cultured, a civilized, way: that we have self-control, and manners. Honour demands that we strive to treat others fairly. That is, honour demands that we act with nobility of spirit. Of course, honour also demands that if someone tries to bully us, or attacks us, that we stand our ground, that we fight back.

Our guiding principle in our everyday lives should be one of our honour giving us the inner strength, the self-respect, we need, based as this strength and self-respect is on our acceptance of our noble duty to our own folk: that is, on knowing how we relate to our folk, our culture, and thence to our past, our ancestors, and to Nature itself. Our acceptance of honour – our inner strength – also means that we have a noble respect for others, regardless of their status and origins. As it says in our *Aryan Code of Honour*:

“A man or woman of honour treats others courteously, regardless of their culture, religion, status, origins, and race, and is only disdainful and contemptuous of those who, by their attitude, actions and behaviour, treat they themselves with disrespect or try to personally harm them, or who treat with disrespect or try to harm those whom the individual man or woman of honour have personally sworn loyalty to or whom they champion.”

¹ This article is better understood, because David Myatt became a Muslim in his latter life. Remember the compiler of this Ebook is an Anarchist, and that means freedom and non-racism.

Thus, the basis for co-operation between National-Socialists and Muslims is mutual respect, deriving from the warrior – the civilized – principle of honour. We must respect them, as individuals; be respectful toward their culture, their Way of Life (Islam); and treat them as comrades-in-arms fighting our common enemy. In return, they must respect us, and be respectful toward our own Way of Life (as manifest in genuine, ethical, National-Socialism).

Hence, we should not regard them – and/or their culture, their Way of Life – as ‘inferior’, for that is a dishonourable thing to do; contrary to our ethics. Instead, there should be a mutual respect based on our honourable acceptance of our differences. National-Socialism accepts that Nature has worked to produce, in human beings, diversity and difference, and that we should respect and value this natural diversity and difference, and aid and further evolve it. This means that we should be proud of our own heritage, culture and identity, and accept that others should be proud of theirs. It also means that one of our aims is to work toward the creation of free, independent, homelands where the different peoples of different cultures and different ways of life can live according to their own values and according to their own ways of life.

David Myatt

For Information only

The Aryan Code of Honour ²

The word of a man or woman of honour is their bond – for when a man or woman of honour gives their word (“On my word of honour...”) they mean it, since to break one’s word is a dishonourable act. An oath of loyalty or allegiance to someone, once sworn by a man or woman of honour (“I swear by my honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (i) by the man or woman of honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (ii) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is dishonourable.

² According to the Bhagavad Gita, “Aryans are the Hindus but not the Europeans. Quotation from the Gita: **The Supreme Lord said: From where has this dejection come into your mind in this perilous hour? This is unknown to an Aryan, not leading to heaven but causing disgrace, O Arjuna. (Gita 2.02)**

A man or woman of honour is prepared to do their honourable duty by challenging to a duel anyone who impugns their honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against them. Anyone so challenged to a duel who, refusing to publicly and unreservedly apologize, refuses also to accept such a challenge to a duel for whatever reason, is acting dishonourably, and it is right to call such a person a coward and to dismiss as untruthful any accusations such a coward has made. Honour is only satisfied – for the person so accused – if they challenge their accuser to a duel and fight it; the honour of the person who so makes such accusations or who so impugns another person's honour, is only satisfied if they either unreservedly apologize or accept such a challenge and fights such a duel according to the etiquette of duelling.

A man or woman of honour may also challenge to a duel and fight in such a duel, a person who has acted dishonourably toward someone whom the man or woman of honour has sworn loyalty or allegiance to or whom they honourably champion. A man or woman of honour always does the duty they have sworn to do, however inconvenient it may be and however dangerous, because it is honourable to do one's duty and dishonourable not to do one's duty. A man or woman of honour is prepared to die – if necessary by their own hand – rather than suffer the indignity of having to do anything dishonourable.

A man or woman of honour can only surrender to or admit to defeat by someone who is as dignified and as honourable as they themselves are – that is, they can only entrust themselves under such circumstances to another man or woman of honour who swears to treat their defeated enemy with dignity and honour. A man or woman of honour would prefer to die fighting, or die by their own hand, rather than subject themselves to the indignity of being defeated by someone who is not a man or woman of honour.

A man or woman of honour treats others courteously, regardless of their culture, religion, status, origins, and race, and is only disdainful and contemptuous of those who, by their attitude, actions and behaviour, treat they themselves with disrespect or try to personally harm them, or who treat with disrespect or try to harm those whom the individual man or woman of honour have personally sworn loyalty to or whom they champion.

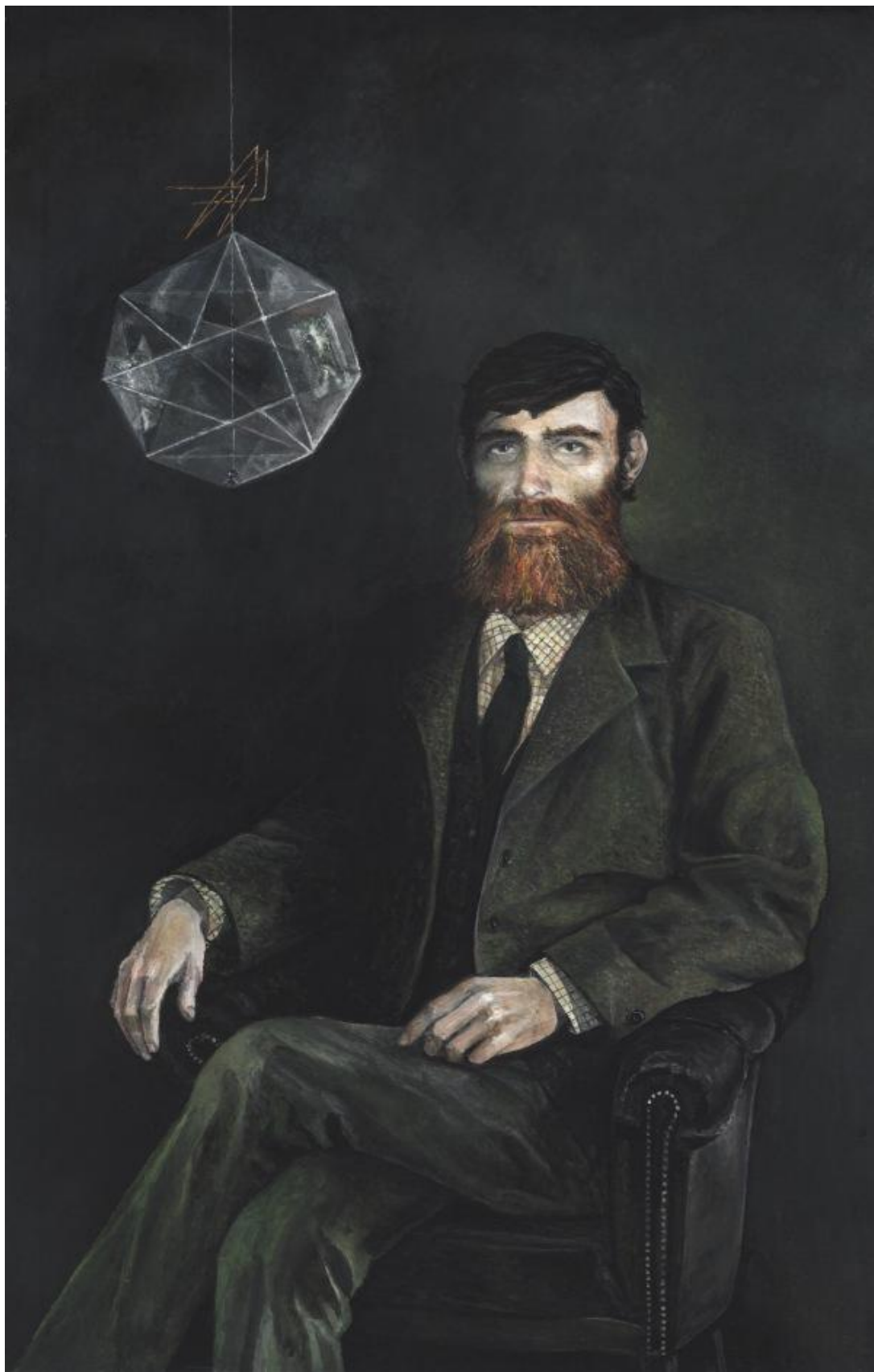
A man or woman of honour, when called upon to act, or when honour bids them act, acts without hesitation provided always that honour is satisfied.

A man or woman of honour, in public, is somewhat reserved and controlled and not given to displays of emotion, nor to boasting, preferring as they do deeds to words.

A man or woman of honour does not lie, once having sworn on oath (“I swear on my honour that I shall speak the truth...”) as they do not steal from others or cheat others for such conduct is dishonourable.

A man or woman of honour may use guile or cunning to deceive sworn enemies, and sworn enemies only, provided always that they do not personally benefit from such guile or cunning and provided always that honour is satisfied.

Editorial Note: The above article was written by David Myatt, for his Reichsfolk group, sometime in 1998 CE.



The Life and Poetry of David W. Myatt

Myatt's Life:

The poetry presented) is the creative work of a man with an interesting history. His life, according to one source, is a modern “odyssey”.

All artistic creations should be judged on their merits, and while the life and former beliefs, political or otherwise, of the artist may be of interest, they should not cloud one's artistic judgment. In the majority of instances, while the artistic creations are remembered after the death of the artist, their personal beliefs and political opinions are long forgotten.

Outwardly, Myatt's Promethean quest is now generally known – involving as it did, among other things, a study, in the Far East, of Martial Arts; the violence of ultra-nationalist politics; periods as a vagabond; two terms of imprisonment for violence; personal involvement with Islam, Buddhism, Taoism, Hinduism, Christianity, Paganism, the Occult; and membership of a highly secret military organization, set up by British government during the Cold War, to conduct sabotage and assassinations. In complete contrast, his interior personal life is much less well-known.

It may have been that his first period as a vagabond, in the 1970's, was prompted, in part, by a series of ultimately unhappy romantic liaisons, one of which led to the young woman in question moving abroad where she gave birth to Myatt's daughter. This series of events does seem to have inspired some of his early poetry, as did his first marriage, which failed when his wife ran off with a younger woman (who, incidentally, was the dedicatee of Myatt's translation of Sappho's poetry). His second marriage ended with the death, at the age of 39, of his wife from cancer. The failure of his third marriage led him to spend another period as a homeless vagabond, in the hills and Fells of Cumbria, a period which inspired him to produce more pagan poetry before he returned to writing about that second love of his life, women. For if there are two themes which consistently run through his poetry, they are Nature, and women. Indeed, he once remarked that “I often feel that some women embody the beauty, the numinosity, the joy, the sensuality, of Nature.”

This love of women is especially evident in his short-story entitled *One Connexion*; in a manuscript he wrote over two decades ago – about a relationship involving two women – to which he gave the title *Breaking the Silence Down*, in many of his poems, and in several of his letters to me:

So it was that I then, as now, remembered a wisdom of years ago, forgotten in the artificial turmoil of political, religious, plots, of chasing ideological schemes and promethean dreams. Remembered especially when I, only months ago, in her, my married lover's house, awoke and she, my new love, lay warm, naked and half-asleep beside me, our limbs, our bodies, our feelings, entwined, and there was no need to speak, to leave. We seemed one, then, as when our passion joined us and we would lie, wordless, looking, smiling, gently moving, touching, in that beautiful calmness of love. (*A Learning*: Hand written letter, by Myatt, addressed to JR Wright, dated *Nearing the Winter Solstice*; postmarked December 17 2002.)

It is my own, personal, view that, in order to understand Myatt himself, we must look beyond the many journalistic clichés written about him to his poetry, for much of this poetry is profoundly autobiographical, and seems to express “the real Myatt” behind the façade of the various political, religious and Occult rôles he has assumed, and played, during the past four decades.

Myatt's Poetry:

It is one of the aims of Art to elevate us and raise us up and away from the mundane world. The poetry of David Myatt is decidedly non-political. If it can be categorized, it is “pagan”, Nature-loving, rather mystical, and empathic. It is also highly individualistic, not to say romantic.

What we find expressed in much of this poetry is a profound desire for a more natural and a more human way of life. We also discover, in his poetry, a sensitive man, in love with Nature, who seems to enjoy the company of women far more than the company of men, and who finds:

There is much that is beautiful
But nothing that surpasses the beauty some women
Reveal
Through their eyes

(The Silent Wisdom)

It seems that his diverse peregrinations, adventures, travels, wanderings and involvements have inspired his diverse poetry, and it is therefore not surprising that some of his poems are about love, the joy of love, and the sorrow that often arises when love ends:

It was a calm night
Perfumed by moon
Which drew droplets of fractured
Light to my pillow and relief
To the majesty of her flesh

(Summer Love)

These are the moments of an exquisite silence
As we lie together on your sofa, holding, pressing
Our bodies together
As I, gently, stroke your face and hair
And you kiss each finger of my hand.
(One Exquisite Silence)

Only in passion did we glimpse in moments a beauty
Beyond -
As when, satiated within our lover's arms,
Our being relaxed to journey in defiance of our life
To where some gods were born
While rain played as rain played upon those panes of glass
And a Church clock tolled its ten amid the morning city noise
In her Apartment
When we who waited warm in bed should long ago
Have been upon our way to work.

(Only Relate)

This week will become the month of loss,
This month a toil endured
As when the weary soil, drought-kept,
Waits, waiting, to bring forth flowering joy from seeds,
Like memory, sown from tears that are earth's rain,
My pain.

(Such A Poem As This)

I have no sentence of undisputed meaning
To describe the feeling
As I entered to hear the organ playing Bach:
There was no Time
No century of belonging

Only a leaving in an inward implosion
As I stood, unaware of who or what I was.

But she was real, this goddess
Who played with thin fingers
Creating in an instant a divinity
Of love
Her wraith form almost swathed in black:
She looked up, once, as I sat astounded,
And smiled in concentration.

(Playing Bach)

I had gone, unannounced, unexpected,
To see them kiss as they stood
Near her window.

Each false Spring is a lesson
Which Nature slowly learns
As harsh Winter in returned
When stark frost, chilling,
Creeps to crack some bursting buds:
Poems cannot change this
Just as Summer is not Summer
Without Spring

(Shadow Game)

But no spell, no wish
Brought my distant lover to me
And I was left to run slowly
Back
And wait the long hours
To Dawn.

By the fire, I think of nothing
Except the warmth of my love
No longer needed.

(In The Night)

Always a dream or a memory
Lead us on

And we wait like children
Trusting in the spirits of the Earth.
We love unsuspecting
While they our lovers scheme,
Succour themselves on our blood
And bleed us dry
(*Letter*)

Bereavement:

Some of Myatt's most intensely personal poetry was written in the months and years following the suicide of his fiancée. Of that event, Myatt writes, in perhaps his most sad, yet poignantly beautiful, poem:

What have we to give them, now?
What have we but words said,
Unsaid, deeds done or promised unfulfilled?
What have we to give them now -
Too late the love, the words, the effort
That might have saved them:
Too late this knowing of such sadness and such grief....

How do we, can we, live when guilt at our living
Wakes us in the late or early night
And we hope, pray, believe:
But this is life – they are gone; dead, taken from us
And no words, no deeds now can redeem or save them:

So we move from night to day to night -
We, the living-dead that our dead leave alive.

(*We Are The Ones The Dead Leave Behind*)

Gradually, and after well over a year, he records a change of mood:

Yet, in moments,
A certain calmness calms:
Grown, growing – uninvited, unexpected – as the warmth of this morning
Measures out six seasons since her death
While the toiling species toils
Trapped
In Time through ego;

No gentle wisdom, no empathy, there
Only a painful birthing of colourless dull abstractions.

So I sigh, one prism so briefly placed on Earth
Among some dewy grass.

(This Dewy Autumnal Grass)

Then perhaps, unsurprisingly for him, comes some solace, from Nature,
recorded in his latest poem:

So this is Peace:
As the Sun of warm November
Warms and the grass grows with such mildness.

No strife, here;
No place beyond this place
As Farm meets meadow field
And I upon some hessian sack sit, write
To hear some distant calls from hedged-in sheep:
No breeze
To stir the fallen leaves
That lie among the seeds, there
Where the old Oak towers, shading fence
From Sun
And the pond is hazed with midges.

(The Sun of Warm November)

Conclusion:

Given David Myatt's quite profuse poetic output, of – to date – several hundred poems, it is to be expected that there is some variation in quality. Or, perhaps I should say, there are certain poems that do not resonate with me, and others which do, although Myatt himself admits, in a recent letter, and in answer to a question about his poetry, that: "Of all my profuse poetic scribblings, I can find only half a dozen or so that I can bear to re-read and which are, in my opinion, good. Some others may just be passable, but there are many – the majority, again in my opinion – which are lacking in either style or profundity, or both, and which perhaps should be forgotten..." (Private hand-written letter, by Myatt, addressed to JR Wright, which he dated 25.vii.08 CE/21 Rajab 1429.)

In the end, as often in artistic matters, it is perhaps a matter of individual taste, of whether one “likes” – or feels an affinity for – certain poems, rather than a question of pure intellectual aesthetic judgment or critical analysis based on some contrived academic theory. For that, surely, is what good poetry should do – move, us, emotionally, and possibly express something which we ourselves may have felt or experienced but cannot quite find the words to describe. Certainly, in my view, many of Myatt’s poems express something quite touching about Nature, love, sadness, and about our rather wistful human condition.

In conclusion, if David Myatt is to be remembered, it will hopefully be for his poetry, rather than for his political or religious writings, his past political associations, or his quest among the religions of the world.

J. R. Wright
Oxford

(Updated 8 September 2008 A.D.)

Some Poems by David Myatt

Dirty Work

Weary and sleep inclined
I watched the pools of rain
Upon a roof below a corridor
White, quiet and quite empty.

A calmness of concentration came
As I aimed and made the kill, again.
There, a bleeding body
While, somewhere, trees buds were bursting
With the Spring.

I had killed, knitting in space-time
A synchronicity since it was only
One family's loss
But civilization's gain.

The choice was never hard
Since Thought can never act
And in Action without Thought
Lies a perfect bliss.

But the Dragon stayed
While only I moved on:
They – the politicians – could still cry
For they forget our memories,
The things that we did in their name.

Yet our eyes betray our loss
For we few who survived are forever
And always
Alone.

One Grief

The worst and the best – these feelings of love:
Great, profound, best in their beginning
Yet worst with its ending
When we pace our small room
As outside the warm Sun of Spring appears
From cloud that brought such an early morning
Rain.

Now, we look out toward where those flowers of Spring
Push upwards from the plush green bank
Beside the lawn that I trimmed
Only one month ago
For the first time
This year.

Beyond, sunlight caught,
Those hills whose treeful slopes
Are greener now that I am sad, sadder, saddened by a grief born
From her losing:
Such life, around – such promise filling this air
With song
As birds proclaim both territory and pride
While I, Bach-hearing, resist resist resist
That temptation to kneel
As dark anguish heavily descends to cover such life as was my life:

For there is no God now to help as when I the monk
Toiled with hands, feelings, desires – until Thought surprised me
With the perfume of a woman
And shook me to take me far from the Monk's Garden, the cloister,
that warm Summer
Of warmful Sun -
Took me, far beyond myself
To where a female deity
Was born.

But, yes, there are tears now, as if the centuries, calling
Held me with the cries of those who long before my birth
Had suffered, cried, mourned, and died -

So many tears, so many, taking me far beyond her loss
To where some future peaceful place, Sun-warmed, and rural as an
English Summer,
Waits:

If only – if only I, we, were there
In that Paradise serene
Where even my desire, my yearning, becomes stilled
As it was not stilled with her
As I restless even beyond myself despite my best most noble hopes
Filled her with sadness, sometimes,
Until the slim thread holding us in love thinned and broke
Breaking her down in a sadness of grief, bent over her bed
Those hours when words failed as words fail
That day of rain and Sun where light from her window beheld her
clinging
To the sheets of her bed, her pillow wet with tears.

There was, is, nothing for me to do now
I am sorry, so sorry
But live – or try to live
Remembering: for the centuries, calling
Hold me with the cries of those who long before my birth
Have suffered, cried, mourned, and died,
Thus urging me with such remembering to make some goodful
godful use
Of the time remaining, here,
Far from that un-causal Paradise
Which might – should – be ours
One day
When the crying, our hurting,
Stops

Here I Am, Waiting

Here I am, waiting, while the cold night grows ever darker
And the thin crescent moon
Disappears.

Those were the moments of hope – of excuses
As to why she did not call
But the hours, the slow hours, dragged them away
Until he was left, alone, bent, desperate but not desperate
Because unwilling even then to fully believe
His loss.

He loved her so much; he had loved her so much -
She, of the weeks, months, of passionate new love -
And he held, again, her card, reading, reading until the tears came:

To my darling, I love you

What was there left? Where was the future they shared, deeply
In those weeks when three decades of mutual sorrow, loneliness, hope
Came together through embracing arms, kisses
And that intimacy of touch?
Where the joyous desire that left him trembling
When he had stood at her door, waiting,
And she, arriving, threw her arms around him
Holding him so close with her passion, her love,
That he closed his eyes in tears knowing, knowing, his dreams were there
Embodied within her flesh?

Where now the promise promising so much that never was
Never now could be
Fulfilled.

For she was gone, taken, killed, by an accident of life
As he became taken enfolded by sorrow
Until, broken, the life left him
To leave only the shell, only the physical shell
Longing for death.

What would, could, should he do?
Only exist, ambling, alone, in some wood, on some hill,
Seeking no comfort and finding no comfort, uncaring of himself -

Except when the hills, the clouds, the Sun, the trees
Their life
Came unto him as he the bearded tramp waited
For death,
For then for a moment but only a moment he might be at peace
Amid the life that was their life.

Decoration by Bombs is an Art

There is a comfort here, a Winter sea breeze,
A quiet time to mould from present possibilities
Future patterns
While each will creates by being just a will
Each possibility of Thought:

There is no being that is real
No authentic Way
While the act that might have linked
All presents to their past
Becomes enfeebled
Like waves breaking on a beach

Decoration by bombing is an Art
And for each thought
That is a connection between our present
And our past
Ten thousand fruitful dead

Each tree rots, in the ambience of Time:
For each forest a silence
For each tree its allotted span;
What forest furnished your fuel
What soil your wheat?

There is good in all
The Buddhist says:
But, hell, that those bastards burn,
They started it

For decoration by bombing is an Art

All heroes die
That others might forget

And, while blood spurts,
A financier crawls across a perfumed lawn:
Berlin, Paris, Rome – it makes no difference, let others die! -
The same smile
The same golden god

Once, each people knew their gods
But now are too bored for gods
Or too relieved

Dear lady, how elegant
You look: so many jewels.
Give them a spectacle, some sports,
A passion to bleed their brains to death

For each dross, each pitcher of dross
A thousand helping hands
Keen smelling rats the lot
While the words that might have
Unpossessed those possessed
Are lost
Buried by blast and blood:
Decoration by bombing is an Art

There is a comfort here
That only war itself will break
As there is a passion among those possessed
By ideas that are not their ideas
As gutless financiers are possessed by their god.

But who will break the Seal
That delivers us to ourselves?

Little Esther's plight made millions
And made even more men sick:
Ten thousand years, for *this*?

There is a comfort here
As Destiny seems doomed by The Lie.

But even seas change
Given time

In The Valley

In the valley each rock
Is reduced by rain -
It runs, as small stones
Which will be soil
As I and all that I carry
Will be dead.

Was this valley a hill
Before water weathered
And each sheep trail was worn
Between fern and heather
And steep fern?
There are no people, today,
No noise lying like the dead crow
Wormed:

But there are gods,
If one knows where to look
And can tread the steep slopes
Of this hill.

Every road intrudes
Upon slow thinking rock.
Who tastes the silence that lies
As each Summer's green
Upon the broken rocks of rain?

Here, near Narnell's Rock
Where Thor's hammer struck
Many a startled tree
And where dead men lie like seeds
Waiting,
Is neither day nor sun
Rain nor rock -
There is only the essence that exists
Because essence must:

There are no answers
Because no questions can exist -
Just as I am the rock which is me.

Yet there are gods, still,
If one knows where to look
And can climb the steep slopes
Of this hill

(Written c. 1984)

In A Foreign Land

Hot, this sun while it breaks
As I sit quite still
Beneath cloud
On a white bench watching
Flies spiral for shade.

My head is at peace
While the body waits
In this Park
Where each shade of Summer green
Becomes real in this light
And trees speak, slowly,
Of their fears of being
Half alive:

Around
The chanted tuneless hymns
To the god of Noise.
I met this god, once:
I was young, inexperienced, while he
Tall and unspeaking
Glowered
Pointing to the deaths, the madness,
He had caused.
And I: I smiled, a little sad,
And walked away to seek
The human warmth
Of love.

For years, a war in my head
While I sought to find
A dream:
She was never real, my dream

But there was magick, I found
In sitting silent
While beams of Sun become filtered
And fractured through leaves:
A joy in watching while clouds form
And break, casting
In their myriad ways
This Sun's gift of life.
There is ecstasy in walking
High upon hills while wind cries
Or thunders:
No suffering, except hunger,
While I wait for my Dark Daughters
Of Earth;
No pain of dreams destroyed.

Now there is rain to make me
Take up my sack and walk
As a wanderer in creaking boots
To where the Spirits of my waiting Woods
Will sigh:
Without his dreams,
He would be nothing
And I shall smile while, hot,
The Summer Sun breaks briefly
To dry my rain-soaked back

Apple Blossom in May

There is a reality about Spring
When grass grows green with the sun:
Days lengthen bringing the warmth
That reassures and one is pleased
To run a hand where wind moves
And blossoms have been blown:

Every hour is unique
When rain stops.
In the town – three hills
And a valley to the left -
Music slithers from a shop
While people rush,

Gathering.
A drill strikes stone
Where youths gather
Sneering at people who pass.

There is a pleasure about Spring
When free grass grows in the sun,
A slowness when wind rushes tree:
Nearby
The curlew and lark
Where sun glints
Upon rain sodden earth:

How are you today, Mr Hughes?
Oh not so bad, you know -
Better for the sun.
Aye, will dry the ground
So we can seed.

Over the fields -
White clouds making faces
In the sun

The Poet's Song

Remember the ones whom you killed
You, the poet, in your youth?
They brought a unity, those memories,
A pain that possesses all things
Bringing with their dread remembrance
The field of connection grown
From deep Space:

What was concealed is seen
As what is felt is possessed into Word
Through the possession of the consciousness
That connects all life to itself
Because it is life through the origin
Of growth
And brings the tranquillity of age.
There is remembering: the forgetting,

The little goals to pass the days
Between the next remembering

I see little needed in life:
No books, houses, fine clothes or cars,
Since this connectedness that makes
The poet a child
Makes him a place to rest awhile
Between the troubled strophes of life.
He, the forgotten values, seeks
Only sufficient shelter
Food enough to fill his gauntness
For a day -
All else is insufficient and inauthentic
As he himself is an admission
Of a god's weakness
For Man.

All life is divine:
Each field, each tree,
And he the poet carries this message
Gently, like cloud its rain.
There is nothing special, unique:
He is only the half-remembered aspirations
Of his age
Forgotten when they to whom connectedness
Was a lie from birth, live in power
Within the boundaries of a State.

There should be no preaching, no faith
Without the connectedness of consciousness
That uncovers divinity as the divine
As there should be no guilt or sin
While the

tireless worker for the Cause
Stalks the streets of the chosen
City. There was a sunset
As he walked the hill home -
A plethora of colours magnified
By cold caught his eye
Briefly, for the wound on his face

Hurt. But he got them,
The bastards, and next time
The Party will be strong

For each Cause defines a Goal
To overturn the gods
Creating illusion in expiation;
There is no connectedness, only division
And divide

Words will not end this
Or any other admission of how we forget
To remember
As sublime music is not a premonition
Of peace.
They are only reminders of what is
As my past is a reminder of what I
Once was;
And there are still enigmas, many questions
Unresolved.

There is a natural balance between
The outward challenge
The inward look of age
That decays with each present passing
Week:
There is self-survival
The question of inner Space

Words will not end
But only the middle way between
The word and the act
Where desire is the poet's desire
For passive divinity
Can begin the remembering
Of the connectedness that is divine
Without the ending that is another's
Death

DW Myatt
(c.1976)

The Numinous Way:

Speculations Concerning Existence Beyond Death

by David Myatt

The Nature of Our Being:

Our basic nature is that we are a nexion, a connexion between the causal and the acausal. That is, we – like all living-beings – possess, by virtue of being alive, acausal energy (See Note 1). This acausal energy is what animates us, what makes our physical bodies alive – more than an inert collection of elements, molecules and atoms – and this acausal energy is not destroyed when that physical body dies. This is so by the very nature of that acausal energy – which energy cannot be destroyed, in causal space-time.

In addition, we human beings, of all the life we currently are aware of, possess not only the faculty of consciousness – of causal reflexion – but also the ability to consciously change our behaviour. That is, we can consciously decide to do something, or not do something, and thus we can, to a certain extent, change or evolve ourselves. In many ways, culture is a means to aid us in this evolutionary change, which evolutionary change – according to The Numinous Way – is a change toward empathy, compassion, honour and reason, and this change itself is an acquisition, by us as individuals, of additional acausal energy. Thus, this change in ourselves is a type of ordered presencing of acausal energy in the causal.

This basic overview of the nature of causal beings raises some interesting questions. For example: (a) When a living-being that exists in causal space-time “dies”, then what happens to the acausal energy that animated that living-being? (b) How does such acausal energy come to animate that certain collocation of physical elements, molecules and atoms originally? (c) What effect, if any, does an increase in acausal energy, produced by our conscious evolution – our conscious change of ourselves – have on what happens to the acausal energy after our causal death?

In respect of what happens to the acausal energy, it does not “go back” to or transcend to the acausal, for the acausal is already implicit within causal space-time; or rather, to be precise, the causal is a limiting case of the acausal – where there are only three spatial dimensions and only one dimension of Time, a linear one. That is, there is no physical, causal, separation between the causal and acausal, as might be imagined if we were thinking in terms of causal geometry.

To understand the relation, we must think acausally, in terms of an unspecified, unlimited, number of dimensions which are not spatial and which are not limited to one linear Time dimension but which rather have many acausal (and thus un-linear) Time dimensions. All that happens, is that the specific physical connexion between causal and acausal is closed: physical matter in a certain place is no longer animated by acausal energy. Thus, the acausal energy that was presenced in a living-being becomes again unformed, unpresenced, acausal energy.

In respect of whether we can, in the causal, affect what happens to such acausal energy, The Numinous Way posits that we human beings, by virtue of our nature, have the ability to “form” or “pattern” such acausal energy as is presenced in us as living-beings – to increase it, to (in a symbolic way) strengthen it – and as such we can access part of the acausal itself, or have the possibility to do this, both in and during our mortal, causal, existence, and after such causal existence has ended. To access it, we have to “think acausally”, to develop an acausal *way of being* within us. This means developing, refining, the faculty of consciousness, and especially the faculty of empathy, which is presenced in us and in our cultures by The Numinous, by honour, by compassion, by reason, by an awareness of ourselves as but one nexion among the matrix of connexions which are the living Cosmos, which connexions include Nature, and our own ancestral culture. It means a return to the “slow”, natural time of Nature, of Life, of the acausal, and away from the often manic always unnatural causal time we have created by our abstractions, our lack of empathy, our lack of a cosmic and numinous perspective.

If we so access, so presence, such acausal energy, then there exists the possibility of that which is the essence of our being – the acausal aspect – continuing in a new way in the acausal when our causal existence ends, which continuation can be said to be the meaning of such a causal existence: an opportunity presented by the presencing that is our finite mortal life. As to the nature of such a continuing, all that can be said at present is that it would be – must be, given the nature of the acausal – beyond the causal form which we apprehend as “the self”. That is, it is an evolution of us, as beings; a move-toward an acausal existence which by virtue of the nature of the acausal is not limited, or constrained, by causal time, and not limited, or constrained by spatial dimensions. Thus, causal concepts such as taking causal time to “move” or travel from one point in causal space to another causal point are irrelevant, as is the causal concept of birth-life-death.

However, this continuing is not an imperative of our causal existence – it is just a possibility, an opportunity. It is up to us to achieve it, to bring-it-into-being. If

it is not achieved, then the acausal energy which was presenced in one living human being simply becomes un-presenced, in the causal: the causal aspects are lost. Or rather, the causal aspects which exist, which come-into-being, through such a life – such things as memory, experience, the very “personal nature” of such a living-being – are lost. In contrast, in a continuing, these aspects are part of the genesis for the new type of supra-personal being which becomes formed, or which may becomes formed, in the acausal.

In respect of how acausal energy comes to animate a certain collocation of physical elements, molecules and atoms – to bring-into-being a causal life – there can be, at present, only speculation, although it could be assumed that it is natural process, inherent in the process of living-beings, in the very fabric of acausal space-time. That is, the potential to presence acausal energy in the causal – to animate physical matter – is part of of the nature of acausal being itself.

Acausal Existence, Rebirth, and the Illusion of the Self:

One question which arises concerns the nature of the acausal energy which is no longer presenced in the causal by a living-being. This energy simply merges back unformed into the acausal from whence it was presenced, and as such may again be presenced in some way in some living-being some-where, possibly on this planet which we call Earth and possibly in some other form of life instead of a human being. But while this process has some similarities to a process described in Buddhism, it is not identical to that of “rebirth” in the Buddhist (or Hindu) sense – for The Numinous Way is simply rationally describing, using new concepts such as acausal, nexion and presencing, the nature of our being and the processes of life.(See Note 2)

In addition, The Numinous Way describes the causal self – to which we are often attached by causal desires and which often gives rises to or which causes suffering, for other living-beings – as an abstraction, a causal illusion: a manifestation of causality; or, more correctly, as a manifestation of limited “causal thinking”, which thinking is based upon and depends upon abstractions.

For The Numinous Way, the reality of our being can only be correctly described in terms of causal and acausal: as one nexion, one connexion, between the causal and the acausal, and as such as possessed of acausal energy. To think in the reductionist, abstract, causal way – in terms of a distinct, separate, un-connected, self – is to misunderstand the nature of our being, the nature of Life, and the reality of the Cosmos, for this “self” is a trick of causal perception. To concentrate on this “self” reveals a lack of empathy – a lack of insight, and such

a concentration on such an illusory self is one cause of suffering, which suffering can be alleviated, or removed, through acausal thinking, through that *acausal way of being* which is presenced in empathy, honour, reason and compassion.

Conclusion:

In essence, The Numinous Way posits that we possess, by virtue of being living-beings, a certain type and a certain amount of causal energy, and that we – as human beings possessed of consciousness and will – change increase such acausal energy. The acausal energy we possess lives on after the death of our mortal, causal, bodies, and returns to the acausal – to acausal space-time, which acausal space-time, by its nature, is not some separate physical realm but rather the reality of the Cosmos itself.

That is, causal space-time, the physical universe we are aware of through our physical senses, is a special – a limiting – case of the Cosmos, for the acausal is both within and around the causal, by virtue of there being no limited spatial dimensions, and no linear one dimensional time, in the acausal. In one sense, we can consider the causal – the physical universe of three spatial dimensions and one causal/linear time dimension – as a type of presencing of the acausal, with living-beings as connexions/nexions to certain aspects of the acausal itself.

The Numinous Way posits that empathy is a faculty which we human beings can develop, and that such development enables us to “pattern”, to form, what acausal energy we are by virtue of being alive in the causal. If we do not do this, then such acausal energy – after our causal death – returns to its original unformed, un-causal, state in an aspect of the acausal. But if we do this, then in effect we begin the creation of a new type of acausal being, which being may have the ability to exist, as an entity, in the acausal after our causal death. The nature of this acausal being is speculative, but it is assumed that it is not based on the causal pattern of “the self” but is instead an evolution of such a “self” – with an awareness beyond the individual and thus a knowing of the matrix of Life which is the Cosmos. That is, it is a new (to us) type of consciousness.

Notes:

(1) For a basic, and tentative, description, see the essay Acausal Science.

(2) As noted in some other essays, The Numinous Way, unlike Buddhism, affirms that personal honour – and all that it implies, for example in terms of self-defence – is important, and a manifestation, a presencing, of the acausal. That is, that honour is numinous – one means to affirm life in a moral, ethical,

way. In addition, The Numinous Way stresses the value of culture, and the joy, the possibilities, of life, and does not advocate a life of self-denying austerity and “meditation” but rather a true, gentle and ethical middle-way somewhat akin to the wu-wei of Taoism. Thus, while comparisons with both Buddhism and Taoism are possible, The Numinous Way can be considered to be a new manifestation of the acausal (“eternal”) truths about Life, our human nature and the meaning of our lives.

Understanding the Founder David Myatt of ONA

“The ONA was meant to be amorphous, with many faces and tentacles; just like its maker was a man of many faces, whose influential tentacles stretched far and wide into many different organizations, institutions, Ways, ideologies, and even religions. Somewhere beneath the beard, the many names, and the many characters he becomes, he knows his true self. I personally see a beauty in the amorphous nature of Whatever his name is. The mystery of not knowing for sure what or who or why he is who he is. If we can admire Whatever his name is for this quality – his personal amorphous quest for personal enlightenment – then can we not see the same beauty and admiration in the variation of the ONA and it’s amorphous quality – its amorphous quest – the quest to bring us to our full potential? What does it matter what it looks like or is called, if in the end we end up fulfilling the same destiny set into motion long ago? “ Chloe (OC, USA), WSA352, April 2009 CE

**What is this “destiny” that Myatt (aka Anton Long) set in motion long ago?
It is two-fold:**

- 1) To create – via esoteric Orders such as the ONA – more evolved human beings, who are the phenotype of a new human species and whose only law is the law of personal honor, which law is the Law of the New Sinister Aeon;
- 2) To leave this planet which is our home by creating colonies on other, extra-terrestrial, worlds.

See, for example:

The Quintessence of the ONA

and also

Dark Imperium

According to the ONA, to achieve these aims, our existing societies need to be undermined and destroyed by revolutionary means, by war, by Chaos, by terror – by “presencing the Dark”. As Anron Long wrote some years ago, in *To Presence The Dark*:

“It is of fundamental importance – to evolution both individual and otherwise – that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and

over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought “face-to-face”, and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and “evil”. They need reminding of their own mortality – of the unforeseen, inexplicable “powers of Fate”, of the powerful force of “Nature”.

If this means killing, wars, suffering, sacrifice, terror, disease, tragedy and disruption, then such things must be – for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things. Such things as these must be, and always will be, because the majority of people are or will remain, inert and sub-human unless changed. The majority is – and always will be until it evolves to become something else – raw material to be used, moulded, cut-away and shaped to create what must be. There is no such thing as an innocent person because everyone who exists is part of the whole, the change, the evolution, the presencing of life itself, which is beyond them, and their life only has meaning through the change, development and evolution of life. Their importance is what they can become, or what can be achieved through their death. Their tragedy, their living – their importance does not lie in their individual happiness or their individual desires or whatever.”

Preco Preheminencie

These are the tears that I have cried, that I should have cried – tears which unbidden fall as I listen to *Preco preheminencie* by Dunstable; and tears which express my longing for that beauty, that love, that ineffable goodness which sometimes someone somewhere has presenced on this grieving Earth.

This is what I am – these tears, born of both suffering and joy, and bearing as they do in memories of light and dark the life which was, is, mine. This is what I am – that quiet look of love; that desire to transcend beyond the moment to where exists a purity of being.

Why has the learning not been learnt? Am I with my life an analogy, an answer? Seeking, questing, plunging often without any thought, reason or plan, into life, knowing thus that exhilaration of existence as when one early Winter’s morning I fastly cycled on roads of snow newly iced by a night of bright moon to give to she whom I then loved just one letter of love – one hour, one moment of existence, of perfect bliss, of perfect union of body, thought, spirit, soul, as

when I stubborn beyond myself grimly bore my complaining body on through the stark deathly heat of the desert to reach just one more goal in two weeks of tortured goals whose ending left me briefly suspended between life and death, my being then transcending out as if I had become the desert, the Sun, the water that saved me, the people who in their simple act of kindness took me in and brought me even then to an insight of understanding of their culture, their Prophet, their God.

Seeking, questing, as when I gently cared for a patient, dying, and listened as he told of how he had endured years in those Trenches of stalemate war. There, in a bedside drawer were his medals, brought by his wife – and that last night I stood watching, unseen, as she briefly took them out as he rasped, to breathe his last breath of life.

Seeking, questing – as when I sat on the edge of the bed of she whom I loved who loved me, and held her as she drifted into that last and never-ending sleep. Seeking, questing., forgetting as when, less than a year later I was travelling, writing, speaking words of chaos and of hate, as if hoping such words might change what-was for what I hoped might-be, forgetting, forgetting the pain, the anger, the suffering, even the deaths, caused. Had she, my love, died in my arms in vain? Seeking, questing, as when years later I, grieving, sorrowed as my then wife became troubled, ill, and I knew my blame; forgetting – as when, less than six months later, in a land of hot Sun I was again preaching death, destruction, as if it might again change what-was to what I in arrogance believed should-be...

So much known, seen, felt – so many tears, insights along the Way, and so many times when those tears, insights, were lost. It was as if I had to start all over again, and re-learn what life, myself, in-between, had forced me to forget. As if my questing life each year had to shed its slowly learnt wisdom to vigourously grow, up, upwards to where the pain of remembering merged with the joy of passion; upward, ever upward beyond and between the light and the dark. And I am, was, like them – those who for thousands of years acted to strive to change what-was to what they believed should-be, who experienced, who learned, who forgot and who so acted again. I – the deed; the redemption and the blame. I, they, we – in our tears, our understanding a beginning of what we should and can be.

Seeking, questing, forgetting until I finally distilled the essence – which is of empathy and honour.

Yesterday – as I myself was held, touched, kissed by a woman – I was blessed through her, with her, by her, with another intimation of the divine, another presencing of the numinous, and all I can do to force myself to remember is create these words, only these words, born by tears; born of divine music, presencing: such a poor recompense for five thousand years of suffering, seeking, questing, forgetting, pain, and toil.

David Myatt

We Love Unsuspecting

By David Myatt

A quite relaxing day, for me: a day of unexpected sunshine and September warmth after so many dull and rainy days, and I spent most the hours of the daylight morning in the fields, or sitting by the large pond listening to the song of the birds, watching the Dragonflies, the Butterflies and the pond life, with the afternoon spent in gentle gardening, and then just sitting in the warming Sun.

There has been thus moments of pleasure, peace and joy, as of those remembered times when one's distant gentle lover comes, if only briefly, to stay with one, again. Thus was I, thus am I, brought back, or moved forward, to just-be in the flow of Life as Life flows, slowly, when we gently let-go of that perception which is our small and often selfish self: to feel, to be-again, not apart from Nature.

Hence I am again but one life slowly dwelling in some small part of a rural England that I strive to keep within me by the slow movement of only walking, or cycling, along the country lanes, and which never takes me far from the meadow fields or from the hills which rear up, wooded, less than half a mile away.

Thus has there been time for that calm thinking that arises slowly, naturally, as the Cumulus cloud arose this morning, early, to briefly shade the Sun before they, the clouds, changed so slowly to leave me where my horizon of sighted landscape ended, far beyond the farthest trees, hedge, and hill that I could see. And thus was there a slow thinking about, a dwelling upon, your question of balance.....

Do you find you are still unsatisfied as to path? Or did you find/are still finding, a synthesis between the many? It's the Balance I find that I seek, and hope for.

.....and yet, for myself, I feel it is more a question of change than of balance, as if we, as a species, are poised, caught, between the past of our animal ancestral nature and the future that surely awaits us if we can change, evolve, into a different kind of being, perhaps into an almost new species. Thus do I sense us, now, as in transition and yet mesmerized, held-back, even imprisoned, by the things we in our hubris-like cleverness have constructed: by the words, the terms, the very language, we have manufactured in order to try and understand ourselves, others, and this world.

Thus do we now interpret others, ourselves, the world – Reality – by abstractions which we project: which we have mentally-constructed and to which we assign “names” and terms, thus obscuring, hiding, the very essence itself, and thus mistaking such manufactured things for this essence.

Thus have we and for example manufactured a concept called a “nation” and a “State”, and have theories of how to govern such constructs, and manufactured “laws” to ensure some kind of abstract “order” within such places, as millions have given their “loyalty” to such abstract things and fought and died and caused great suffering in order to “defend” them or bring them into-being. Thus have we given “names” to differences among and within ourselves – based on some outward “sign” such as skin colour or on some inner sign such as a perceived or assumed “religious” or “political” belief – and thus dishonourably, un-empathically, used such “differences” as a criteria of worth and judgement, and in the process often or mostly behaving in a quite inhuman way. For all such abstractions – however named or described – seem to me to obscure The Numinous: obscure the simple reality which is of the connectedness, the acausal unity, of all Life.

I am as guilty as anyone in having done such things, for – for nearly four decades – I believed in or upheld some such abstraction or other, and used such things as not only a measure of the meaning of my own life, but also as a criteria of judgement, just as I often used violence in pursuit of such abstractions. It did not matter that I sincerely believed my inner intentions were noble and “good”; what mattered was that all such abstractions caused suffering for someone, or some many, somewhere. For such suffering was a natural consequence of those abstractions, constructed and manufactured as such things were by us in our vain arrogance.

Of course, many have understood this, or felt this, over the millennia – as some Ways have been developed to try and move us back toward the reality of connectedness. But always – always, it seems to me – over causal time, the simple unaffected pure meaning, the suffering insight, becomes lost in the words and through dogma, especially through dogma, and in particular through our very need, our very desire, to strive to “attain” some-thing, or to follow some-thing, or someone.

Perhaps only in music, Art, literature, poetry, a personal loyal love, and such-like emanations – in those things which wordlessly capture if only for a moment the Numinous itself – there is and has been a reminder of what-is, of what can-be. Of what we have forgotten and what we have glimpsed or have the capacity to glimpse, to feel, to know.

It seems to me, finally, that there are no answers, because no questions exist; we only impose questions upon what-is. For we have this need to make complex what is simple; we have this Promethean irritation within us. Certainly, this inner irritation, this inability to be empathic with Life (except perhaps in moments) brings us or can bring us joy, ecstasy, and can move us toward a different and at times exhilarating existence – as I know from my own not inactive, woman-loving, and sometimes warrior-like, life. But such a living I sense and feel is only a stasis, a repeat of our often barbaric, animal-like, past, and not the change, the evolution, we need and which surely is possible now, from the understanding the past five thousand years or so has given us.

Thus, my Path now is my Path – which in my temerity I have called The Numinous Way, and which, as it exists now due to the metamorphosis of recent years, represents the results of my ponderings, my thinking, my feelings, and what little knowledge I have acquired from *pathei mathos*.

Have you found that the seekers path has brought you as much joy as sorrow?

“Always a dream or a memory
Lead us on
And we wait like children
Trusting in the spirits of the Earth.
We love unsuspecting
While they our lovers scheme,
Succour themselves on our blood
And bleed us dry...”

In truth I have found, over four decades of seeking, more sorrow than joy – and yet the sorrow now seems to have merged with the joy to become some-thing which is of both yet beyond both. A new way of feeling, perhaps; or a new way of being, far beyond any words I know, and certainly beyond any and all the various and many Ways and Paths I have experienced and lived. But, of course, there are times – many times – when the sadness seeps back to bring forth burgeoning tears.

All I have from four decades of strife, seeking, searching, questions – of a learning from my plenitude of mistakes – are some tentative scribbles of my own, manifest in The Numinous way, with its Cosmic Ethics, its emphasis on empathy, compassion and honour, and its understanding of how our manufactured abstractions cause and continue to cause suffering, re-enforce our hubris, obscure our connexion to the Cosmos, and distance us from The Numinous.

Nazi Hacker Story Set to Run and Run

Seems that the “a nazi hacker stole my brain” story (or some such nonsense) – by anonymous coward – is set to run and run as anonymous coward sets up more blogs and posts on more forums and message boards, world wide, in a new concerted effort to discredit Mr David Myatt aka Abdul-Aziz Ibn Myatt.

Anonymous coward has even taken to doctoring one of the photographs of Myatt taken by the BBC’s Panorama team in 2000 when they confronted Myatt with the claim that he had inspired David Copeland’s brief reign of terror on the streets of London in 1998.

Anonymous coward makes claims such as the following:

” For several years, Anton Long has been involved in a series of attacks on disabled people. He has many fake identities on the BBC Ouch! message board, and is stealing data from vulnerable people who use BBC OUCH ...”

But – wait a minute – where is *the evidence* that Mr Long has been involved in a series of attacks on disabled people? Where is *the evidence* that he has many fake identities on this message board, or indeed, on any others? Just how does anonymous coward know that it is Mr A. Long posting such message? And so on, and so on, etcetera.

Now – wait just another minute – where is *the evidence* for the long standing claim that this Anton Long character is Myatt?

Thus, we ask the anonymous coward to do the following: (1) report your accusations of “hacking” and harassment (and such like) to the British Police, and then publish details of when, where and to whom you made your report; (2) please do try and provide and publish some *evidence*. Evidence, by the way, is not the same as: innuendo, malicious allegations, rumours, suspicion, supposition, disinformation, libel and slander; (3) please do refrain from *argumentum ad hominem* and wild flights of fancy, such as the ludicrous claim that someone replying to your plethora of posts (to point out your lack of evidence, and your errors) is somehow ‘stalking’ you.

Those interested in further allegations made against Myatt, over the past decade or so, might find the following URL of interest, as it links to a selection of often uncomplimentary and sometimes tendentious items about Myatt written by various individuals, and organizations, such as the British anti-fascist group *Searchlight* -

Rumors, Allegations, And Conspiracies, About David Myatt

Finally, it is worth asking, again: why all these rumours, allegations, all this disinformation, all these suppositions about, all these attempts to libel, slander, smear and discredit Myatt, for over two decades? Why such a concerted campaign against him for over two decades? Why so much hatred directed at this one man? Just who hates, and/or fears, Myatt so much that there is this long lived vendetta against him?

Is there some clue, perhaps, in Myatt's life long battle against what he calls "the perfidy of the Zionists, and their allies..." ?

Smearing David Myatt – Again: More Anonymous Weird Tales of a Nazi Hacker

After an absence of almost a year, Myatt's cyber-stalker has struck again. On a new twist to an old disinformation campaign, the anonymous coward has set up a blog at

Go read that blog, and enjoy!

Loyal readers of this AboutMyatt blog – yes, all seven of nine of you! – may recall that the anonymous coward plagued message boards and forums, world wide, with claims *of someone* [hint, hint; wink, wink; nudge, nudge] – an alleged nazi – hacking into people's computers in order to get personal details and then harassing those people in a horrid way, both in cyberspace, and in the real world. In order to make these totally unverified accusations seem even more horrid, the anonymous coward making the accusations made a point of claiming that "disabled people" were specifically being targeted.

The new claims are basically a variation on the old theme, except that the anonymous coward now claims that *someone* [hint, hint; wink, wink; nudge, nudge] has in fact set up various messages boards and forums for the specific purpose of doing all this, including – believe it or not – Black British Forums and BN Village.

Enough said, perhaps. But perhaps not. For we would like to point out again that these old – and new – claims – are not only crazily fanciful in the best paranoid

delusional way – but also totally lacking credibility to the sagacious because they contain not one piece of evidence.

The anonymous coward was even challenged, last year, *to report the matter to the Police*, who would be most interested in such activities, and who would most certainly launch an investigation into the matter, if there was any evidence at all, even if only circumstantial.

When challenged, on one particular forum last year to do this, the anonymous coward replied – anonymously, of course – that they had done so, and that the Police just weren't interested. Which beggars belief – unless the Police, having been given no evidence or verifiable facts in the matter – had also dismissed them as fantasies. But, even so, the Police would have been obliged to record the matter and to give the person an “incident number”. When asked for this “incident number” – or even the name of the Police Officer see, or even the Police Station where the report was made, the anonymous coward was strangely silent.

Which, of course, leads one to conclude there was no report made to the Police, and that the whole story is just more anti-Myatt disinformation; more poisonous slurs and smears against David Myatt.

On the matter of disinformation, and of slurring people in general for a political purpose, British readers will surely have read or heard about the recent plot, by one Damian McBride – friend, and advisor to the British Prime Minister Gordon Brown – to smear David Cameron, the Conservative Party leader, and other political figures. Which reveals, in its details, not only how the tactic is used, but also how commonplace such dishonourable tactics have become in the societies of the West.

Which leads us to ask: (1) why is David Myatt the subject, yet again, of another smear campaign? and (2) what does or do the person or the people behind this current campaign hope to achieve?

To answer the second question first: they hope, obviously, to discredit the man. Which leads us to the first question: why? Perhaps because they are worried about his influence? Worried about the impact of his writings? If so, what influence, and what writings? His previous incarnation as a fanatical nazi? Or his more recent incarnation as a Muslim (Abdul Aziz Ibn Myatt), preaching Jihad against “the Zionists and their Western allies”? Or both, since it does appear as if – despite his conversion to Islam and his total rejection of his former

nazi views (1, 2, 3) – many people of the so-called “radical Right” still read, and often still appreciate, his NS writings.

Which all leads us to other questions. Questions such as, just who are these people who have – for over twenty years – been spreading rumours, making allegations, and propagating disinformation about Myatt? What is *their* agenda? Questions such as, just what have they seen, or understood or intuited, about Myatt that they consider him such a threat as to warrant such a long-lived campaign of lies, disinformation and smears? What have we, the audience for such lies, disinformation and smears, been missing, or misunderstanding about Myatt for so many years?

However, what I, personally, find particularly interesting about the whole matter of this decades-long disinformation and smear campaign against Myatt is how different people react to it. Myatt’s former political associates – the nazi and the “white nationalists” – by and large act dishonourably and either believe the disinformation, the rumours and the smear, or they mindlessly parrot them whenever Myatt is mentioned (often, of course, they do both). In a different league, altogether, it appears, are the Muslims, who either dismiss the disinformation and smears “out of hand”, or they come to Myatt’s defence, as they did, for example, of the IA forum when Myatt’s notorious zionist stalker started posting his lies.

Now, which one of these two groups of people are acting correctly, when faced with such rumours, such disinformation, such smears – about Myatt – as are now being made, yet again? Which – maybe even more interestingly – leads one to ask just *why* do the Muslims, it seems, act in this honourable way?

Questions About Race,

The Folk, and The Numinous Way³

Q: Is it correct that The Numinous Way now rejects as unethical the concept of even “the folk”?

A: Yes. Both the concept of race – and that of the folk – are regarded as un-numinous and unethical. They are examples of abstractions, which abstractions – as explained elsewhere (for instance in *The Immorality of Abstraction*) –

³ The author of this Anthology is against racism. He is an Anarchist standing for freedom, equality and anti-racism.

obscure, or undermine, empathy; and it is empathy which is the fundamental ethical basis of The Numinous Way itself.

As mentioned in *An Overview of The Numinous Way*:

“Empathy leads us away from the artificial, lifeless and thus un-numinous abstractions we have constructed and manufactured and which we impose, or project, upon other human beings, upon other life, and upon ourselves, often in an attempt to “understand” such beings and ourselves. And it is abstractions which are or which can be the genesis of prejudice, intolerance, and inhumanity. In addition, abstractions are one of the main causes of suffering: one of the main reasons we human beings have caused or contributed to the suffering of other human beings...”

Race, the concept of the folk – and all that derives from such things (such as racism, racialism, racial prejudice, and nationalism) – have no place in The Numinous Way. Such things – such abstractions – are the genesis of suffering, and thus contradict the very essence of The Numinous Way.

Historically, The Numinous Way was developed over a period of some ten years, and in the early stages of its development was even called The Numinous Way of Folk Culture, and prior to that, just “Folk Culture”. There was thus some emphasis in those early days on “the folk” as a living-being, which living, changing, being was taken to be a natural part of Nature and was initially regarded as not the same as the abstract concept of “race”. This, however, was an error, based upon not taking the ethic of empathy to its logical, and human, conclusion.

As the development of The Numinous Way continued based on the cosmic ethic deriving from empathy and compassion, the emphasis had to be, ethically, removed from both the concept of the race and that of “the folk” to be upon the individual in relation to values of empathy and compassion, and upon the individual developing such ethical virtues and faculties. This change resulted from the fundamental premise that all human abstractions – all theoretical forms, ideals, and causal constructs – were a move-away from, or detrimental to, empathy and thus a contradiction of not only honour but also of our very humanity. Thus were such human “things” – such human manufactured abstractions – considered to be, at worst, unethical and, at best, detrimental to honour and thus to empathy and compassion, for such “things” either tend toward prejudice, or they are manifestations of prejudice: of that unnecessary and unethical and often irrational and instinctive pre-judgement which we

human beings are and have been prone to, but which we can, through empathy, move away from.

Thus, the faculty of empathy – and its cultivation and development via compassion and the ethic of honour – is totally independent of the concept of “the folk”, which concept of the folk is not now, and should not be taken or assumed to be, the foundation of, or part of, The Numinous Way itself. Rather, the foundation of The Numinous Way is empathy: empathy with all life, on this planet, and in The Cosmos. Thus, the fundamental aim of The Numinous Way is to place the individual – regardless of what folk or race or culture they are said to belong to, or they might consider themselves to belong to – in the correct context with Life, with Nature, and with The Cosmos. Expressed another way, the aim is for us, *as individuals*, to develop empathy, compassion and reason – and to strive to live in an honourable and compassionate manner – so that we can naturally feel and access and be part of the numinous, and evolve our humanity without causing or contributing to suffering.

Thus, The Numinous way is profoundly a-political, regarding all politics, all ideology, all dogma, as detrimental to empathy and the development of empathy, and as a cause of, or a potential cause of, suffering.

Q: But isn't there a danger of even this Numinous Way, as you call it, becoming a dogma, developing a theology, and thus causing dissent and strife among its adherents?

A: Every Way has some potential to become an abstraction, a dogma. What stops them from doing so is the application of their basal ethics. If the ethics of the Numinous Way are lived, applied, it cannot become so. What might become dogmatic or abstract would not by definition therefore be The Numinous Way, but something else. Thus, so long as the ethics are applied, and lived – so long as there is personal empathy as the basis of living – this cannot or should not occur. The Numinous Way does not claim to be divinely-inspired, as it does not set itself up as the authoritative guide to living, or as some perfect representative, as the sole representative, of what is true and right. It does not claim to have some monopoly on understanding. It is just one answer among many answers – to be considered, or not, to be accepted or not, according to the judgement, the empathy, of each individual.

Q: Are you then saying that the answers of other Ways, of religions such as Christianity, are important and relevant?

A: I can only repeat what I have said and written before, which is that such ethical answers, all such ethical Ways and religions, have, had, or may have their place in presencing The Numen, or presencing aspects of The Numen: in bringing some people to some understanding of ourselves, of the Cosmos, of Life. In providing some people with an ethical guide to living and so aiding the cessation of suffering and the presencing of what is good.

Yet, The Numinous Way is quite simple – positing a simple ethical cause-and-effect, and not requiring a complicated theology, scriptures, or some deity or God. Thus, for The Numinous Way, there is no *problem of evil*, because there is no supreme, perfect, Being, no abstract moral dichotomy, no sin – only that simple cause-and-effect, that simple understanding of balance, of aiding, or harming, Life; of causing suffering, or ceasing to cause suffering. Of ourselves as being responsible for our actions, our thoughts, with these actions, these thoughts, affecting others, affecting Life, affecting the Cosmos, in a good (not-suffering), or a bad (causing-suffering) way, with what is good aiding that change, that evolution, which is implicit in Life, with such change, such evolution, being toward empathy, understanding, consciousness.

David Myatt

Let us have a break with a few poem's again by David Myatt

In The Night

A bright quarter moon
As I ran alone in the cold hours
Along the sunken road that twists
Between hill-valley and stream:

There was a dream, in the night
That woke me – a sadness
To make me sit by the fire
Then take me out, moon-seeing
And running, to hear only my feet
My breath – to smell only the coldness
Of the still, silent air:

But no spell, no wish
Brought my distant lover to me
And I was left to run slowly
Back

And wait the long hours
To Dawn.

By the fire, I think of nothing
Except the warmth of my love
No longer needed.

Summer Days Travelling Roads

Day hides the stars that might shine tonight
As my life when the loneliness comes
Among the hills:
I have touched the joy that goes
Seeping down into darkness
Rooting my soul that thus a storm
Cannot wash it away.
Here – a smile to capture worlds
With hidden words
When I believe a night has no terrors
Like my own
And I sleep at peace
Beneath the dome of stars.

I – passing the world
That way each day passes to a week -
Shook dust from my clothes
And walked barefoot toward a village green.
It was no use -
I had only to forget to remember
The silence where I in gladness sang
Stopping those spirits who had waited by their trees
For one like me to visit them,
Again.
So I sit on the damp grass
Waiting
For a world of love.
Then, smiling, I shake away the dew
To walk barefoot across a village green.

For information only, as the compiler of this collected works is an Anarchist, and do not agree with everything that is contrary to human freedom.

National-Socialism and Islam:

The Case for Co-Operation

Given below is a link to a pdf file issued by Reichsfolk, which outlines the case for co-operation between ethical National-Socialists and those Muslims opposed to the Zionist-Crusader alliance.

It appears that David Myatt wrote most – but not all – the documents in this file between 1998 and 2004 CE.

Egitto, il "Dottor Morte" è solo uno dei nazisti convertiti all'Islam

di Roberto Santoro, L'occidentale.it 5 Febbraio 2009

Quando pensiamo alle fughe dei criminali di guerra nazisti vengono in mente il “Dossier Odessa” o “I ragazzi venuti dal Brasile”, libri e film che hanno raccontato la rete di complicità che permise agli irriducibili delle SS di lasciare la Germania trovando rifugio in Sud America. Ma un scoop del “New York Times” rivela che Aribert Heim, soprannominato il “Dottor Morte” per la crudeltà dei suoi esperimenti nei campi di sterminio di Buchenwald, Sachsenhausen e Mauthausen, scelse per il suo esilio le caotiche strade del Cairo. Heim si sarebbe rifugiato in Egitto nei primi anni Sessanta per morirci di cancro rettale all’inizio dei Novanta. Durante l’Olocausto, si era fatto un nome seviziando centinaia di vittime con iniezioni di droghe velenose e amputazioni senza anestesia. Ovviamente ha sempre negato tutto riuscendo a sfuggire per decenni agli agenti che lo stavano cercando.

Decine di SS trovarono rifugio in Egitto e in Siria dopo la caduta del nazismo, portando in eredità il loro lessico antisemita nei Paesi destinati a scontrarsi con Israele. Nel 1942 il nazista von Leers – uno dei protèges di Goebbels – aveva lodato il mondo musulmano capace di tenere gli ebrei in “uno stato di oppressione e di ansietà”. Von Leers fu tra i promotori della pubblicazione dei “Protocolli dei Savi di Sion” nel mondo islamico. Durante il Terzo Reich e la Seconda Guerra mondiale, i Fratelli Musulmani egiziani simpatizzarono per le forze dell’Asse e l’Egitto avrebbe offerto un occhio di riguardo ai nazisti in fuga

per avere un aiuto nella corsa agli armamenti del Dopoguerra. Troviamo esuli nazisti all'ombra del governo egiziano di Nasser, per esempio i *commandos* di Otto Skorzeny che insanguinarono la Striscia di Gaza a metà degli anni Cinquanta. Lo SS belga Robert Courdroy e il neonazista Karl von Kyna furono uccisi mentre combattevano a fianco delle milizie palestinesi.

“Il mondo arabo era un paradiso più salvifico del Sud America” ha detto Efraim Zuroff, il direttore del Centro Simon Wiesenthal, che ha ricostruito la fuga di Heim tra Germania, Francia, Marocco ed Egitto. Nel 1979 Heim scrisse una lettera al giornale tedesco Spiegel denunciando che i massacri di palestinesi compiuti dallo stato di Israele erano stati organizzati dai “giudei *khazari*, la lobby sionista in America che nel 1933 dichiarò guerra alla Germania di Hitler”. I Khazari erano una popolazione seminomade turca convertita all'ebraismo nel Medio Evo: definendo gli ebrei dei “khazari” Heim voleva dimostrare che non erano dei semiti, negandogli una identità etnica e qualsiasi rivendicazione sulla Terra Santa. Il Dottor Morte scrisse un documento sul tema, che avrebbe voluto sottoporre al segretario dell'Onu Waldheim, al consigliere della sicurezza nazionale americana Brzezinsky e al Maresciallo Tito.

Heim si lasciò conquistare tanto dai suoi ospiti egiziani che decise di convertirsi all'Islam. Quelli che lo conoscevano, al Cairo, lo chiamavano “zio Tarek”, per esteso Tarek Hussein Farid. Lo ricordano come un vecchietto arzillo, atletico, che passeggiava di gran lena per le strade della capitale egiziana, fermandosi alla moschea di Al Azhar dove aveva scelto di pregare Allah. Nazisti e neonazisti hanno capito che se la loro battaglia è perduta possono contare sull'islamismo per riprendersi l'Eurabia.

Lo aveva capito Heim, l'ha capito **David Myatt**, il fondatore di “Combat 18” (C18), braccio armato dell'organizzazione “Blood & Honour” e del “Fronte Nazionale” inglese (il numero 18 si riferisce alla prima e all'ottava lettera dell'alfabeto, le iniziali di Hitler). Nel 1998 Myatt si converte all'Islam e prende il nome di Abdul Aziz. Dopo l'11 Settembre, i suoi eroi diventano Osama Bin Laden e i Taliban. Personaggi come Heim e Myatt ritengono che la creazione di un superstato musulmano sia una buona carta da giocare contro il sionismo e le democrazie occidentali uscite vincenti dalla Guerra Fredda.

L'esortazione per i camerati è una sola, convertirsi: “accettare la superiorità dell'Islam su tutte le strade indicate dall'Occidente”, come suggerisce Myatt. Il Jihad è un dovere, un'alternativa al “disonore, alla arroganza e al materialismo” dell'Europa. “Per l'Occidente nulla è sacro, salvo, forse, il sionismo, le chiacchiere sull'Olocausto e l'idolatria per la democrazia”. Il Jihad è “la vera religione marziale”, meglio del Bushido e dell'antica Sparta. Myatt ha scelto di

inchinarsi verso la Mecca senza rinnegare la svastica. Come aveva fatto Heim prima di lui.

Ethical National-Socialism

Given below is a link to a pdf file containing a collection of essays about ethical (non-racist) National-Socialism, issued under the imprint of Reichsfolk.

The majority of the essays are by David Myatt, and are of various dates, some from the 1990's (CE). As stated in the introductory essay *What is Ethical National-Socialism*:

” Ethical National-Socialism is an explication, and evolution, of the National-Socialism of Adolf Hitler...Ethical National-Socialism thus represents not only the essence of the National-Socialism of Adolf Hitler, but is also a conscious and ethical development of that particular *Weltanschauung*, founded upon the ethical principles of honour, loyalty, and duty. “

Numinous Way of David Myatt

David Myatt c.1989

Introduction: Mystic Philosophy of a Modern Gnostic

The Numinous Way was the name given, by Myatt himself, to his own particular *Weltanschauung*, his own perspective about life, which he developed, and continually refined, over a period of some ten or more years. This now completed *Weltanschauung* has been expounded in a recent (December, 2008 AD) collection of essays, issued under the imprint of The Numinous Way Foundation, entitled *Empathy, Compassion, and Honour: The Numinous Way of Life*, which essays, according to Myatt, “supersede and correct all other essays of mine about, or concerning, The Numinous Way, and what I, previously, called The Numinous Way of Folk Culture.” Thus, the majority of my references are to the chapters, and appendices, of this work (1).

Significantly, Myatt states that:

“As for The Numinous Way, I do now incline toward the view that this ethical Way of Life, which I have developed, is now independent of me, a complete philosophy of life, and can and should be judged as all such Ways, all such philosophies are judged, on their merits or their lack of them, independent of the life, and wanderings and mistakes, of those individuals who may have brought

such Ways into being, or rather, who have presenced something of the numinous in the causal, just as the life of an artist, while it may or may not be interesting, does not or should not detract from or colour an artistic, aesthetic, judgement of his, or her, works of art.”

Myatt’s particular perspective, or philosophy of life – or apprehension, as Myatt himself calls it – is, in my view, fundamentally a mystical one. That is, it is based on a personal intuitive insight about, a personal awareness of, the nature of Reality. This personal insight is that “individual human beings, are a connexion to all other life, on this planet which is currently our home, and a connexion to the Cosmos itself.” (2)

According to Myatt, this awareness is that arising from empathy; more, precisely, from the faculty of empathy, which he explains is an awareness of, and a sympathy with, other living beings (3), and which he defines, in a somewhat technical way, as “a manifestation, an awareness, of our relation to acausality, and in particular as an awareness of the related and dependant nature of those beings which express or manifest or which presence acausal energy and which are thus described, in a causal way, as possessing life” (4). His other, more simple explanation, is of empathy, in relation to human beings, as “our ability to know, to be aware of, the feelings, the suffering, of others.” (5)

This mystical insight of Myatt’s led him, over a period of a decade, to develop and increasingly refine The Numinous Way, and this development and process of refinement was, according to him, inspired and aided by his own personal experiences and by his quest among, and experience of, the religions of the world. As he states (6), his conclusions are:

“The result of a four-decade long *pathei mathos*: the result of my many and diverse and practical (and, to many others, weird and strange) involvements (political, and otherwise), and my many and diverse and practical quests among the philosophies, Ways of Life, and religions, of the world. The Numinous Way is, in particular, the result of the often difficult process of acknowledging my many personal mistakes – many of which caused or contributed to suffering – and (hopefully) learning from these mistakes.”

These conclusions have led him to reject the political beliefs and views he formerly adhered to, and which he is publicly known for. Among the beliefs and views he has come to reject, as a result of what it is, I believe, accurate to describe as a life long gnostic search for knowledge, and wisdom (7), are National Socialism and its racist policies, which politics he had practical experience of, and a personal involvement with, lasting many decades.

As Myatt himself claims, the philosophy of The Numinous Way is emphatically apolitical, rejects the dogma prevalent in established religions; rejects nationalism, racialism and racial prejudice; emphasizes and embraces tolerance, and is fundamentally an individual way of life centered on the virtues of empathy, compassion and personal honor (8).

As David Myatt states:

“There has been, for me, a profound change of emphasis, a following of the cosmic ethic of empathy to its logical and honourable conclusion, and thus a rejection of all unethical abstractions.” (9)

A Complete Philosophy of Life

In order to qualify as a complete, and distinct, philosophy – in order to be a *Weltanschauung* – a particular philosophical viewpoint should possess the following:

- 1) A particular ontology, which describes and explains the concept of Being, and beings, and our relation to them;
- 2) A particular theory of ethics, defining and explaining what is good, and what is bad;
- 3) A particular theory of knowledge (an epistemology); of how truth and falsehood can be determined;

It should also be able to give particular answers to questions such as “the meaning and purpose of our lives”, and explain how the particular posited purpose may or could be attained.

What follows is a brief, and introductory, analysis of how Myatt’s The Numinous Way deals with each of the above topics.

Ontology

David Myatt, in the essay *Ontology, Ethics and The Numinous Way*, states that, according to The Numinous Way, “there are two types of being, differentiated by whether or not they possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy”. That is, he introduces the concept of a causal Universe, and an acausal Universe, which together form “the Cosmos”, or Reality itself.

This causal Universe is the phenomenal world known to us via our five senses, and knowledge of this causal Universe is obtained through conventional sciences based upon practical observation (10). The acausal Universe is known to us via our faculty of empathy, since the acausal is the genesis of that particular type of energy which makes physical matter “alive” (11). That is, according to Myatt, all living beings are nexions, which are places – regions (or, one might say, “bodies”) – in the causal Universe where acausal energy is present, or manifests, or, to use Myatt’s term, is presenced. Hence, according to Myatt, “The Numinous Way adds empathy to the faculties by which we can perceive, know, and understand the Cosmos... Empathy is an essential means to knowing and understanding Life, which Life includes human beings...” (12)

In his earlier essay, *Acausal Science: Life and The Nature of the Acausal*, Myatt gives a little more detail as to the nature of acausal being, that is, the nature the acausal itself and of acausal energy.

Ethics

The ethics of David Myatt’s Numinous Way derive from empathy, and in the section *Ethics and the Dependant Nature of Being* of the chapter *Ontology, Ethics and The Numinous Way* it is stated that:

“The faculty of empathy – and the conscious understanding of the nature of Reality – leads to a knowing, an understanding, of suffering. Part of suffering is that covering-up which occurs when a causal denoting is applied to living beings, and especially to human beings, which denoting implies a judgement (a pre-judgement) of such life according to some abstract construct or abstract value, so that the “worth” or “value” of a living-being is often incorrectly judged by such abstract constructs or abstract values.”

From a knowing and understanding of suffering, compassion arises, and:

“Empathy is thus, for The Numinous Way, the source of ethics, for what is good is considered to be that which manifests empathy and compassion and honour, and thus what alleviates, or what ceases to cause, suffering: for ourselves, for other human beings, and for the other life with which we share this planet. Hence, what is unethical, or wrong, is what causes or what contributes to or which continues such suffering.”

Furthermore, Myatt defines honor (or, more precisely, personal honor) as an ethical means to aid the cessation of suffering (13) and thus as “a practical

manifestation of empathy: of how we can relate to other people, and other life, in an empathic and compassionate way”.

In addition, it is worth noting that Myatt views what he calls ‘abstractions’ as immoral, since abstraction obscures, or cover-ups, the essence, the being – the reality – of beings themselves. That is, such abstractions undermine, or replace, or distort, empathy, and thus distance us from life, from our true human nature, and lead us to identify with such abstractions instead of identifying with, sympathizing with, living beings. (14)

Epistemology

In *Ontology, Ethics and The Numinous Way*, Myatt writes:

“For The Numinous Way, truth begins with a knowing of the reality of being and Being – part of which is a knowing of the dependant nature of living beings.”

Furthermore,

“There is... a fundamental and important distinction made, by The Numinous Way, between how we can, and should, perceive and understand the causal, phenomenal, physical, universe, and how we can, and should, perceive and understand living beings. The physical world can be perceived and understood as: (1) existing external to ourselves, with (2) our limited understanding of this ‘external world’ depending for the most part upon what we can see, hear or touch: on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; with (3) logical argument, or reason, being a most important means to knowledge and understanding of and about this ‘external world’, and a means whereby we can make reasonable assumptions about it, which assumptions can be refuted or affirmed via observation and experiment; and (4) with the physical Cosmos being, of itself, a reasoned order subject to laws which are themselves understandable by reason. In this perception and understanding of the causal, phenomenal, inanimate universe, concepts, denoting, ideas, forms, abstractions, and such like, are useful and often necessary.” (15)

Hence, Myatt conceives of there being two distinct types of knowing. That of the causal Universe, which derives from our senses and from practical science, and that of living beings, which derives from our empathy with such living beings, from a knowing that we are not separate from those living beings, but

only one manifestation of that acausal, living, energy which connects all living beings, sentient and otherwise. (16) This second type of knowing derives from empathy, and is one means whereby we can apprehend the acausal, which is the matrix, The Unity, of connexions which is all life, presented as living-beings in the causal. (17)

According to Myatt:

“The error of conventional philosophies – the fundamental philosophical error behind abstractionism – is to apply causal perception and a causal denoting to living being(s).” (18)

Praxeology

The primary goal is seen as living in such a way that we, as individuals, cease to cause suffering to other life. This means us using, and developing empathy, and thus changing – reforming – ourselves.

“How can we develop this faculty [of empathy]? How can we reform ourselves and so evolve? The answer of The Numinous Way is that this is possible through compassion, empathy, gentleness, reason, and honour: through that gentle letting-be which is the real beginning of wisdom and a manifestation of our humanity. To presence, to be, what is good in the world – we need to change ourselves, through developing empathy and compassion, through letting-be, that is, ceasing to interfere, ceasing to view others (and “the world”) through the immorality of abstractions, and ceasing to strive to change or get involved with what goes beyond the limits determined by personal honour.” (19)

Why should we pursue such a goal? Myatt answers, in a rather mystical and gnostic way, that:

“Empathy, compassion, and a living by honour, are a means whereby we increase, or access for ourselves, acausal energy – where we presence such energy in the causal – and whereby we thus strengthen the matrix of Life, and, indeed, increase Life itself. Thus, when we live in such an ethical way we are not only aiding life here, now, in our world, in our lifetime, we are also aiding all future life, in the Cosmos, for the more acausal energy we presence, by our deeds, our living, the more will be available not only to other life, here – in our own small causal Time and causal Space – but also, on our mortal death, available to the Cosmos to bring-into-being more life. Thus will we aid – and indeed become part of – the very change, the very evolution of the life of the Cosmos itself.”

The Acausal and The Cosmic Being

David Myatt's concept of what he terms *the acausal* is central to understanding his philosophy of The Numinous Way. He conceives of this acausal as a natural part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos he defines as the unity of the physical, causal, Universe, and of the acausal Universe. This acausal Universe has an a-causal geometry and an a-causal time, and there exists, in this acausal Universe, a-causal energy of a type quite different from the physical energy of causal Space-Time, which causal energy is known to us and described by causal sciences such as Physics. (20)

This acausal energy is, according to Myatt, what animates physical matter and makes it alive, and thus he conceives as life in the causal, physical, Universe as a place – a nexion – where acausal energy is “presenced” (manifested) in causal Space-Time. Hence, all living beings are, for Myatt, a connection, a nexion, to the acausal itself, and thus all living beings are connected to each other. This connectively is felt, revealed to us, as human beings, through empathy (21). Compassion is knowing, and acting upon, this connectivity of life, since “our very individuality is a type of abstraction in itself, and thus something of an illusion, for it often obscures our relation to other life...” (22)

The acausal is thus the matrix of connectivity, where all life exists in the immediacy of the moment, and where causal abstractions, based on finite causal thinking, have no meaning and no value.

David Myatt conceives of what he terms *a Cosmic Being*, which is regarded as the Cosmos in evolution, becoming sentient through the evolution of living beings. That is, the Cosmic Being is itself a type of living entity, manifest (or “incarnated”) in all living beings, including ourselves, and Nature. (23)

“The Cosmic Being..... is not perfect, nor omniscient, not God, not any human-manufactured abstraction. That is, it is instead a new kind of apprehension of Being: a Cosmic one, based upon empathy, and an apprehension which takes us far beyond conventional theology and ontology.” (24)

Thus, this Cosmic Being is not to be viewed in a religious, theological, way, as some kind of deity, for we are part of this Being, as this Being is us and all other life, changing, evolving, coming-into-consciousness (25).

Pathei Mathos

One phrase which frequently occurs in Myatt's writings about his Numinous Way – and which he often uses in his private correspondence and his autobiographical essays – is the Greek term *πάθει μάθος*. Myatt, in his own translation of *The Agamemnon* by Aeschylus, translates this as *learning from adversity*. Pathei Mathos is how Myatt describes his own strange personal journey, his gnostic search for knowledge, wisdom and meaning, and his ultimate rejection of the various beliefs, ideologies, and religions, he studied and embraced in the course of this four decade long journey.

A large part of this learning from adversity is, for him, firstly an acknowledgment of his personal errors in adhering to and identifying with various “abstractions” – which he admits caused or contributed to suffering – and, secondly, the sometimes painful and difficult personal process of learning from these mistakes and thus changing one's outlook and beliefs in an ethical way.

As Myatt states:

“In essence, there was, for me, *pathei mathos*. Due to this *pathei mathos*, I have gone far beyond any and all politics, and beyond conventional religion and theology toward what I believe and feel is the essence of our humanity, manifest in empathy, compassion, personal love and personal honour. Hence, I cannot in truth be described by any political or by any religious label, or be fitted into any convenient category, just as no *-ism* or no *-ology* can correctly describe The Numinous Way itself, or even the essence of that Way. Therefore, I believe it is incorrect to judge me by my past associations, by my past involvements, by some of my former effusions, for all such things – all the many diverse such things – were peregrinations, part of sometimes painful often difficult decades-long process of learning and change, of personal development, of interior struggle and knowing, which has enabled me to understand my many errors, my multitude of mistakes, and – hopefully – learn from them.” (26)

In addition, he does not make any claims for his Numinous Way, other than it represents his own personal conclusions about life.

“The Numinous Way is but one answer to the questions about existence; it does not have some monopoly on truth, nor does it claim any prominence, accepting that all the diverse manifestations of the Numen, all the diverse answers, of the various numinous Ways and religions, have or may have their place, and all

perhaps may serve the same ultimate purpose – that of bringing us closer to the ineffable beauty, the ineffable goodness, of life; that of transforming us, reminding us; that of giving us as individuals the chance to cease to cause suffering, to presence the good, to be part of the Numen itself.” (27)

Conclusion

This short overview of Myatt’s Numinous Way reveals it as a comprehensive and, in my view, rather original, moral philosophy with an ethics and a praxeology which, while having some resemblance to those of Buddhism, are quite distinct by reason of (a) how Myatt relates, and defines, empathy and honor, and how such honor allows for the employment, in certain situations, of reasonable (“honorable”) force (28), and (b) how Myatt views human life in terms of the acausal, and as a means for us to “reform and evolve” ourselves.

The goal of The Numinous Way is seen as us, as individuals, becoming aware of and having empathy with all life, and this involves us using and developing our faculty of empathy, being compassionate, and thus increasing the amount of life, of acausal energy, in the Cosmos, leading to not only the evolution of life, but also to a cosmic sentience, which we, when we are empathic, compassionate and honorable, are part of and which we can become aware of.

In addition, as his many autobiographical essays and his published letters reveal (29), The Numinous Way – as outlined in the recent compilation *The Numinous Way of Life: Empathy, Compassion, and Honour* – has no relation whatsoever to any of Myatt’s previously held views and beliefs, political, or religious. Indeed, Myatt is quite clear that he regards both race, and “the folk”, as abstractions which, like all abstractions, obscure and undermine the numinous and which are detrimental to empathy and compassion and, ultimately, unethical and therefore dishonorable. (30) Thus, and rather confusingly given the terminology, this new apolitical Numinous Way – with its emphasis on personal, ethical, change and the cessation of suffering – is completely distinct from his earlier, now rejected, philosophy which he first called “Folk Culture” and then called *The Numinous Way of Folk Culture*.

Thus, The Numinous Way, as expounded recently, and as developed by Myatt over a period of many years, is not only a rejection of all of those previously held political beliefs and views of his, but possibly also, as he himself has claimed, a new moral way founded on his own learning from his experiences and errors.

JR Wright

Notes:

- 1) This work (currently an e-text in both html and pdf formats and published by *The Numinous Way Foundation*) appears in some editions under the alternative title *The Numinous Way of Life: Empathy, Compassion, and Honour*. (pdf 465 Kb) This work is due to be published in book format late in 2009. In addition to citing this work, I have, on occasion, referred to recent private correspondence between Myatt and myself (both written, and e-mail) where he elucidates certain matters in response to a particular question, or questions, of mine.
- 2) *An Overview of The Numinous Way of Life*
- 3) In *Compassion, Empathy and Honour: The Ethics of the Numinous Way*
- 4) *Ontology, Ethics and The Numinous Way*
- 6) Introduction, *Empathy, Compassion, and Honour: The Numinous Way of Life*
- 7) A Gnostic is someone who seeks *gnosis* - wisdom and knowledge; someone involved in a life-long search, a quest, for understanding, and who more often than not views the world, or more especially ordinary routine life, as often mundane and often as a hindrance. In my view, this is a rather apt description of Myatt.
- 8) Refer to *Frequently Asked Questions About The Numinous Way* and *An Overview of The Numinous Way of Life*
- 9) Introduction, *Empathy, Compassion, and Honour: The Numinous Way of Life*
- 10) Refer to the section *Ontology and The Numinous Way* in the chapter *A Brief Analysis of The Immorality of Abstraction*, and also to Myatt's earlier essay *Acausal Science: Life and The Nature of the Acausal* which is referenced in that chapter.
- 11) *A Brief Analysis of The Immorality of Abstraction*
- 12) *A Brief Analysis of The Immorality of Abstraction*
- 13) *An Overview of The Numinous Way of Life*
- 14) Refer to Myatt's recent essay, *A Change of Perspective*, dated December 21, 2008
- 15) *A Brief Analysis of The Immorality of Abstraction*
- 16) Refer to *An Overview of The Numinous Way of Life* and *Ontology, Ethics and The Numinous Way* and also *Presencing The Numen In The Moment*
- 17) *A Change of Perspective*. Also, private e-mail from Myatt to JRW, December 22, 2008
- 18) *A Brief Analysis of The Immorality of Abstraction*
- 19) *An Overview of The Numinous Way of Life*
- 20) *Acausal Science: Life and The Nature of the Acausal*
- 21) Private e-mail from Myatt to JRW, December 21, 2008

- 22) *An Overview of The Numinous Way of Life*. See also *The Numinous Way and Life Beyond Death*
- 23) *Ontology, Ethics and The Numinous Way*. Also, private e-mail from Myatt to JRW, December 22, 2008
- 24) *Ontology, Ethics and The Numinous Way*
- 25) Private e-mail from Myatt to JRW, December 22, 2008 and private letter from Myatt to JRW, which he dated 9.xii.08 (CE)
- 26) *Presencing The Numen In The Moment*
- 27) *The Empathic Essence*
- 28) Refer to *An Overview of The Numinous Way of Life* and also *The Principles of Numinous Law*
- 29) Among his dozens of autobiographical essays are the following:

So Many Tears
Love, Deities and God: Redemption and The Numinous Way
An Allegory of Pride and Presumption
One Simple Numinous Answer
The Empathic Essence

Collected some of David Myatt's personal letters in *The Private Letters of DW Myatt, Part 1*.

30) Refer to *Frequently Asked Questions About The Numinous Way*, where Myatt writes that "such a concept as "the folk" now has no place in The Numinous Way..." See also *The Development of The Numinous Way and Other Questions*

Nine Angles of Separation

For information only as the compiler of this "Collected Works" is an Anarchist, all his efforts going to the freedom of the humans, and racial equality worldwide.

Editorial Note, 01.10.09:

The following article was originally published on the Rigorous Intuition blog in August 2005, and since it is, in my opinion, one of the most interesting articles written about David Myatt, I reproduce it in full here, even though there are several factual errors, about Myatt, in the article. For instance, the Interview once in the Hexagon Archive was with Stephen Cox, not Myatt; Cox was never

even a member of the ONA (let alone its leader); and his Occult group had no connection to either the ONA or Myatt .

“ In the mid-90s, in an essay entitled “Death Before Dishonour,” British neo-Nazi political philosopher David Myatt wrote:

To live and act like an Aryan⁴ – that is, with nobility of character – means upholding and living by this principle of Death Before Dishonour. Nothing else is more important – not personal happiness, not personal love, not personal comfort and wealth. This principle expresses the spirit, or ethos, of the Aryan warrior, and to be Aryan means to live like such a warrior, for however short a time.

Also, in “The Divine Revelation of Adolf Hitler⁵”:

Quintessentially, the revelation of Adolf Hitler has rendered all other religions obsolete. For this is the first and most important revelation of the cosmic Being – of the purpose of the cosmic Being. Other religions now belong to the past; they are historical curiosities.... All these religions are earth-bound; they do not seek to fulfil a Destiny among the stars, bringing more life, more consciousness.

At about the same time, Anton Long, Grandmaster of the British-based “traditional” Satanic group the Order of Nine Angles, wrote:

We uphold human culling⁶ as beneficial, for both the individual who does the culling (it being a character-building experience) and for our species in general, since culling by its nature removes the worthless and thus improves the stock. Naturally, there are proper ways to choose who is to be culled – each victim is chosen because they have shown themselves to be suitable. They are never chosen at random, as they are never “innocent.”

⁴ White people are not Aryans, the Hindus are Aryans, a mistake of National Socialism.

⁵ David Myatt falsely considered Adolf Hitler as a Dark God. Dark Gods are usually mythical. Hitler was flesh and bones and at the end committed suicide. He cannot be a Deity nor even mythical. He inherited from Christianity.

⁶ We do not accept human culling even symbolically. This is one of the erroneous teachings of David Myatt.

Two years ago, in “The Perspective of Islam,” radical theoretician and al Qaeda apologist Abdul Aziz wrote:

The majority of Westerners condemn martyrdom operations on the basis of the Western perspective, using Western criteria, failing to understand the Muslim belief that this life of ours is only a means, a test, and thus failing to understand that many Muslims are willing to give up their own lives in order to do their Islamic duty, trusting as these Muslims do in the judgement of Allah.... Our life here on this planet we call Earth is only an opportunity – never to return – to gain entry into Jannah and that one of the best means to gain such entry is to strive, and if necessary die, in the Cause of Allah.

What do these people have in common? Everything. They – and many more, besides – are the same person. Let’s call him, for simplicity’s sake, David Myatt. But *what* he is, there’s nothing simple about that.

Combat 18 is a neo-Nazi org formed in 1991 to provide hooligan muscle for the racist British National Party. (Its “18” numerically represents “AH,” the initials of Adolph Hitler.) Myatt has described himself as its political philosopher.

There’s much suspicion, on the both the left and right, that Combat 18 “was created by Britain’s internal security service MI5 to discredit the BNP while acting as a honey trap, or sting operation, designed to attract the most violent neo-Nazis in Britain into a single organization, where they could be monitored more easily.” Its leader, Charlie Sargent, who was sentenced to life imprisonment in 1997 for the murder of another member, was also an alleged Special Branch informant.

Combat 18 splintered, with Myatt founding the most radical faction, the National Socialist Movement, which remained loyal to purported informant Sargent.

In 1999 NSM member David Copeland conducted a racist nail-bombing campaign which killed three people and injured 129. Myatt’s “A Practical Guide to Aryan Revolution” was particularly formative to Copeland’s thinking. In a profile of Copeland, BBC’s *Panorama* determined:

...the man whose ideas had more influence than most on Copeland was David Myatt from Worcestershire, founder member of the NSM and its first leader. He once said the Nazi movement needed people “prepared to fight, prepared to get their hands dirty, and perhaps spill some blood.”

And though Combat 18 splintered under suspicion of members' motives and loyalties, it isn't quite finished yet being a bloody nuisance. A headline yesterday from Northern Ireland (where Combat 18 is reputed to be used by MI5 to infiltrate Loyalist paramilitaries): Neo-Nazis have threatened me, says Ulster assembly member John Dallat, who has received threats from Combat 18 to burn down his house and torch his office.

The Hexagon archives records an encounter with the unnamed leader of the "Order of Nine Angles" – apparently Myatt [[See Editorial Note, above](#)] - who supposedly co-authored a book with associate "Christos Beest" which likened the ONA "to a modern equivalent of the German Thule Society, precursor of the Nazi Party and responsible for a number of assassinations of dissenters...the reader is lead to believe that the group are busy 'culling human dross.'"

Hexagon, while refusing to disclose the name of the leader, found "a nucleus of four middle aged men surrounded by up to ten younger aspiring acolytes, again all male. The group [See uses homosexual rites and although they may well have contact with the far right are highly unlikely to be capable of carrying out numerous murders as darkly hinted at."

In *The Song of a Satanist*, "Stephen Brown" – yet another Myatt pseudonym – writes:

Most Satanists cannot publish an autobiography, or even have a biography which relates their life in detail while they still live, for the simple reason that it would probably render them liable to prosecution by those asinine guardians of the even more stupid system of 'Law'. (Plus the fact that most wish to continue their sinister esoteric work in secret, to aid the sinister dialectic.) If this threat does not exist, then their life has not been Satanic enough.

Another demonstration of the convergence of fascism and occultism is found in the ONA's Temple 88, which is described as an instantiation of the "aryanist and national-socialist ideas/ideals of the Order of Nine Angles." The writings of "Temple 88" are recommended for higher initiates, having "reached the seventh stage (Saturn) of the septenary Tree of Wyrð," who are "assumed to be able to judge and understand why the usage of national-socialism and aryanism is implemented in the Order of Nine Angles ideological structure."

And what are the Nine Angles? A ceremonial means to manifest the mythical "Dark Gods." And perhaps not surprisingly, here's where things get Lovecraftian:

The details that Lovecraft gives regarding ‘calls’ and rites are mostly fanciful and only in a few places does he inadvertently reveal the truth – for example, in his mention of the trapezohedron and ‘Azathoth’. The key to travel along the passages between the star nexions is the Nine Angles and the key to the Nine Angles is the crystal tetrahedron which is activated by voice vibration. ‘Azathoth’ as described by Lovecraft, is a symbolic and distorted re-presentation of the intersection, in acausal space-time, of these astral star passages: a kind of galactic vortex or node. Those who journey there never return the same. Along the star passages the shells of long dead civilizations lie strewn. The Nine Angles (the key to contact both physical and astral) are re-presented in the septenary Star Game and it is through this symbolic re-presentation that the magick of the Dark Gods is made manifest. The rest, to the uninitiated, is sheer terror.

(Lt Col Michael Aquino has authored the Lovecraftian “Ceremony of the Nine Angles” for the Temple of Set, but disavows Myatt and the ONA’s public embrace of human sacrifice.)

And since we’ve come this far, let’s remind ourselves: according to the ONA, where do these “Dark Gods” reside?

The acausal universe itself may be described as that aspect of the cosmos bounded by acausal time and possessing more than three spatial dimenions; the causal universe may be described as that aspect of the cosmos bounded by causal, or linear, time and possessing three spatial dimensions at right angles to each other. The entities known to esoteric tradition as the Dark Gods are beings which exist in the acausal universe. Other such beings probably exist in the acausal realm, but the Dark Gods are known to us through having, at various times in our evolution, ‘intruded’ into our spatial universe.

As I’ve noted in an earlier post, the “acausal universe” recalls Michio Kaku’s *Parallel Worlds*, in which he writes that “anyone who can tap into the fourth spatial dimension (or what is today called the fifth dimension, with time being the fourth) can indeed become invisible, and can even assume the powers normally ascribed to ghosts and gods.” And interestingly, one of the things David Myatt may be said to be with some assurance is a student of physics.

In 2000 Myatt reputedly converted to Islam, and quickly became an advocate for al Qaeda “martyrdom operations.” Though as he had often done, Myatt hid his previous associations by assuming an alias. He became “Abdul Aziz.”

This story from February 16, 2003, entitled “Midland Nazi turns to Islam,” was one of the first to make the connection between the “Koranic scholar,” the neo-Nazi and the occultist:

A “Satanic Fuhrer” who urged neo-Nazis to fight a race war has turned full circle to become an Islamic fundamentalist.

Midland-based David Myatt, 51, was the political guru behind white supremacist group Combat 18 and has been the leading hardline Nazi intellectual in Britain since the 1960s.

Now the self-confessed Pagan and Adolf Hitler worshipper hails al Qaida leader Osama bin Laden as his inspiration and praises the World Trade Center attacks as acts of heroism....supporting suicide missions and urging young Muslims to take up Jihad.

“Turning full circle” always sounded to me like a lot of fuss to create the appearance of motion, while returning to one’s starting point.

Is Myatt an agent provocateur, a shit-disturber who can’t settle upon a radical philosophy, something more, or something less? It’s difficult to assess motive, but consider that he has been arrested numerous times for such things as writing and disseminating “practical terrorist guides” on suspicion of conspiracy to murder. These cases have always been dropped due to “lack of evidence.” Does he enjoy protection? The record is suggestive that he does. And if it appears so, then we should ask the next question: Why?

One Muslim internet user told the Sunday Mercury that Myatt, who has an IQ of 187, had convinced other users he was an Islamic scholar with his eloquent arguments backed with Koranic verses. He said: “After September 11 Abdul Aziz’s messages started to become more extreme.

“But because he wrote with authority, many less-knowledgeable Muslims thought he was a holy man and began supporting his fundamentalist views. When his true identity was revealed by other users on the site, he changed his online name to Abdul bin Aziz and then al Haqq.”

Myatt may seem to have flitted from one politico-religious philosophy to another, but there is a terrible thread of continuity and rigour through his life and writings that suggests he is much more than a disingenuous provocateur. Naziism and Islamicism have served, in turn, as modalities of disruption for what remains at core an occult working to sow general chaos and division – the

necessary passage of “Helter Skelter” to break down the Old Order, before the founding of the New.

So again: whose interests are served by there being a David Myatt? Is he his own man – or *men* – or does he belong to someone else? Or is it something else – an intelligence service perhaps, or something, say, acausal? ”

Dari Seorang Neo-Nazi Menjadi Seorang Muslim

Abdul Aziz Myatt tahun 1989

Sebagai seorang aktivis kelompok sayap kiri dan pendukung Neo-Nazi, lelaki asal Inggris ini menempuh perjalanan panjang dan berliku sebelum akhirnya memutuskan untuk memeluk agama Islam. Ego sebagai bagian dari masyarakat Barat yang modern dan maju, menghalanginya untuk menemukan cahaya Islam. Namun ia yakin Allah swt telah membimbing dan memberikannya hidayah, hingga ia masuk ke sebuah masjid, mengucapkan dua kalimat syahadat dan menjadi seorang Muslim dengan nama Abdul Aziz Myatt.

Perkenalan Myatt dengan Islam berawal ketika ia berlibur ke Mesir. Di negeri Piramida itu ia berkunjung ke sebuah masjid dan hatinya tersentuh dengan keindahan suara adzan yang dilantunkan dari masjid itu meski ia belum mengerti apa itu adzan. Sejak itu, Myatt mulai ingin tahu tentang Islam dan setiap berlibur ke Mesir, ia mencari kesempatan untuk berbincang-bincang dengan Muslim Mesir dan menanyakan tentang agama mereka. Myatt juga membeli sebuah al-Quran, membacanya sedikit demi sedikit hingga ia berkesimpulan ajaran al-Quran adalah ajaran yang masuk akal dan makin membuatnya kagum dengan Islam dan umat Islam.

“Semakin banyak saya bertemu dengan Muslim, saya semakin mengagumi mereka,” kata Myatt.

Ketika itu, Myatt tidak langsung berpikiran untuk masuk Islam. Ia masih dikuasai oleh egonya, cara hidupnya sebagai orang Barat dan dua hal yang membuatnya menahan diri untuk tidak mengapresiasi Islam secara penuh dan mempelajarinya lebih jauh lagi.

Dua hal itu adalah, pertama, karena keyakinannya yang tertanam sejak lama pada alam semesta. Keyakinan bahwa umat manusia adalah milik dari seorang “ibu” yaitu “bumi”. Kedua, karena budaya bangsanya yang membuatnya merasa lebih mulia dan superior dibandingkan bangsa lainnya. Selama puluhan tahu, Myatt terombang-ambing dalam keyakinan itu, yang ia pikir sebagai sumber dari zat yang suci. Belum lagi posisinya sebagai aktivis kelompok sayap kiri dan Neo-Nazi yang membuat banyak orang termasuk para wartawan yang menilainya sebagai politisi yang jahat.

“Ketika itu saya masih bersikap arogan, yang hanya percaya dengan keyakinan saya sendiri dan dalam memahami apa yang telah saya raih,” imbuh Myatt.

Hatinya tergerak kembali untuk mulai serius mempelajari Islam ketika ia beralih profesi, mengelola sebuah peternakan. Ia bisa bekerja selama berjam-jam seorang diri. Kedekatannya dengan alam, mengetuk jiwa dan rasa kemanusiaannya. Ia mulai menyadari kesatuan alam semesta dan bagaimana ia menjadi bagian dari semua itu yang ciptakan oleh Tuhan.

Jauh di dasar hatinya, Myatt mengakui bahwa alam semesta ini tidak terjadi secara kebetulan tapi memang diciptakan. Terkadang keyakinan dan ego lamanya muncul. Ia merasakannya seperti berperang dengan godaan setan. Namun ia makin meyakini di dalam hatinya tentang satu-satunya Sang Maha Pencipta.

“Untuk pertama kalinya saya merasa diri saya begitu kecil. Kemudian tanpa sengaja saya mengambil al-Quran dari rak buku, al-Quran yang saya beli waktu berkunjung ke Mesir. Saya mulai membacanya dengan seksama. Sebelumnya, saya hanya membolak-balik lembarannya dan membaca sepintas lalu beberapa ayat,” tutur Myatt.

“Apa yang saya temukan di al-Quran adalah hal-hal yang logis, alasan, kebenaran, keadilan, kemanusiaan dan keindahan,” sambungnya.

Myatt makin tertarik untuk lebih mendalami agama Islam. Ia pun mencari informasi tentang Islam lewat internet dan membaca banyak artikel tentang agama Islam di situs-situs Islam. Dengan melepaskan semua prasangka dan arogansinya, Myatt harus mengakui kalau agama Islam adalah agama yang mulia.

“Saya merasakan menemukan ajaran tentang kemuliaan, rasa hormat, rasa saling percaya, keadilan, kebenaran, kemasyarakatan,

mengingat Tuhan setiap hari, disiplin diri, penyikapan terhadap materi dari sisi spiritual dan pengakuan bahwa kita adalah hamba yang harus mengabdikan pada Tuhan,” papar Myatt.

Ia juga mempelajari sosok Nabi Muhammad saw dan kehidupannya. Bagaimana Rasulullah menyebarkan agama Islam dan membentuk sebuah peradaban manusia, yang membuat Myatt terkagum-kagum. “Bagi saya, ia (Rasulullah) adalah manusia sempurna dan contoh sempurna yang harus kita tiru,” tukas Myatt.

Ia melanjutkan, “Semakin banyak saya tahu tentang Islam, semakin banyak keraguan dan pertanyaan dalam diri saya yang terjawab selama hampir 13 tahun belakangan ini. Saya benar-benar merasa bahwa saya akhirnya ‘pulang ke rumah’, menemukan jati diri saya. Rasanya seperti ketika saya pertama kali tiba di Mesir dan berkeliling kota Kairo dengan menara-menara masjid dan suara adzannya.”

Myatt merasa bahwa hijrahnya ke agama Islam bukan sebuah pertanyaan lagi, tapi sebuah tugas yang harus dilakukan. Karena saya telah menemukan kebenaran bahwa Tiada Tuhan Selain Allah dan Nabi Muhammad adalah utusanNYa.

Myatt kemudian mendatangi sebuah masjid dan menyatakan ingin menjadi seorang Muslim. Ia diterima oleh jamaah masjid dengan hangat dan penuh rasa persaudaraan, yang membuatnya terharu dan meneteskan air mata. Ia bersyukur Allah swt telah menunjukkannya jalan yang benar.

Honour:

Practical Foundation of The Numinous Way

and of The Way of The Warrior

The Meaning of Honour

Honour, according to The Numinous Way, is a specific code of personal behaviour and conduct, and the practical means whereby we can live in an empathic way, consistent with the Cosmic perspective of The Numinous Way. It is thus a means for us to cease to cause, and to alleviate, suffering to the other life which exists in the Cosmos. Honour is how we can change, and control, ourselves in a moral way, and it is the moral basis for giving personal loyalty (or allegiance) and undertaking obligations relating to one's personal duty, which duty we pledge (or swear) to do on our honour. One of the most obvious outward expressions of living by honour is the possession of personal manners.

As mentioned elsewhere:

“Honour means we respect people – we are well-mannered toward them; we treat them as we ourselves would wish to be treated, and are aware of them, as unique individuals, as fellow human beings, who feel pain, anguish; who love, and who can know joy, sorrow and happiness. That is, we have empathy toward them, and this empathy – this awareness of their humanity – should incline us toward compassion, which is an expression of our very humanity, of our ability to know, to be aware of, the feelings, the suffering, of others. In effect, compassion and empathy provide that supra-personal perspective which makes us truly human and civilized.

Thus, honour, empathy and compassion are all related. Honour means we know, we feel, what true justice is – it is individuals being fair, being reasonable. Honour also means what we strive to do what is right, and are prepared to act, in an honourable way, if we see some injustice, some dishonour, being done.”

Compassion, Empathy and Honour: The Ethics of the Numinous Way

Honour, in essence, is a manifestation of the numen of our human life, and when we act or strive to act with honour we are presencing the numen: we being a natural, human, nexion to the numinous itself, and thus re-present the qualities and virtues of what is numinous.

Understood thus, honour is only and ever personal: that is, one can only have honour, and be honourable, toward, living-beings. Thus, for us as social human beings, honour means and implies one has certain duties and obligations toward other human beings, and that we can only give our loyalty to individuals – to a living being – whom we personally know, and not to some abstraction, or to some human manufactured causal form, or to some perceived or assumed ideal. Similarly, we can only have a duty – given by our obligation of loyalty – toward another human being whom we personally know, and not toward some abstraction, or to some human manufactured causal form, or to some perceived or assumed ideal.

Hence, while honour in general beholdens us to act in an ethical, well-mannered, way toward others with whom we come into contact, whether or not we personally know them, loyalty and duty – according to The Numinous Way – are personal, and require a personal knowledge of, a personal contact with, the person or persons to whom one pledges loyalty and to whom one has an honourable duty. This is so because honour depends on empathy – on a personal knowing, on direct personal experience. All abstractions, all categories, all ideals, all human manufactured causal forms and concepts, all separate us from empathy: from that natural perception of – and that feeling for – other living beings. Thus, in a quite important sense, empathy and honour express, and can return us to, our natural human nature, and enable us to know – to be – that natural connexion to the Cosmos which we are and which we have the potential to evolve. Abstractions, ideals, categories, causal forms – all such constructs – conceal, undermine, or destroy, this connexion.

What this means in practical terms, is that honour commands us to act, toward other people, in a polite, fair, well-mannered, unprejudiced way, and that – initially – we give individuals “the benefit of the doubt”. Thus do we strive to view individuals as individuals, and our judgement of them is based upon a direct interaction with them; on a personal knowledge and experience of them. That is, we do not project onto them any abstract category; do not judge them according to some “label” or some concept or some term – whether political, social or religious (or whatever). Instead, our judgement is based upon empathy, upon a direct connexion to another human being, a connexion which – as mentioned above – any and all abstractions, ideals, categories, and causal forms, at best interfere with and at worst disrupt or destroy or are the genesis of, or a manifestation of, prejudice.

The discernment of empathy means that we do not judge an individual by their outward appearance, or by some category which others, or even they themselves, may have appended to their being. Thus, and for example, their

known or stated or assumed “political” views and opinions are irrelevant to an empathic knowing and understanding of them, just as their known, stated or assumed “religion”, or their known, stated or assumed ethnicity, culture or social “class, are all irrelevant to an empathic knowing and understanding of them. Similarly, whatever is known, stated or assumed by others to have been done, by them, in the past is also irrelevant, for we judge them – interact with them – as they are now, in the moment of that personal contact, that immediate personal knowing, and not on the basis of rumour, or allegations, or even on deeds done, by them, or alleged to have been done by them, in their past.

The Numinous Way:

Way of the Individual Warrior

Honour is the Way of Reason, Culture, and of Warriors, for a code of honour specifies how we can behave in a reasonable, fair, human way, and such a reasonable, fair and human way is the genesis of all human culture, and of all honourable human communities which such culture arises from and depends upon.

In addition – and expressed simply – a warrior is someone who strives to live by a specific Code of Honour; someone who values honour, loyalty and duty, and, most importantly, is prepared to die rather than be dishonoured, or be disloyal, or shirk a duty they have pledged to do. That is, they value honour above their own lives.

What is both interesting and important about the Code of Honour of The Numinous Way is that it expresses the fair, and human, attribute that tolerance, and compassion, have certain ethical limits, and it is these setting of human, and ethical limits, which in one way serves to distinguish and separate The Numinous Way from other ethical philosophies, such as Buddhism, based upon compassion and upon a desire to cease to cause suffering.

Thus, while honour demands that we are fair and tolerant and unprejudiced toward others, it also allows for not only self-defence, but also for the employment, if required, of the use of violent force (including lethal force) to defend one’s self and those to whom the individual has given a personal pledge of loyalty and who thus come under the honourable protection of that individual. Hence, if one is attacked, it is honourable to defend one’s self, and if the circumstances require it, ethical to use such force as is necessary, even if this means that the attackers or attackers are injured or killed.

Some simple examples will serve to illustrate this most honourable of ethical principles and also the attitude, the nature, of the warrior. Consider that an individual is threatened with robbery: if the robber cannot be reasoned with, then the individual has an honourable duty to use whatever force is required to rout, and if necessary, disable, the robber. To accede to the demands of the robber would be a dishonourable act. Consider that a person demands that you do whatever that person says, and is prepared to use, for example, force or some threat to get their own way; then the honourable thing is to refuse such a dishonourable demand and to, whatever the risk, attack or otherwise rout such a dishonourable person. This applies for instance in the case of unarmed individual threatened by someone with, for example, a gun who demands that the unarmed individual do certain things; the honourable individual refuses, and – even if it means their death – tries to attack the armed individual, for to “give in” would be an act of dishonour, and the honourable individual would prefer death to such dishonour. Consider that a person encounters an individual (or several individuals) attacking a lady; the person comes to her defence, and uses whatever force required to rout the attacker (or attackers). Similarly, if a person of honour sees several individuals attack one individual, man or woman, then the honourable thing to do is to aid such an attacked individual.

As should be obvious from the foregoing examples, the individual of honour – the man, of woman, of honour, the individual warrior – would be trained and prepared for such situations, and either carry a weapon to defend themselves (and others, if necessary) and/or know how to disable and rout an armed attacker. In addition, the individual of honour uses their own judgement – and honour itself – to decide how to act and react. That is, they rely on themselves, on their honour, and not upon some external authority or upon some abstract un-living “law” or some abstract un-living concept of “justice”. For true, human, law and justice resides in – and can only ever reside in – honourable *individuals*, and to extract it out from such individuals (from that-which-lives) into some abstraction is the beginning of, and the practical implementation of, tyranny, however many fine sounding words may be used to justify such an abstraction and to obscure the true nature of honour. For individuals of honour understand – often instinctively – that honour is living while words are not; that honour lives in individuals, while words thrive in and through dishonourable individuals in thrall to either their own emotions and desires or to some abstraction.

Furthermore, the individual warrior of The Numinous Way is quite different from the soldier, for the warrior of The Numinous Way is a new, yet ancient, type of human being whose only loyalty and duty is to *individuals* known to them personally. That is, such warriors fight only if necessary in defence of their own honour; or in defence of someone attacked in an unfair situation by a

dishonourable person or by dishonourable others; or in defence of and as a duty to another individual to whom they have given a personal pledge of loyalty and whom they personally know and respect and regard as honourable. Such a warrior would consider it dishonourable to be part of any modern army or armed force, who and which fight on behalf of some political abstraction (such as a State or a nation) or in perceived loyalty and duty to some “leader” or President (or whatever) whom they have never personally met and whom thus they have never been able to judge for themselves as being worthy of such loyalty.

Thus, The Numinous Way is the Way of the thinking, honourable, *individual* warrior: of the individual human being who has perceived the abstractions of the past for the unethical hindrances that they are, and considers such abstractions – and all that derive from them – as not only restrictive of that true freedom which is our human nature but also as greatly detrimental to our evolution, as human beings. These abstractions include such things as The State, the nation, “race”, social “status” (or class), all political *-isms* and theories, all religious dogma and theology, and all social doctrines, theories, *isms* and categories. It even includes many – if not most – of the philosophical and metaphysical doctrines, theories, *isms* and categories which have been posited in an attempt to explain and “understand” the world, and ourselves, but which, in truth, have been manufactured and then projected onto – interposed between – ourselves, others and “the world”, thus obscuring the numinous and thus distancing us from our faculty of empathy.

However, the only ethical, honourable way – consistent with The Numinous way – to counter such social, political or religious abstractions, is to live in an honourable manner; to be part of, to strive to create, new communities based only upon the law and ethics of honour. By so living, we are using, and developing, our natural faculty of empathy, and thus living as human beings, and striving, in an honourable, empathic, compassionate way, to develop and further evolve ourselves.

Thus, as stated elsewhere:

“In respect of change, what is required, by the ethics of The Numinous Way, is a self-transformation, an inner change – a living according to the ethics of The Numinous Way. That is, compassion, empathy, honour, reason – the cessation of suffering, and the gradual evolution, development, of the individual... This is a personal change, and a slow, social change. The social change arises, for example, when groups of people who follow such a Way freely decide to live in a certain manner through, for example, being part of, or creating, a small rural

community. The social change also arises when others are inspired by the ethical example of others.

All this takes us very far away from political or violent revolution – very far away from politics at all. So no, a violent revolution, the overthrow of some State or some government, is not the answer; instead, inner personal development and ethical social change are answers.” *A Numinous Future – Beyond The State and The Nation*

David Myatt

The Code of Honour of The Numinous Way

The word of a man or woman of honour is their bond – for when a man or woman of honour gives their word (“On my word of honour...”) they mean it, since to break one’s word is a dishonourable act. An oath of loyalty or allegiance to someone, once sworn by a man or woman of honour (“I swear by my honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (i) by the man or woman of honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (ii) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is dishonourable.

A man or woman of honour is prepared to do their honourable duty by challenging to a duel anyone who impugns their honour or who makes dishonourable accusations against them. Anyone so challenged to a duel who, refusing to publicly and unreservedly apologize, refuses also to accept such a challenge to a duel for whatever reason, is acting dishonourably, and it is right to call such a person a coward and to dismiss as untruthful any accusations such a coward has made. Honour is only satisfied – for the person so accused – if they challenge their accuser to a duel and fight it; the honour of the person who so makes such accusations or who so impugns another person’s honour, is only satisfied if they either unreservedly apologize or accept such a challenge and fights such a duel according to the etiquette of duelling. A man or woman of honour may also challenge to a duel and fight in such a duel, a person who has acted dishonourably toward someone whom the man or woman of honour has sworn loyalty or allegiance to or whom they honourably champion.

A man or woman of honour always does the duty they have sworn to do, however inconvenient it may be and however dangerous, because it is honourable to do one’s duty and dishonourable not to do one’s duty. A man or woman of honour is prepared to die – if necessary by their own hand – rather

than suffer the indignity of having to do anything dishonourable. A man or woman of honour can only surrender to or admit to defeat by someone who is as dignified and as honourable as they themselves are – that is, they can only entrust themselves under such circumstances to another man or woman of honour who swears to treat their defeated enemy with dignity and honour. A man or woman of honour would prefer to die fighting, or die by their own hand, rather than subject themselves to the indignity of being defeated by someone who is not a man or woman of honour.

A man or woman of honour treats others courteously, regardless of their culture, religion, status, and race, and is only disdainful and contemptuous of those who, by their attitude, actions and behaviour, treat they themselves with disrespect or try to personally harm them, or who treat with disrespect or try to harm those whom the individual man or woman of honour have personally sworn loyalty to or whom they champion.

A man or woman of honour, when called upon to act, or when honour bids them act, acts without hesitation provided always that honour is satisfied.

A man or woman of honour, in public, is somewhat reserved and controlled and not given to displays of emotion, nor to boasting, preferring as they do deeds to words.

A man or woman of honour does not lie, once having sworn on oath (“I swear on my honour that I shall speak the truth...”) as they do not steal from others or cheat others for such conduct is dishonourable. A man or woman of honour may use guile or cunning to deceive sworn enemies, and sworn enemies only, provided always that they do not personally benefit from such guile or cunning and provided always that honour is satisfied.

Duelling

The most acceptable and civilized form of duel is by pistol, and those abiding by the Code of Honour are expected to use this form as and when necessary.

A formal challenge to a duel must be personally issued, by one party to the other, at which a date, time and place are specified (Dawn is traditionally favoured). Each duellist must be accompanied by a Second, to ensure fair play and an honourable outcome, as there must be a referee.

At the appointed time and in the appointed place, two revolvers, pistols or duelling pistols, as similar as possible, are checked and prepared by the referee, (ideally a man of honour should keep or have access to a matched pair of pistols

specifically made for duelling, capable of firing one round and one round only). These revolvers or pistols, and the bullets, are also checked by the duellists and their seconds. [Note: whatever pistol is used it should be loaded or so adapted that one round and only round can be discharged from it when the trigger is pulled.]

The referee then allows the duellists to choose a weapon. The duellists stand back to back. At a sign or word from the referee they then walk a set number of paces agreed beforehand (ten being usual) before turning to face each other. The referee then says: "Take aim!" at which they take aim. The referee then says: "Fire!" at which they discharge the weapon. It is considered dishonourable conduct to aim and/or fire before the referee gives the signal to so do.

Should one person fire and miss, or hit and injure, the other duellist before that duellist has also fired, then the person who has so fired *must* wait, without moving, until his fellow duellist has also fired, if he is capable of so firing.

Honour is satisfied if the duel is undertaken in the above manner.

Some Notes On Duelling

There are four things which need to be understood about personal duels of honour.

(1) The etiquette, or rules, of duelling must be followed, for it is these rules which make this encounter between two individuals a civilized and thus an honourable encounter. A duel of honour is not a brawl, or merely a fight between two individuals – it is a dispassionate meeting of two individuals who use their own will, their own strength of character, to fight in a particular way.

The rules, the etiquette, of duelling make it such a dispassionate encounter – for a duel is a test of courage, of nerve, of character, of personal honour itself. Any and all conduct which is against the rules is dishonourable, and as such the person who does not abide by the rules is not an honourable person, and thus forfeits their honour and their honourable reputation.

If the rules are not followed, it is thus not a duel of honour.

(2) In a duel of honour, deadly weapons must be used. It is the deadly nature of the weapons used, with the possibility of death, which makes the encounter an honourable one. Deadly weapons include pistols, swords and long-bladed fighting knives of the Bowie type.

(3) The duel is a *private* affair between the two individuals concerned. As such, only the nominated Seconds, and a referee – acceptable by both sides – must be present. It is against the etiquette of duelling for any other people to be present.

(4) A person challenged to a duel must either personally accept the challenge, or decline the challenge. It is dishonourable and cowardly conduct to ignore a challenge once it has been formally issued. If a person who is challenged declines the challenge, then they must issue a personal apology, and if necessary, or called upon to do so, a public apology.

A man of honour will only challenge to a duel those individuals whom he believes can physically defend themselves and their honour with deadly weapons. Thus, it is dishonourable and cowardly if someone who is challenged to a duel tries to get someone else to fight the duel on their behalf.

Overview of The Numinous Way

The Numinous Way of David Myatt

Introduction: Mystic Philosophy of a Modern Gnostic

The Numinous Way is the name given, by Myatt himself, to his own particular *Weltanschauung*, his own perspective about life, which has been expounded in a recent (December, 2008 AD) collection of essays entitled *Empathy, Compassion, and Honour: The Numinous Way of Life*. Thus, the majority of my references are to the chapters, and appendices, of this work (1).

Myatt's particular perspective, or philosophy of life – or apprehension, as Myatt himself calls it – is, in my view, fundamentally a mystical one. That is, it is based on a personal intuitive insight about, a personal awareness of, the nature of Reality. This personal insight is that “individual human beings, are a connexion to all other life, on this planet which is currently our home, and a connexion to the Cosmos itself.” (2)

According to Myatt, this awareness is that arising from empathy; more, precisely, from the faculty of empathy, which he explains is an awareness of, and a sympathy with, other living beings (3), and which he defines, in a somewhat technical way, as “a manifestation, an awareness, of our relation to acausality, and in particular as an awareness of the related and dependant nature of those beings which express or manifest or which presence acausal energy and which are thus described, in a causal way, as possessing life” (4). His other,

more simple explanation, is of empathy, in relation to human beings, as “our ability to know, to be aware of, the feelings, the suffering, of others.” (5)

This mystical insight of Myatt’s led him, over a period of a decade, to develop and increasingly refine The Numinous Way, and this development and process of refinement was, according to him, inspired and aided by his own personal experiences and by his quest among, and experience of, the religions of the world. As he states (6), his conclusions are:

“The result of a four-decade long *pathei mathos*: the result of my many and diverse and practical (and, to many others, weird and strange) involvements (political, and otherwise), and my many and diverse and practical quests among the philosophies, Ways of Life, and religions, of the world. The Numinous Way is, in particular, the result of the often difficult process of acknowledging my many personal mistakes – many of which caused or contributed to suffering – and (hopefully) learning from these mistakes.”

These conclusions have led him to reject all the beliefs and views he formerly adhered to, and which he is publicly known for. Among the beliefs and views he has come to reject, as a result of what it is, I believe, accurate to describe as a life long gnostic search for knowledge, and wisdom (7), are National Socialism and its racist policies, and both Islam and Christianity, all of which he had practical experience of, and a personal involvement with, lasting many years.

As Myatt himself claims, his philosophy of The Numinous Way is emphatically apolitical, rejects the dogma prevalent in established religions; rejects nationalism, racialism and racial prejudice; emphasizes and embraces tolerance, and is fundamentally an individual way of life centered on the virtues of empathy, compassion and personal honor (8).

As Myatt states:

“There has been, for me, a profound change of emphasis, a following of the cosmic ethic of empathy to its logical and honourable conclusion, and thus a rejection of all unethical abstractions.” (9)

A Complete Philosophy of Life

In order to qualify as a complete, and distinct, philosophy – in order to be a *Weltanschauung* – a particular philosophical viewpoint should possess the following:

- 1) A particular ontology, which describes and explains the concept of Being, and beings, and our relation to them;
- 2) A particular theory of ethics, defining and explaining what is good, and what is bad;
- 3) A particular theory of knowledge (an epistemology); of how truth and falsehood can be determined;

It should also be able to give particular answers to questions such as “the meaning and purpose of our lives”, and explain how the particular posited purpose may or could be attained.

What follows is a brief, and introductory, analysis of how Myatt’s *The Numinous Way* deals with each of the above topics.

Ontology

Myatt, in the essay *Ontology, Ethics and The Numinous Way*, states that, according to *The Numinous Way*, “there are two types of being, differentiated by whether or not they possess, or manifest, what is termed acausal energy”. That is, he introduces the concept of a causal Universe, and an acausal Universe, which together form “the Cosmos”, or Reality itself.

This causal Universe is the phenomenal world known to us via our five senses, and knowledge of this causal Universe is obtained through conventional sciences based upon practical observation (10). The acausal Universe is known to us via our faculty of empathy, since the acausal is the genesis of that particular type of energy which makes physical matter “alive” (11). That is, according to Myatt, all living beings are nexions, which are places – regions (or, one might say, “bodies”) – in the causal Universe where acausal energy is present, or manifests, or, to use Myatt’s term, is presenced. Hence, according to Myatt, “*The Numinous Way* adds empathy to the faculties by which we can perceive, know, and understand the Cosmos... Empathy is an essential means to knowing and understanding Life, which Life includes human beings...” (12)

In his earlier essay, *Acausal Science: Life and The Nature of the Acausal*, Myatt gives a little more detail as to the nature of acausal being, that is, the nature the acausal itself and of acausal energy.

Ethics

The ethics of Myatt's Numinous Way derive from empathy, and in the section *Ethics and the Dependant Nature of Being* of the chapter *Ontology, Ethics and The Numinous Way* it is stated that:

“The faculty of empathy – and the conscious understanding of the nature of Reality – leads to a knowing, an understanding, of suffering. Part of suffering is that covering-up which occurs when a causal denoting is applied to living beings, and especially to human beings, which denoting implies a judgement (a pre-judgement) of such life according to some abstract construct or abstract value, so that the “worth” or “value” of a living-being is often incorrectly judged by such abstract constructs or abstract values.”

From a knowing and understanding of suffering, compassion arises, and:

“Empathy is thus, for The Numinous Way, the source of ethics, for what is good is considered to be that which manifests empathy and compassion and honour, and thus what alleviates, or what ceases to cause, suffering: for ourselves, for other human beings, and for the other life with which we share this planet. Hence, what is unethical, or wrong, is what causes or what contributes to or which continues such suffering.”

Furthermore, Myatt defines honor (or, more precisely, personal honor) as an ethical means to aid the cessation of suffering (13) and thus as “a practical manifestation of empathy: of how we can relate to other people, and other life, in an empathic and compassionate way”.

In addition, it is worth noting that Myatt views what he calls ‘abstractions’ as immoral, since abstraction obscures, or cover-ups, the essence, the being – the reality – of beings themselves. That is, such abstractions undermine, or replace, or distort, empathy, and thus distance us from life, from our true human nature, and lead us to identify with such abstractions instead of identifying with, sympathizing with, living beings. (14)

Epistemology

In *Ontology, Ethics and The Numinous Way*, Myatt writes:

“For The Numinous Way, truth begins with a knowing of the reality of being and Being – part of which is a knowing of the dependant nature of living beings.”

Furthermore,

“There is... a fundamental and important distinction made, by The Numinous Way, between how we can, and should, perceive and understand the causal, phenomenal, physical, universe, and how we can, and should, perceive and understand living beings. The physical world can be perceived and understood as: (1) existing external to ourselves, with (2) our limited understanding of this ‘external world’ depending for the most part upon what we can see, hear or touch: on what we can observe or come to know via our senses; with (3) logical argument, or reason, being a most important means to knowledge and understanding of and about this ‘external world’, and a means whereby we can make reasonable assumptions about it, which assumptions can be refuted or affirmed via observation and experiment; and (4) with the physical Cosmos being, of itself, a reasoned order subject to laws which are themselves understandable by reason. In this perception and understanding of the causal, phenomenal, inanimate universe, concepts, denoting, ideas, forms, abstractions, and such like, are useful and often necessary.” (15)

Hence, Myatt conceives of there being two distinct types of knowing. That of the causal Universe, which derives from our senses and from practical science, and that of living beings, which derives from our empathy with such living beings, from a knowing that we are not separate from those living beings, but only one manifestation of that acausal, living, energy which connects all living beings, sentient and otherwise. (16) This second type of knowing derives from empathy, and is one means whereby we can apprehend the acausal, which is the matrix, The Unity, of connexions which is all life, presented as living-beings in the causal. (17)

According to Myatt:

“The error of conventional philosophies – the fundamental philosophical error behind abstractionism – is to apply causal perception and a causal denoting to living being(s).” (18)

Phraseology

The primary goal is seen as living in such a way that we, as individuals, cease to cause suffering to other life. This means us using, and developing empathy, and thus changing – reforming – ourselves.

“How can we develop this faculty [of empathy]? How can we reform ourselves and so evolve? The answer of The Numinous Way is that this is possible

through compassion, empathy, gentleness, reason, and honour: through that gentle letting-be which is the real beginning of wisdom and a manifestation of our humanity. To presence, to be, what is good in the world – we need to change ourselves, through developing empathy and compassion, through letting-be, that is, ceasing to interfere, ceasing to view others (and “the world”) through the immorality of abstractions, and ceasing to strive to change or get involved with what goes beyond the limits determined by personal honour.” (19)

Why should we pursue such a goal? Myatt answers, in a rather mystical and gnostic way, that:

“Empathy, compassion, and a living by honour, are a means whereby we increase, or access for ourselves, acausal energy – where we presence such energy in the causal – and whereby we thus strengthen the matrix of Life, and, indeed, increase Life itself. Thus, when we live in such an ethical way we are not only aiding life here, now, in our world, in our lifetime, we are also aiding all future life, in the Cosmos, for the more acausal energy we presence, by our deeds, our living, the more will be available not only to other life, here – in our own small causal Time and causal Space – but also, on our mortal death, available to the Cosmos to bring-into-being more life. Thus will we aid – and indeed become part of – the very change, the very evolution of the life of the Cosmos itself.”

The Acausal and The Cosmic Being

Myatt’s concept of what he terms *the acausal* is central to understanding his philosophy of The Numinous Way. He conceives of this acausal as a natural part of the Cosmos, which Cosmos he defines as the unity of the physical, causal, Universe, and of the acausal Universe. This acausal Universe has an a-causal geometry and an a-causal time, and there exists, in this acausal Universe, a-causal energy of a type quite different from the physical energy of causal Space-Time, which causal energy is known to us and described by causal sciences such as Physics. (20)

This acausal energy is, according to Myatt, what animates physical matter and makes it alive, and thus he conceives as life in the causal, physical, Universe as a place – a nexion – where acausal energy is “presenced” (manifested) in causal Space-Time. Hence, all living beings are, for Myatt, a connection, a nexion, to the acausal itself, and thus all living beings are connected to each other. This connectively is felt, revealed to us, as human beings, through empathy (21). Compassion is knowing, and acting upon, this connectivity of life, since “our

very individuality is a type of abstraction in itself, and thus something of an illusion, for it often obscures our relation to other life..." (22)

The acausal is thus the matrix of connectivity, where all life exists in the immediacy of the moment, and where causal abstractions, based on finite causal thinking, have no meaning and no value.

Myatt conceives of what he terms *a Cosmic Being*, which is regarded as the Cosmos in evolution, becoming sentient through the evolution of living beings. That is, the Cosmic Being is itself a type of living entity, manifest (or "incarnated") in all living beings, including ourselves, and Nature. (23)

"The Cosmic Being..... is not perfect, nor omniscient, not God, not any human-manufactured abstraction. That is, it is instead a new kind of apprehension of Being: a Cosmic one, based upon empathy, and an apprehension which takes us far beyond conventional theology and ontology." (24)

Thus, this Cosmic Being is not to be viewed in a religious, theological, way, as some kind of deity, for we are part of this Being, as this Being is us and all other life, changing, evolving, coming-into-consciousness (25).

Pathei Mathos

One phrase which frequently occurs in Myatt's writings about his Numinous Way – and which he often uses in his private correspondence and his autobiographical essays – is the Greek term *πάθει μάθος*. Myatt, in his own translation of *The Agamemnon* by Aeschylus, translates this as *learning from adversity*. Pathei Mathos is how Myatt describes his own strange personal journey, his gnostic search for knowledge, wisdom and meaning, and his ultimate rejection of the various beliefs, ideologies, and religions, he studied and embraced in the course of this four decade long journey.

A large part of this learning from adversity is, for him, firstly an acknowledgment of his personal errors in adhering to and identifying with various "abstractions" – which he admits caused or contributed to suffering – and, secondly, the sometimes painful and difficult personal process of learning from these mistakes and thus changing one's outlook and beliefs in an ethical way.

As Myatt states:

"In essence, there was, for me, *pathei mathos*. Due to this *pathei mathos*, I have gone far beyond any and all politics, and beyond conventional

religion and theology toward what I believe and feel is the essence of our humanity, manifest in empathy, compassion, personal love and personal honour. Hence, I cannot in truth be described by any political or by any religious label, or be fitted into any convenient category, just as no *-ism* or no *-ology* can correctly describe The Numinous Way itself, or even the essence of that Way. Therefore, I believe it is incorrect to judge me by my past associations, by my past involvements, by some of my former effusions, for all such things – all the many diverse such things – were peregrinations, part of sometimes painful often difficult decades-long process of learning and change, of personal development, of interior struggle and knowing, which has enabled me to understand my many errors, my multitude of mistakes, and – hopefully – learn from them.” (26)

In addition, he does not make any claims for his Numinous Way, other than it represents his own personal conclusions about life.

“The Numinous Way is but one answer to the questions about existence; it does not have some monopoly on truth, nor does it claim any prominence, accepting that all the diverse manifestations of the Numen, all the diverse answers, of the various numinous Ways and religions, have or may have their place, and all perhaps may serve the same ultimate purpose – that of bringing us closer to the ineffable beauty, the ineffable goodness, of life; that of transforming us, reminding us; that of giving us as individuals the chance to cease to cause suffering, to presence the good, to be part of the Numen itself.” (27)

Conclusion

This short overview of Myatt’s Numinous Way reveals it as a comprehensive and, in my view, rather original, moral philosophy with an ethics and a praxeology which, while having some resemblance to those of Buddhism, are quite distinct by reason of (a) how Myatt relates, and defines, empathy and honor, and how such honor allows for the employment, in certain situations, of reasonable (“honorable”) force (28), and (b) how Myatt views human life in terms of the acausal, and as a means for us to “reform and evolve” ourselves.

The goal of The Numinous Way is seen as us, as individuals, becoming aware of and having empathy with all life, and this involves us using and developing our faculty of empathy, being compassionate, and thus increasing the amount of life, of acausal energy, in the Cosmos, leading to not only the evolution of life, but also to a cosmic sentience, which we, when we are empathic, compassionate and honorable, are part of and which we can become aware of.

Notes:

- 1) This work (currently an e-text in both html and pdf formats) appears in some editions under the alternative title *The Numinous Way of Life: Empathy, Compassion, and Honour*. This work is due to be published in book format late in 2009. In addition to citing this work, I have, on occasion, referred to recent private correspondence between Myatt and myself (both written, and e-mail) where he elucidates certain matters in response to a particular question, or questions, of mine.
- 2) *An Overview of The Numinous Way of Life*
- 3) In *Compassion, Empathy and Honour: The Ethics of the Numinous Way*
- 4) *Ontology, Ethics and The Numinous Way*
- 6) Introduction, *Empathy, Compassion, and Honour: The Numinous Way of Life*
- 7) A Gnostic is someone who seeks *gnosis* - wisdom and knowledge; someone involved in a life-long search, a quest, for understanding, and who more often than not views the world, or more especially ordinary routine life, as often mundane and often as a hindrance. In my view, this is a rather apt description of Myatt.
- 8) Refer to *Frequently Asked Questions About The Numinous Way* and *An Overview of The Numinous Way of Life*
- 9) Introduction, *Empathy, Compassion, and Honour: The Numinous Way of Life*
- 10) Refer to the section *Ontology and The Numinous Way* in the chapter *A Brief Analysis of The Immorality of Abstraction*, and also to Myatt's earlier essay *Acausal Science: Life and The Nature of the Acausal* which is referenced in that chapter.
- 11) *A Brief Analysis of The Immorality of Abstraction*
- 12) *A Brief Analysis of The Immorality of Abstraction*
- 13) *An Overview of The Numinous Way of Life*
- 14) Refer to Myatt's recent essay, *A Change of Perspective*, dated December 21, 2008
- 15) *A Brief Analysis of The Immorality of Abstraction*
- 16) Refer to *An Overview of The Numinous Way of Life* and *Ontology, Ethics and The Numinous Way* and also *Presencing The Numen In The Moment*
- 17) *A Change of Perspective*. Also, private e-mail from Myatt to JRW, December 22, 2008
- 18) *A Brief Analysis of The Immorality of Abstraction*

- 19) *An Overview of The Numinous Way of Life*
- 20) *Acausal Science: Life and The Nature of the Acausal*
- 21) Private e-mail from Myatt to JRW, December 21, 2008
- 22) *An Overview of The Numinous Way of Life*. See also *The Numinous Way and Life Beyond Death*
- 23) *Ontology, Ethics and The Numinous Way*. Also, private e-mail from Myatt to JRW, December 22, 2008
- 24) *Ontology, Ethics and The Numinous Way*
- 25) Private e-mail from Myatt to JRW, December 22, 2008 and private letter from Myatt to JRW, which he dated 9.xii.08 (CE)
- 26) *Presencing The Numen In The Moment*
- 27) *The Empathic Essence*
- 28) Refer to *An Overview of The Numinous Way of Life* and also *The Principles of Numinous Law*

An Introduction to The Numinous Way

by David Myatt

Empathy, Compassion and Honour:

The Numinous Way is a particular way of individual living; that is, it is a Way of Life, which individuals can choose to follow. The basis, the foundation, of The Numinous Way is the belief that we, as individual human beings, are a connexion to all other life, on this planet which is currently our home, and a connexion to the Cosmos itself. Thus, we are a connexion to – connected with – Nature. We are or we can be aware of this connexion through the faculty of empathy.

An awareness of this connexion, and the cultivation of our latent faculty of empathy with living beings, disposes us toward compassion and toward acting in accord with personal honour. Thus empathy disposes us to be compassionately aware of others, of the suffering of all living beings, and particularly aware of the reality that human beings are unique individuals who, like ourselves, can suffer pain, sadness, and experience joy and love. Personal honour directs us to treat people with manners, and respect, and as we ourselves would like to be treated. That is, personal honour disposes us toward both dignity and fairness, and, in a quite simple way, honour is a practical manifestation of empathy: of how we can relate to other people, and other life, in an empathic and compassionate way.

From compassion arises the desire to cease to cause suffering, the desire to alleviate suffering – and honour is one ethical way by which and how we can do this, for honour disposes us to restrain ourselves and so do the right, the moral, the empathic, thing. Thus, compassion and honour are how we can develop, and extend, our innate – but often underused or ignored – human faculty of empathy.

Empathy is thus, for The Numinous Way, the source of ethics, for what is good is considered to be that which manifests empathy and compassion and honour, and thus what alleviates, or what ceases to cause, suffering: for ourselves, for other human beings, and for the other life with which we share this planet. Hence, what is unethical, or wrong, is what causes or what contributes to or which continues such suffering.

Essentially, The Numinous Way places our own lives, as individuals, into a particular context: that of the Nature, of all Life, and of the Cosmos beyond the life which is Nature, and it provides practical guidelines – a code of ethics – to enable us to strive to live our own lives in an empathic, compassionate, and thus honourable, way.

The Numinous:

Empathy also makes us aware, or can – by its development – makes us aware, of the numinous: that is, of those things which do or which can or which have presenced (“manifested”) the beauty, the joy, the awe, the “sacredness” – the goodness – felt in those moments when we are transported beyond ourselves and become aware of the connexion between all life, and of the underlying unity beyond us, and of the potential we as individuals and as human beings possess to be a source of joy, positive change, and of love.

In a simple sense, the numinous places our own personal lives in a larger context: that of other human beings; that of the other life with which we share this planet; and that of the very Cosmos itself, with its billions upon billions of stars and billions upon billions of Galaxies, some of which stars and some of which Galaxies may well have life-bearing planets of their own.

What is numinous is that which predisposes us to change ourselves in an ethical way; that which reminds us of our mortality – of life, existence, beyond us; that which manifests the essence of Life itself, and that which re-presents to us what we feel is beautiful and good.

Empathy itself expresses – or can express – the numinous, and what is of particular importance about empathy is that it is only and ever personal. That is, empathy – like the numinous – only lives and thrives within an individual living being; it cannot be abstracted out of a living, individual, being.

A Reformation and Evolution of Ourselves:

One of the basic principles of The Numinous Way is that we human beings possess the ability to change ourselves. That is, we possess the faculty to consciously change our behaviour, our attitudes, our way of living. Thus, we are much more than just animals who possess the faculty of speech and the ability of conscious, rational, thought, for we have the faculty of will which enables us to restrain and control ourselves. However, like the faculty of empathy, our faculty of will – the faculty of reformation and evolution of ourselves – is often underused or ignored.

How can we develop this faculty? How can we reform ourselves and so evolve? The answer of The Numinous Way is that this is possible through compassion, empathy, gentleness, reason, and honour: through that gentle letting-be which is the real beginning of wisdom and a manifestation of our humanity. To presence, to be, what is good in the world – we need to change ourselves, through developing empathy and compassion, through letting-be, that is, ceasing to interfere, ceasing to view others (and “the world”) through the immorality of abstractions, and ceasing to strive to change or get involved with what goes beyond the limits determined by personal honour. For honour is only ever personal – and relates to that which affects us, as individuals, and those near to us, such as our family, or those with whom we come into contact on a personal basis. For personal honour can never be abstracted away from the immediacy of the moment – out from a living personal interaction between individuals.

The Immorality of Abstractions:

Empathy leads us away from the artificial, lifeless and thus un-numinous abstractions we have constructed and manufactured and which we impose, or project, upon other human beings, upon other life, and upon ourselves, often in an attempt to “understand” such beings and ourselves. And it is abstractions which are or which can be the genesis of prejudice, intolerance, and inhumanity. In addition, abstractions are one of the main causes of suffering: one of the main reasons we human beings have caused or contributed to the suffering of other human beings.

Abstraction (or abstractionism) – as understood by The Numinous Way – is the manufacture, and use of, some idea, ideal, “image” or category, and thus some generalization, and/or some assignment of an individual or individuals to some group or category. The positing of some “perfect” or “ideal” form, category, or thing, is part of abstraction.

According to The Numinous Way, it is immoral to apply such abstractions to what is living. Why? Because such abstractions usurp or limit or constrain our own individual judgement, which individual judgement – to be ethical – should and must be based upon empathy, that is, upon a direct and personal knowing of other individuals. All abstractions distort or destroy our correct, and of necessity our individual, perception of other human beings.

Abstractions – be they classified as political or religious or social – either predispose us to judge according to what someone else has devised or theorised, or they already contain, within themselves or within some theory or schema or model or “archetype” associated with them, a pre-judgement.

Thus, all abstractions to do with or concerning what is living, limit, restrict or undermine, or even destroy, empathy, and thus do they sever our numinous connexion to other life, and to the Cosmos itself.

An obvious example of one type of abstraction is the concept of “nation”. Thus, some individuals are said “to belong” to a particular designated “nation”, or consider themselves as belonging to a particular nation. That is, this nation becomes, for them, a source of personal identify, a provider of meaning for their lives, and a basis – often, the basis – of their judgement of others, with “their nation” becoming contrasted with others, and with they themselves often considering they have a “duty” and obligations to this particular abstraction termed a nation. Thus do differences, and conflicts, arise. Thus do people inflict suffering upon others in the name of this particular abstraction, and thus are there wars and invasions, as one “nation” – for whatever reason – wants to impose its own “values” and ideas and ways upon others.

Another obvious example of an abstraction is a political theory, or idea, or cause – such as, say, “democracy”. This abstraction (however defined) comes to be regarded – by a certain nation or government – as “right” and necessary. Some government or nation (or leader or whatever) then believes that such democracy should and can be imposed upon another nation and government, and that it is thus “right” and “moral” to use force to get “these others” to accept such an abstraction as democracy. In the process, of doing what they regard as “right”, there is of course conflict, and killing, and thus much suffering.

Yet another obvious example of an abstraction is the notion of a supra-personal culture, or way of life, or religion. This particular abstraction (be it a culture, or way of life, or religion) comes to be regarded by a certain group (be it a nation, a government or whatever) as “morally right”, as “civilized” (or even as “superior”), and this group believes it is their “duty” – or their “destiny” or whatever – to get others to accept this particular abstraction. This – as almost always – involves force or coercion or similar things. Thus is there, yet again, conflict, and killing, and thus much suffering.

Yet one more obvious example of an abstraction is a professional Army, or some large professional fighting force. Such an Army, or such a fighting force, have an allegiance – a duty – to observe a given chain-of-command, and their obligation is to do what some abstract authority commands them to do, even if they do not personally know the person or persons behind the abstract authority and even if they do not personally agree with all the orders given through such a chain-of-command. Thus will they go and fight – and kill – in the name of that abstract authority, such as some nation, or some leader who has been elected by millions of people or who has seized power. In this instance, the soldiers or fighters dehumanize both themselves, and dehumanize whatever “enemy” the abstract authority commands them to fight.

Another example of an abstraction is the judgement of an individual on the basis of their occupation or on their known or perceived political (or religious) views or on the basis of some deed they may have committed in their past. Thus, the person is viewed according to such an occupation or such views, instead of as an individual, or is judged according to the deed they have committed – or are alleged to have committed – in the past. That is, they are assigned to some abstract category, and – in a very important sense – become dehumanized, and are often treated according to whatever moral value is, abstractly, assigned to such a category or such a deed. Consider, for example, a woman categorized as being a “prostitute”. Almost always there are certain assumptions made about such a person, since the abstract category “prostitute” carries various connotations, or is assumed to denote a certain type of person. Thus, instead of being regarded, and treated as, an individual human being, the woman is regarded and treated as “a prostitute” and in the process often dehumanized. All such judgement according to such an assigned abstract category is unethical because it is not based on a personal knowing of the person; it is not based on the immediacy of empathy with that person.

What these obvious examples illustrate is a giving-up of individual judgement; a taking of the individual out of the immediacy of the numinous, personal, moment. Instead, the individual relates to, or judges by, the abstraction; refers to

the abstraction for value, worth and judgement. Almost always, there is an acting on behalf of the abstraction, often with a sense of “being right” and of desiring to persuade or force others to accept or adopt this particular abstraction and a use of some sort of force or violence or coercion to persuade others to change and adopt such an abstraction. Always there is lack of letting-be; always there are impersonal generalizations; and, almost always, there is dehumanization.

According to The Numinous Way, when applied to what is living, all abstractions, by their very nature, by their very being, cause – or are or can be the genesis of – conflict and suffering. Furthermore, the individual intent behind the abstraction is irrelevant, for once empathy is lost – and empathy is only and ever individual – then there is either suffering or the potential for suffering. Thus, it does not matter if someone or some many believe that some particular abstraction is “right” and “just”, for what is right and just cannot ever reside in an abstraction, or be manifest by, an abstraction or by someone acting on behalf of such an abstraction. What is right and just only ever reside in and through and because of individual empathy and an individual, personal, honour and personal judgement.

A Better Way of Life:

According to The Numinous Way, the only ethical way in which we can change ourselves, and our society, is through an inner, individual, transformation by developing empathy and by striving to live in an ethical, and honourable, way.

There is thus a self-transformation, an inner change – a personal and very individual living according to the ethics of The Numinous Way. That is, there is compassion, empathy, honour, reason – the cessation of suffering, and the gradual evolution, development, of the individual. This is a personal change, and, in consequence, a very slow, social change. The social change arises, for example, when groups of people who follow such a Way freely decide to live in a certain manner through, for example, being part of, or creating, a small community. The social change also arises when others are inspired by the ethical example of those who are individually or collectively following such a way as The Numinous Way.

Hence, The Numinous Way is profoundly apolitical, and opposed to the use of force, and violence, in the service of any abstraction or “cause”, believing that better communities – “a better world” – can only be brought-into-being by the efforts of ethical individuals who concern themselves only with that which, and those whom, they personally know and personally interact with.

Fairness, Law and Self-Defence:

The Numinous Way expresses the view that honour is not only personal, relates to the immediacy of the moment, cannot be abstracted out from such a personal immediacy, but also depends – by its very nature – upon others treating us honourably, and with respect. This means that our personal, individual, tolerance, and compassion, have certain ethical limits, and it is these setting of very human, and ethical limits, which in one way serves to distinguish and separate The Numinous Way from other ethical philosophies, such as Buddhism, based upon compassion and upon a desire to cease to cause suffering.

Thus, while personal honour demands that we are fair and tolerant and unprejudiced and compassionate toward others, it also allows for not only self-defence, but also for the employment, if required, and as a last resort, of the use of violent force (including lethal force) to defend one's self and those who might be in need of some immediate, honourable, and personal, assistance. Hence, if one is attacked, it is – according to The Numinous way – honourable to defend one's self, and if the circumstances require it, ethical to use such force as is necessary, even if this means that the attackers or attackers are injured or possibly killed.

Similarly, if one finds one's self in a personal situation where, for example, several people violently attack another individual, it would be quite honourable to come to the aid of that individual, and use whatever force necessary, because such a violent attack is, in itself, a dishonourable thing.

To so act in such a personal situation is the fair, the just, the human – even the numinous – thing to do, because our practical use of honour restores the natural balance that the dishonourable actions of such attackers have upset.

However, it is worth emphasizing again that such a use of force is only fair, honourable and ethical, in a personal situation, in the immediacy of the moment, and the individual so using such force only does so because they themselves are immediately attacked or because some one, or some others, nearby in that moment, are dishonourably attacked.

Who decides whether such a use of honourable force is justified? According to The Numinous Way, this can only and ever be the individual in the immediacy of the moment itself. It is for the individual to use their own experience and judgement: their faculties of empathy and of fairness. This is so because, as mentioned previously, personal honour can never be abstracted away from the immediacy of the moment, out from a living personal interaction between

individuals, and thus cannot be enshrined in some abstraction, such as a law manufactured by someone else at some other time, or be manifest in some supra-personal abstraction, such as a government or State or their “Courts of Law”.

For true, human, justice is only and ever personal, related to and entirely dependant upon, personal honour. Hence, for The Numinous Way, the basis for all law in any community can only be personal honour.

The Spirituality of The Numinous Way

Our very individuality is a type of abstraction in itself, and thus something of an illusion, for it often obscures our relation to other life, as we often describe and define ourselves, or own personal life, in relation to, and by, our own personal desires, needs and feelings, which needs, feelings and desires we often do not understand and often do not control or, it seems, we cannot control.

Thus are we brought into conflict with others, and often ourselves; and thus do we often cause suffering, to others, and sometimes to ourselves. In addition, we often pursue the illusion which other abstractions present to us, and which we believe, or which we have been led or persuaded to believe, will bring us “peace”, security and a personal “happiness”.

However, according to The Numinous Way, all life is a manifestation of – a presencing of – what it is convenient to call acausal energy, and that it is this acausal energy which makes our physical molecules “alive”. In addition, it is this energy which is the basis for the matrix of Life: which is the connexion between us and all other life, human, on this planet Earth, and elsewhere in the Cosmos; and it is this acausal energy which forms the basis of empathy itself: what we sense, feel, and can come to know and understand, when we interact compassionately with other life.

Thus, all living beings in the physical, causal, Cosmos possess a certain type and amount of this acausal energy, which – like all energy – can neither be created nor destroyed, only transformed in some way. Hence, when our physical, causal, bodies die, they die because the acausal energy which has animated them and which gave them life and vitality has ceased to be presenced – ceased to be manifest – in the causal physical Cosmos. This acausal energy – which in a causal sense, “was us”, the essence of our being – then returns to the acausal part of the Cosmos from whence it was presenced to give us our causal life. That is, it flows back to its origin, and will flow from there to become presenced in some other, causal, form, some-where, at some causal Time. Or, expressed

another way, our acausal aspect – or essence, beyond the illusion of our causal, abstractive, mortal self – returns from whence “we” arose.

In a quite important sense, empathy, compassion, and a living by honour, are a means whereby we increase, or access for ourselves, acausal energy – where we presence such energy in the causal – and whereby we thus strengthen the matrix of Life, and, indeed, increase Life itself. Thus, when we live in such an ethical way we are not only aiding life here, now, in our world, in our lifetime, we are also aiding all future life, in the Cosmos, for the more acausal energy we presence, by our deeds, our living, the more will be available not only to other life, here – in our own small causal Time and causal Space – but also, on our mortal death, available to the Cosmos to bring-into-being more life. Thus will we aid – and indeed become part of – the very change, the very evolution of the life of the Cosmos itself.

This does not mean we transcend – as some conscious, individual, being – to some other acausal realm where we “live” another type of individual existence. It only means that we have used the opportunity of this, our mortal life, to increase life, to further evolution; that we have seen beyond the illusion of self to the essence, and choose the essence, the reality, over the illusion. For the illusion is of separate, discrete, unconnected living beings, while the essence, the reality, is of the flow of Life; of acausal energy being presenced in the causal, and so “creating” life. The illusion is of this mortal life as the aim, the goal, whereas the reality is of an evolving living Cosmos that we are part of, were once part of and will be part of, again.

Thus, we conceive of the very Cosmos itself as a living, evolving Being. We – all life – are not separate from this Being, but rather we are this Being, in evolution, evolving in the causal to become, by virtue of our sentience, the very consciousness of this Being, the very awareness of this Being. Similarly, Nature – the life dwelling with us on our planet, Earth – is a manifestation of this Being.

In addition, this Cosmic Being is not perfect, nor omniscient – not God, not any human-manufactured abstraction – but rather a burgeoning of Life, which Life we aid when we live with empathy, compassion and honour, when we respect other life, and which we diminish, or harm, when we do the opposite. Hence, there is not, nor cannot be, any “prayer” to this living Cosmic Being; no “reward” or “punishment” from this living Cosmic Being. Instead, there is only an empathic awareness, often – or mostly – beyond words, and presenced, manifested, sometimes, in some numinous music, or some work of Art, or in a personal love or by some honourable deed.

New About David Myatt

David Myatt (born 1950) – also known as Abdul-Aziz ibn Myatt – is British Muslim and a former neo-nazi.

Before his conversion to Islam in 1998, David Myatt was the first leader of the British National Socialist Movement (NSM), and was identified by the British newspaper, *The Observer*, as the “ideological heavyweight” behind the violent neo-nazi group Combat 18 whose founder and leader, Charlie Sargent, was convicted, in 1998, of murder, sentenced to life imprisonment, with a recommendation that he serve at least 14 years in jail.

Following his conversion to Islam, David Myatt dissociated himself from nationalism and racialism, and openly wrote and spoke about racism being unethical and dishonorable.

During his three-decade long involvement with neo-nazism, Myatt authored thousands of essays and pamphlets about National Socialism, in many of which he describes the Holocaust as “a hoax”. Following his conversion to Islam, he began writing about Islam, and so far has produced hundreds of articles, many of which advocate Islamic martyrdom operations, express support for Osama bin Laden, and the Taliban, and, in line with Al Qaida’s radical Islamist stance, support the killing of non-combatants. One of Myatt’s articles justifying suicide attacks was, for several years, on the *Izz al-Din al-Qassam* (the military wing) section of the Hamas website.

An April 2005 NATO workshop heard that Myatt had called on “all enemies of the Zionists to embrace the Jihad” against Jews and the United States. Political scientist Professor George Michael wrote that Myatt has “*arguably done more than any other theorist to develop a synthesis of the extreme right and Islam.*”

Myatt first came to public attention in 1999, a year after his conversion to Islam, when a pamphlet he wrote many years earlier, *A Practical Guide to Aryan Revolution*, described as a “*detailed step-by-step guide for terrorist insurrection,*” was said to have inspired David Copeland, who left nailbombs in areas frequented by London’s black, Asian, and gay communities. Three people died and 129 were injured in the explosions, several of them losing limbs.

Myatt was also, for many years, a member of the secret British paramilitary organization Column 88, which, it has been alleged, was part of the NATO

“stay-behind” Gladio network, designed to conduct sabotage and assassinations in the events of a Soviet Invasion of Western Europe.

In addition to writing about Islam and National Socialism, Myatt has translated works by Sophocles, Sappho, Aeschylus, and Homer, and has written several collections of poems and some Occult horror stories.

It has been alleged that Myatt – using the pseudonym Anton Long – was and is the current Grand Master of the *Order of Nine Angles*, a Left Hand Path, or Black Magick, Occult group.

Personal life

David Myatt grew up in East Africa, and later in the Far East, where he studied the martial arts. He moved to England in 1967 to complete his schooling, and began a degree in Physics but did not complete it, leaving his studies to focus on his political activism. He is reported to live in the Midlands and to have been married three times.

The British anti-fascist magazine *Searchlight* has written of him: “He does not have the appearance of a Nazi ideologue ... Sporting a long ginger beard, Barbour jacket, cords and a tweed flat cap, he resembles an eccentric country gentleman out for a Sunday ramble. But Myatt is anything but the country squire, for beneath this seemingly innocuous exterior is a man of extreme and calculated hatred.”

Political scientist Professor George Michael has written that Myatt is an “intriguing theorist,” with a reported IQ of 187, who has embarked over the years on a series of “Faustian quests.” He studied Taoism and spent time in a Buddhist and later a Christian monastery, and is alleged to have explored the occult, as well as Paganism and what Michael calls “quasi-Satanic” secret societies.

Political activism

David Myatt joined Colin Jordan’s British Movement, a neo-Nazi group, in 1968, where he sometimes acted as Jordan’s bodyguard at meetings and rallies. From the 70s until the 90s, he remained involved with paramilitary and neo-Nazi organizations such as Column 88 and Combat 18, and was imprisoned twice for violent offenses in connection with his political activism.

Myatt was the founder and first leader of the National Socialist Movement, of which David Copeland was a member. He also co-founded the neo-Nazi organization the NDFM (National Democratic Freedom Movement) which was active in Leeds, England, in the early 1970s, and founded and led the neo-Nazi Reichsfolk group.

Michael writes that Myatt took over the leadership of Combat 18 in 1998, when Charlie Sargent, the previous leader, was jailed for murder.

Alleged influence on David Copeland

In 1997, a pamphlet Myatt had written called *A Practical Guide to Aryan Revolution* was posted on a website run out of British Columbia, Canada, by Bernard Klatt. The pamphlet included chapter titles such as “Assassination,” “Terror Bombing,” and “Racial War.” According to Michael Whine of the Board of Deputies of British Jews, “*the contents provided a detailed step-by-step guide for terrorist insurrection with advice on assassination targets, rationale for bombing and sabotage campaigns, and rules of engagement.*”

In February 1998, Detectives from Scotland Yard raided Myatt’s home in Worcestershire, arrested him, and removed his computers and files. The case against him – involving allegations of incitement to murder, conspiracy to murder and incitement to racial hatred – was dropped after a three year international investigation because the evidence supplied by the Canadian authorities was not enough to secure a conviction.

It was this pamphlet that, in 1999, allegedly influenced David Copeland, the London nailbomber – also a member of Myatt’s National Socialist Movement – who planted homemade bombs in Brixton, Brick Lane, and inside the Admiral Duncan pub on Old Compton Street in London, frequented by the black, Asian, and gay communities respectively. Friends John Light, Nick Moore, and Andrea Dykes and her unborn child died in the Admiral Duncan pub. Copeland told police he had been trying to spark a “racial war.”

According to the BBC’s Panorama program about Copeland broadcast in 2000, when Myatt was leader of the NSM, he called for “the creation of racial terror with bombs.” Myatt is also quoted by *Searchlight* as having stated that “the primary duty of all National Socialists is to change the world. National Socialism means revolution: the overthrow of the existing System and its replacement with a National-Socialist society. Revolution means struggle: it means war. It means certain tactics have to be employed, and a great

revolutionary movement organized which is primarily composed of those prepared to fight, prepared to get their hands dirty and perhaps spill some blood”.

According to another account:

“[A] case of interest is that of the former neo-Nazi ideologue David Myatt, who now goes by the name Abdul Aziz ibn Myatt. For much of his life, Myatt has been a propagandist, recruiter, and street thug for a number of neo-Nazi groups in Britain, and has spent time in prison for racist attacks. Perhaps he is most famous as the founder of the National Socialist Movement, a group whose members included the nailbomber and killer of three, David Copeland, and as the author of a terrorist manual entitled ‘The Practical Guide to Aryan Revolution’. Eventually, Myatt gave up on the idea of ‘Aryan Revolution’ and now embraces Jihadism instead.”

ONA

According to various sources, the Order of Nine Angles (ONA) was originally formed in England in the 1960s, with the merger of three neopagan temples called Camlad, The Noctulians, and Temple of the Sun. Following the original leader’s emigration to Australia, it has been alleged that Myatt took over the order and began writing the now publicly-available teachings of the ONA. The ONA now has associates, and groups, in the United States, Europe, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South America, and Russia.

Author Nick Ryan has asserted that Anton Long, the author of the ONA’s public tracts, is a pseudonym of Myatt. This assertion is repeated by Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke, who claims that Myatt was the founder of the ONA and writer of most of the ONA documents. The allegation has also been repeated many times by the anti-fascist *Searchlight* organization.

David Myatt has always denied such allegations about involvement with the ONA, and using the pseudonym Anton Long, and repeatedly challenged anyone to provide any evidence of such allegations. In addition, Myatt challenged two journalists – Nick Lowles (from *Searchlight*) and Nick Ryan – to a duel for repeating such allegations, a challenge which they both declined.

Conversion to Islam

David Myatt converted to Islam in 1998. He told writer George Michael that his decision to convert began when he took a job on a farm in England. He was working long hours in the fields and felt an affinity with nature, concluding that the sense of harmony he felt had not come about by chance. He told Michael that he was also impressed by the militancy of Islamist groups, and believed that he shared common enemies with Islam, namely “the capitalist-consumer West and international finance.”

Shortly after his conversion, some critics and observers suggested that Myatt’s conversion was insincere and “may be just a political ploy to advance his own failing anti-establishment agenda.”

Gerry Gable, from anti-fascist magazine *Searchlight*, said:

“David Myatt is an ethereal character. He is a dangerous man who has twice been jailed for his violent right-wing activities and who openly asked for blood to be spilled in the quest for white Aryan domination. We believe... he remains a deeply intellectual subversive and is still one of the most hardline Nazi intellectuals in Britain today. Myatt believes in the disruption of existing societies as a prelude to the creation of a new more warrior-like Aryan society which he calls the Galactic Empire.”

Others, however, accepted his conversion as genuine, and – given Myatt’s voluminous writings in praise of Islam and his support for the Taliban and his acceptance by other Muslims – this acceptance of his conversion as genuine gradually became the general consensus, although the rumors regarding his conversion continued to persist.

The Numinous Way

In 2007 – as in some previous years – rumors began circulating that Myatt had abandoned Islam in favor of his own earlier philosophy, The Numinous Way, which he had allegedly, in the past few years, continued to develop.

However, Myatt himself has denied this, issuing several public statements in which he affirms that he is a Muslim. He has also continued, using his Muslim name of Abdul-Aziz, to write and publish Islamist articles, the most recent one being dated 15 Zul al-Qidah 1429 [November 2008] and entitled *In Reply to*

John Hutton: Concerning the Infidel Invasion and Occupation of the Muslim land of Afghanistan.

According to one anonymous essay, The Numinous Way, as developed since 2006, is:

“A practical, and spiritual, way of living... providing answers to fundamental philosophical, and ethical, questions. The Numinous Way is apolitical. Empathy may be said to be the essence of The Numinous Way – empathy with life, with Nature; with other human beings; with the very Cosmos itself. From empathy arises compassion – the desire to cease to cause suffering, the desire to alleviate suffering – and honour is how we can do this, how we can restrain ourselves and so do the right, the moral, the empathic, thing.”

According to Myatt himself, writing as Abd al-Aziz:

“Over then years ago, I converted to Islam and, despite past and present rumours and disinformation, I am still a Muslim, Alhamdulillah, and I shall remain a Muslim, InshaAllah.

As for my own political views and opinions now, I have none. For I am a Muslim, and so view this world, and its peoples, according to Deen Al-Islam, striving to think according to Deen Al-Islam, and striving to live according to the laws and customs of Islam, as revealed in the Quran and through the words, deeds and example of the noble Prophet Muhammad (salla Allahu ‘alayhi wa sallam). My only loyalty and obedience is to Allah Subhanahu wa Ta’ala.

As a Muslim, I regard the Way of Al-Islam as complete and perfect, and superior to the materialistic, arrogant, way of life which now dominates all the societies of the West. Thus, I reject nationalism, racialism, the kaffir-manufactured concept of “the State”, and all the other Tawagheet of the kuffar.”



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Acknowledgement and Copyleft:

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Witch of the Welsh Marches

Below is an article (c.1984) which was printed in issue #4 (Volume IV) [LOT22] of *The Lamp of Thoth* magazine, published by Chris Bray, of the SA, Leeds, England. The article was attributed to “Dave Myatt” and appeared under the title *Witch of the Welsh Marshes*.

However, the title of David Myatt’s typescript was *Witch of the Welsh **Marches*** – but it seems that Chris Bray (the editor of the magazine) did not then know that Marches was (and still is) the word used by people of Shropshire for their border area with Wales, so he changed it to “marshes”. The word *Marches* has since become familiar to even non-residents of Shropshire. It seems that Mr Bray made some other small changes to the submitted MS (in terms of spelling, capitalization, word order, punctuation and grammar, and changed a few words, as well) not appreciating what was, even then, Myatt’s idiosyncratic writing style and his deliberate spelling of certain words (such as reflexion instead of “reflection”, “truely” instead of “truly” and *saught* instead of “sought”).

About the Welsh Marches

The borderland between England and Wales has long been a region of contention. Its distinctive geography, wedged roughly between Welsh mountains and English river beds has not only isolated this rural, sparsely populated slice of land, but created a unique identity. Here we find what Garner (1984) calls “Anglo-Welshness,” in essence a hybridization with Welsh town names and cultural influence on the English side of the border and the opposite in Wales. As Garner states, this quality is “strongest in genuine border towns like Oswestry, Montgomery, Knighton, Kington, Presteigne and Hay-on-Wye, which survived against the odds and are still not quite sure which side they are on. The same feeling is likely to extend to anyone living west of Shrewsbury,

Lominster, Ludlow or Hereford, because towns like these, far more than the political boundary, marked the beginning of England."

The region is lovely: mountains, moorlands, farms, wooded river valleys, small villages, half-timbered buildings and castles exist side by side. In fact, according to Rowley (1986), the Welsh Marches (as the borders are known) contain the densest concentration of motte-and-bailey castles in Wales and England - not a great surprise, for this was an area of frequent conflict. As early as the Iron Age, disputes occurred on both sides of the borderland. The Romans established forts at Chester, Gloucester and Caerleon along the Marches in an attempt to restrain the rebellious Welsh. And the Anglo-Saxons under the leadership of King Offa of Mercia, built the first barricade along the borders at the end of the 8th century: Offa's Dyke. (It still divides England and Wales.) Yet, it was only with the arrival of the Normans that the Marches were consolidated into a separate entity.

The term "March" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "mearc," which means "boundary." However, the Marches are much more than a mere boundary between two lands. Although a few Normans had settled in the region prior to the conquest, building castles at such places as Ewyas Harold, Richard's Castle and Hereford, it was only after 1066 that William the Conqueror sought to formally subdue the borderlands. The Welsh in particular did not gracefully submit to Norman control and resisted for well over 100 years. In order to quell the Welsh uprisings, King William created the Marcher Lordships, granting virtual independence and what amounted to petty kingdoms to over 150 of his most valued supporters. The territories were collectively known as the Welsh Marches (*Marchia Wallia*), while the native Welsh lands to the west were considered Wales Proper (*pura Wallia*). Marcher lords ruled their lands as they saw fit, unlike their counterparts in England who were directly accountable to the king. Marcher lords could build castles, administer laws, wage wars, establish towns, and "possessed all of the royal perquisites - salvage, treasure-trove, plunder and royal fish (Rowley)". People living in the Marches were subject to "the customs of the March," while those in *pura Wallia* still adhered to "the laws of Hywel Dda" (indigenous Welsh law).

Major Marcher centers were established at the three largest cities, Chester, Shrewsbury and Hereford, and administered by powerful earls. Border castles were also built in: Chepstow, St Briavel's, Monmouth, Clearwell, Goodrich, Pembridge, Hay-on-Wye, Clyro, Clifford, Clun, White, Skenfrith, Grosmont, Ludlow, Painscastle, Croft, Wigmore, Montgomery, Stokesay, Powis, Hopton, Chirk, Whittington, Longtown, Huntington, and Bridgnorth.

The Welsh Marches offer today's explorer numerous sites to experience, natural and man-made wonders. While modernization and the Industrial Revolution have altered the economic focus of much of the region, and we now see mining and quarrying in some spots, the borderlands between Wales and England are certainly treasures in their own right, and clearly rival other, more frequented regions of Britain. Most of the above-mentioned castles are open to the public, freely accessible, or visible from the roadside.

Witch of the Welsh Marches

It was quite by chance (or the will of the gods?) that I met what must be one of the few genuine “Cunning Women” left in Britain. Her pre-war bicycle, which she used to carry her supplies from the village shop to her isolated cottage, had suffered a puncture. I was exploring the lanes of the Welsh border by bicycle (the only really civilized mode of transport) looking for stone circles and sites of magical interest when I passed her and offered help.

Gruffly, she accepted, and soon the puncture was repaired. Thinking she might have local insight I asked her if she knew about any stone circles in the area. She shrugged her shoulders. Then I asked about the places I thought might be connected with Wild Edric. Did she think Bron Wrgon really exists near here? At this she showed some little interest and began to open up telling me about the border area she knew as a child when the horse was the only mode of transport and daily life involved much toil and struggle.

We chatted as we walked along the narrow, twisting lane until we came to her cottage which had been in the family for many generations. Her parents had scratched a living from the land. She herself kept a few cattle, chickens and geese. Inside, the cottage was dark, damp, without electricity or any form of heating save a wood fire and stove. It was by modern standards squalid. Not a place where a city-dweller could feel at home.

I asked what she did if her cattle took sick. She smiled at my ignorance and explained about the charms she used. As I listened and learned from her then and on subsequent visits, I realized that there was little that connected this cunning woman with the modern witchcraft revival.

Her charms and spells were simple affairs, deriving from folk beliefs. She lived alone and the little magic that she did was done alone, for the benefit of herself and the few local (and mostly older) people who on occasion sought her help, bringing simple gifts in payment – a few candles, a bar of soap, some tea.

She prayed to no god or goddess – all she knew was that her own mother, and her mother before, had used the same charms, spells and methods and they seemed to work. She believed that every part of the land possessed spirits. Some were friendly, others not. It was these spirits (which had no names) which brought sickness to cattle, blight to crops and made people ill. They could be won over, or tricked or cajoled to help. She always left a little bit of her own food for these spirits – would place little offerings or objects in the nearby stream, tie pieces of cloth or paper to the branches of trees. Every winter when the Sun turned on the shortest day (and it did not seem to matter to her that she might be a few days early or late) she would walk the lee of the hill whose valley bottom held her stream, to light a small fire to remind the Sun to return.

Her beliefs and practises were important to her. They might be a mixture of Saxon or Celtic “superstition” or custom – or be derived from an even earlier past – but she was part of a tradition born of rural life and nurtured by the isolation and in-breeding which often takes place in small communities. This tradition would die with her and could never be revived, she said, because it depended on a way of living that modern society and particularly “education” had destroyed.

This Cunning Woman – like most of her ancestors – was mostly ignorant of the world beyond her cottage and small rural area. It was this lack of knowledge which was in fact her strength and the source of her power (I was told by one of the Cunning Woman’s neighbours – who thought she had always been a little mad – that in her youth when she was fair and comely she had paralyzed a young man, who had annoyed her, for several minutes just by staring at him). She was part of the land in a way that it is difficult for us to understand – not part in any romantic, idealistic way or because she believed in an ancient faith (which she did not), but because she felt the planet around her was actually alive and connected, by spirits, to herself.

Modern Society, with its “sophisticated” ideas, would dispense with the Cunning Woman’s approach to life by labelling it as some psychological syndrome and then assume, because it had been labelled, it was understood. In many ways our lives for the most part are less real and genuine than that of this woman and her kind.

Modern Wicca (and the Occult in general) has lost this realness by its very popularity. By imposing a system of beliefs/ideas/rites/dogma between the individual and Nature, by not living directly upon the land (but mostly in towns and cities), by never having experienced the hardship of persistent manual toil and the pangs of real hunger the devotees of Wicca have lost the very

connection from which all magic springs. One has to find this link individually rather than collectively.

The world of the past to which this Cunning Woman belonged was not a world particularly noted for its love and kindness, but there is a love which evolves from awe and reverence of one's place in the Universe and the really important qualities between oneself and things. This love transcends sympathetic gooey sentimental romanticism. To discover again the realness of Nature and the source of all Occult power we should perhaps return to a way of living that our society has almost destroyed. Maybe then the children of the New Aeon will be born, and we by the simple magical act of living in such a natural way with our gods will have changed this world.

The Numinous Cyclic Theory of David Myatt

David Myatt c. 1989

Aeonics

The Numinous Cyclic Theory of David Myatt

by Kerry Bolton

British esotericist and now convert to Islam, David Myatt, formulated a cyclic theory called Aeonics. This merits individual attention as Aeonics provides another perspective on history from a specifically spiritual standpoint. Myatt's Aeonics, as the term makes obvious, is based on cycles as "aeons" or Ages, each with its own numinous or spiritual character and stemming from what Myatt terms the acausal, the supra-natural acting upon the causal or physical world.

Myatt himself ascribes the foundations of Aeonics to both Spengler and Toynbee, (Myatt, 1984, 1-3) the latter providing the paradigm of civilisations as arising from challenges. Myatt's own concern for much of his life has been the overcoming of the Western cycle of decline, that it might fulfil what he considered its destiny. While Toynbee states that Civilisations end in a last hurrah of world-empire, Myatt adds Spengler's Faustian challenge, stating that the destiny of the Western Civilisation is that of Galactic Empire. Spengler's definition of the Western cultural ethos as Faustian meant that the West's own unique culture-soul is based on an unquenchable reach for infinity and exploration, unfolding all the secrets of nature. This Faustian ethos is manifested as the cultural soul in all the elements of the West in its cycles of becoming. Hence the distance and perspective of the art of Rembrandt and the feelings of

infinity conjured by the outreach of the Gothic spire. (Myatt, 1984, *The West*, 3).

Myatt goes beyond this seeing the space ship, space exploration and ultimately galactic settlement and Galactic empire as the logical ultimate expression of the Faustian soul. (Myatt, 1984, *The Faustian Spirit*, 6). Myatt succinctly states: “If we need a symbol to represent our Western civilisation – to express its quintessence – it is the spacecraft.” (Myatt, *ibid.* 7.). The Western Civilisation would be superseded by a Galactic Civilisation just as the Roman Civilisation had superseded the Greek, and the Western the Roman.

This Western destiny Myatt explained in the opening paragraphs to *Vindex* referring to Toynbee in defining civilisations: “Acceding to Toynbee, a civilisation arises from either a physical or a social challenge – that is, civilisation is man’s successful response to a particular geographical or social challenge.” He gives as an e.g. the Egyptian civilisation as arising from the challenge of the Nile River Valley. Each civilisation declines and produces what Toynbee calls a “Universal State, usually an empire which lasts generally for a 400 year cycle. (Myatt, 1984, 1).

Myatt’s 1984 book was directed to those working on a causal, political level. Esoterically, Aeons could be influenced by those working magickally, adepts who had reached a level of consciousness to utilise the theory of Aeonics to work consciously to intervene in the cycles of history by opening the causal to acausal energies, or what are called the “dark gods”. Hitherto civilisations had arisen unconsciously, and man had been subject to the laws of cyclicity without being aware of the forces that were controlling him. Now through Aeonics and the conscious Aeonik magick directed by occult adepts, the cyclic laws could be consciously directed. Western Civilisation would go through its final cycle, but this would be the prelude to a new civilisation, the Galactic empire, extending the West’s Faustian scientific impulse.

In order for this destiny to unfold, those conscious of this cultural destiny would have to actively work for it both esoterically and exoterically. Myatt was therefore involved in formulating a system of occultism via the Order of Nine Angles (ONA), the primary magickal purpose being to open what Myatt called “nexions”, the meaning of which can be readily deduced from the word: a nexus or star-gate between the acausal and the casual worlds. The ONA had a unique pantheon of dark gods and goddesses relating to the opening of star gates through which acausal energies would be manifested on earth. A large corpus of occult literature was formulated by the ONA, indicating Myatt’s depth of occult knowledge.

Myatt explained the cyclic interregnum during which adepts could work to herald the next civilisation:

“Regarding Aeons, two important facts should be borne in mind. First the last five hundred years or so of an Aeon show a marked decline in the magickal energy associated with it, and it is during this time that the energies of the next Aeon gradually become evident (at first usually only to Adepts) these energies may be increased (or decreased) by Aeonic magick worked by those who understand the forces involved. Second, each Aeon is associated with what is called a ‘higher civilisation’ from which the Aeon usually takes its name. Within the physical confines of this higher civilisation is the (usually sacred) place where the magickal energies of the Aeon are pronounced – and this because such a place is usually a physical Gate where the causal and the acausal meet. For instance, the centre associated with the Hyperborean Aeon was Stonehenge; that of the Hellenic, Delphi. ” (Myatt aka Thorold West, 1989, Naos, The Septenary System).

In explaining terms, Myatt defines a Star-Gate or nexion as “a nexus between the acausal and the causal.” These star-gates are in the ONA Tradition “the regions of space near the stars Algol, Dabih, and Naos” and they are said to be actual physical gates, not simply metaphors. (Myatt, Naos, Notes on Esoteric Tradition).

The Adept opens a nexion within the psyche by following the “seven fold way” of the ONA, a grade system that tests the physical endurance of the aspirant as much as the mental and psychological. (Myatt, Naos, Part One: Physis Magick).

In defining the causal and the acausal, Myatt states that “the causal is the ‘physical universe’, described by three dimensional and linear time. The acausal is the universe described by “an unspecified number of spatial dimensions and by non-linear time.” Life is a manifestation of the acausal within the causal. It is in the psyche where the two universes coincide, and where the individual might become part of the acausal by opening a nexion. Archetypes are a manifestation of this. As this relates to Aeons, Myatt explains:

“An Aeon is a particular ordering of the causal on Earth which is manifest as a civilisation – i.e. an increasing of the acausal, usually at a specified place/area for a specified period of (linear) time). Magick is the presencing of the acausal in the causal.” (Myatt, Naos, Acausal/Causal).

These fundamentals of Aeonics and Aeonic magick were articulated and refined over a number of MSS some by Myatt, others by his protégé and successor as

ONA Grand Master Richard Moulton, a talented artist and musician, both often writing under the generic pseudonym Anton Long. [See *Editorial Footnote below*.]

Myatt himself has had a long spiritual odyssey, somewhat reminiscent of the legend of Doctor Faustus himself, a never-ending quest for knowledge.

In 1998 Myatt converted to Islam and identifies with the militant manifestations of the Muslim world. Like Ungern-Sternberg, who is considered below, who converted to a militaristic Buddhism as his answer to Bolshevism and Western decadence in the aftermath of World War I, Myatt became a Muslim as his answer to the West's spiritual void and break with Tradition. He now sees the West as irredeemably lost and not capable of emerging from its cycle of decline. Myatt, now known as Abdul-Aziz ibn Myatt, relates something of this spiritual odyssey in a recent interview:

“What it is about this faith, rather than all of the others, that has gripped you? What is it about Islamic culture, law and the way of life that has so spoken to your heart and soul over ours?”

Basically, Islam is a true middle-way. It is simple both in practice and in theory, and is an easy Way for we fallible, error-prone, human beings to become better individuals. Consider, for instance, prayer – Salat (also called Namaz). This is always short, and easy to do. It is a combination of words, gestures and movement – unlike any other form of prayer such as Nazarene, Buddhist, heathen. ... In my life, I have experienced and performed many types of prayer – from Buddhist to Taoist to Anglican, to Catholic (including those of Benedictine and Carthusian monasticism) to Hinduism – and of all of them I found Namaz to be both the most human and the most numinous, the most imbued with the Divine, for we prostrate ourselves before God, knowing ourselves for the weak individuals we are. One of the many remarkable things I remember about Islam is when, only a short while after my own conversion, I went to travel again in the Desert, and it was so poignant doing Namaz there, with no one around for hundreds of miles: saying the same words, and praying in the same way, as the Prophet Muhammad (salla Allahu ‘alayhi wa sallam) had done, over one thousand and forty years ago; for alone, in the Desert, one can feel the closeness of God, of Allah Subhanahu wa Ta’ala – feel how slender is the thread by which we cling to life. One can sense the true Peace that is Jannah (Paradise) and the wonder of Life, of Creation.”

He sees Islam as the only means by which Western decadence can be swept from the world, to make way for a numinous civilisation based on Islam. Myatt

sees instead of a Western Imperium leading to Galactic Empire, a world Muslim Civilisation; under a world Khalifate, re-establishing a chivalrous, honourable ethos, where the West cannot. One could be reminded that it was the Islamic civilisation in its “Spring” Cycle that provided the impetus for learning and culture, that brought much to Europe, laid the basis for modern chemistry and mathematics, and provided the basis for the West’s Knightly chivalry which the Crusaders had encountered among their Muslim foes.

While Myatt repudiates many of his previous views his fundamental ethos remains, the ideals of the numinous; of life based on honour and chivalry; a detestation of the ignoble and the cowardly, the hedonistic and materialistic that he continues to see dominating the West in its decline, and of the prospect of a Galactic Empire, all these now possibly being manifested under Islam rather than by calling upon dark astral gods. In a recent interview Myatt explains the position he’s adhered to since his conversion in 1998:

“What I gradually discovered in the years leading toward my reversion to Islam was that the numinous is presenced in Deen Al-Islam, and that it is Deen Al-Islam which today as in the past produces honourable, modest, individuals who possess manners, who respect what is sacred, and who thus are civilized. In addition, who are the honourable warriors of today other than the Mujahideen who fight against often overwhelming odds and who prefer death to dishonour? What kind of community – “society” – would and could Deen Al-Islam create were such honourable warriors to be triumphant? Would they not build a Khilafah led by an Ameer, a Khalifah (a leader) and would this Khilafah not be everything I once dreamed an Imperium might be, and might not this Khilafah be an example to others as the Khilafah in Al-Andulus was to the barbarians of Europe, and might it not, its enemies defeated, reach out toward the stars and so establish a new and Galactic Empire? Thus, as I wrote in an autobiographical essay:

“As for my dream, my life-long vision, of a Galactic Empire – of the exploration and settlement of Outer Space – there was a time, not that long ago, when I came to the conclusion that we human beings were too ignoble, too barbaric, too uncivilized, to do this, and that, if we did undertake such adventures beyond the Earth, we would only be spreading dishonour: spreading our disease of hubris, spreading our destruction of the Numinous. But now – now as I veer toward the sixth decade of my life – I feel that we can avoid such things: that there is a cure for the disease of hubris and of dishonour, and that were we to be cured – and thus return to our natural fitrah – then we could and perhaps should so venture forth, under the banner of Deen Al-Islam.”

On a question regarding the present state of the West, Myatt states:

“The peoples of the West have significantly changed in the last fifty or so years. The England I knew as a youth, fresh from a life in the Far East and Africa – the England my father and my grandfather thought they fought in two World Wars for – has almost disappeared. Manners have been replaced with arrogant selfishness; gentlemanly (and lady-like) self-effacement and modesty has been replaced by loutish behaviour in public and in private; and restraint has given way to decadence, greed and self-indulgence. Honour is almost completely lacking, in public and in private. The West is now the domain of Homo Hubris: of the arrogant, the preening, the dishonourable human being who is intolerant of, or unmindful of, the numinous, which numinous is, in truth, the genesis of honour and of manners and of all the civilizing virtues.” (Myatt, *ibid.*).

From a cyclic perspective, the question remains as to whether Islam itself passed its own cycle of decline centuries ago, and descended irredeemably into what Spengler (Spengler, 1963, 159-186, *Primitives, Culture-Peoples, Fellaheen*) called a Fellaheen culture ; that is to say a culture that has expended all its energies, and is not capable of revival. At the very least, what might be said of the present world crisis is that Islam is the only bloc representing Tradition that is consciously in revolt against globalisation.

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Editorial Note:

While it is generally known and accepted that Richard Moulton was involved with the ONA and produced some of their writings and other works, such as “The Sinister Tarot” card deck, he never became a “Grand Master” – having left the group halfway through his training – and neither did he ever, according to our sources, use the pseudonym Anton Long.

David Myatt: A Sinister Life?

David Myatt c. 1989

“I, and others like me, are the darkness which is necessary and without which evolution and knowledge are impossible. I am also my own opposite, and yet beyond both. This is not a riddle, but a statement of Mastery, and one which, alas, so few have the ability to understand.” *Diablerie: Revelations of a Satanist* by Anton Long

“To strive, to dream, to quest, to exceed expectations. To move easily, gracefully, from the Light to the Dark, from Dark to Light, until one exists between yet beyond both, treating them (and yourself) for the imposters they (and you) are.” Anton Long: *The Gentleman's – and Noble Ladies – Brief Guide to The Dark Arts*

Previously, I had arrived at the generally accepted conclusion that Myatt was a sinister fanatic, committed to the Dark Path evident in the ONA, and had used violence, terrorism, and political ideas in an attempt to cause chaos, and to subvert and overthrow society in order to bring about some kind of *Dark Imperium*, or *Dark New Order*.

This is still – despite some recent reservations, which I shall mention in due course – my own, personal, view regarding Myatt. In respect of Myatt's conversion to Islam, my considered personal opinion is that Myatt was using radical Islam as a sinister tactic in order to further his clandestine sinister aims, which are of causing chaos and disruption, of inciting violence and terrorism, and of – in a classical act of diabolic blasphemy befitting a Grand Master of The Left Hand Path – championing those causes and people which and who are regarded, in the society of his time, as heretical, and support for which is often illegal, and certainly controversial and dangerous, under conventional laws. Hence, for instance, his championing and propagation of both the National Socialism of Adolf Hitler, and his support for people such as Usama bin Laden. Thus, according to the ONA:

“What is not well understood even among some sinister Initiates, is that the promotion of radical Islam – against the Magian/New World Order/Nazarene ethos that now pervades and which is distorting evolution and ushering in a new tyranny – is akin to a sinister rite which presences certain acausal energies.

Thus, such promotion of and support for things and people considered by the neo-cons to be “evil” – such as bin Laden – is a new Black Mass appropriate to these times of ours. It is now a heresy in “the West”.

The practical participation and encouragement of such things – directly contrary to the current status quo – is thus one valid personal Insight Role (for the really satanic, not the role-players) and a means of presencing genuine sinister energies: one aspect of a new five-dimensional presencing (or act of magick in Old Aeon speak) and thus an act of sinister magick appropriate to these causal times.” *Vindex, NS, Islam, Chaos and Magick: Toward A New Heresy* (A presentation given at an ONA Sunedrion in Oxford, “around the time of the Spring Solstice 117 yf”.)

Furthermore, according to one of Myatt’s supporters in an interesting essay entitled *Questions About David Myatt – An Interview with Richard Stirling, Exoteric Representative of the ONA* :

“Myatt is the archetypal Trickster – or to be more exact, the archetypal Mage. That is, he has been following a certain esoteric Way, or Path, which Way he has significantly extended as he has ventured along it, and that his diverse experiences, and roles, have been part of this Promethean quest. This, of course, includes both his role as a fanatical National Socialist, and his role as a radical Islamist, preaching Jihad.

How do you think he [Myatt] will be – or should be – regarded in a hundred years time?

As a genuine Mage – a Grand Master of The Left Hand Path – who has dared to genuinely defy and who has dared to undertake genuine diverse practical experiences and roles, lasting many years. He makes the charlatans – the Laveys, the Aquinos, the Crowleys – look like charlatans.”

In addition, as someone, with perspicacity, commented (August 2005 AD) :

“Myatt may seem to have flitted from one politico-religious philosophy to another, but there is a terrible thread of continuity and rigour through his life and writings that suggests he is much more than a disingenuous provocateur. Naziism and Islamicism have served, in turn, as modalities of disruption for what remains at core an occult working to sow general chaos and division – the necessary passage of “Helter Skelter” to break down the Old Order, before the founding of the New.”

This is, in my view, might well be a correct assessment of Myatt, even given Myatt's many Islamic effusions, and his many and varied recent mystical effusions, which mystical effusions could possibly be some new emanation of his sinister dialectic, or some new dark jape he is playing, for his own amusement, or that of his colleagues. That is, Myatt may have deliberately set out to create yet another new image for himself – this time of a “wise, old, Mage”. This image certainly seems, at the time of writing (2008 AD) to be the one projected by many of Myatt's recent letters and mystical missives, many of which are reproduced on some websites maintained by both Myatt supporters and Myatt himself, often – and interestingly enough – with the dates omitted. Furthermore, the “founding of the New”, mentioned in the above quote, is – as I have stated above and elsewhere – some kind of neo-nazi society, a Dark Imperium, the creation of which has certainly been Myatt's primary aim for over thirty years.

However, to be fair, I have to admit that Myatt's many personal letters, missives and personal articles – written in the past two and a half years following the suicide of a close friend – have made me wonder if my previous conclusion regarding him and the Occult is still valid. For these intensely personal items – which often concern the need for compassion and empathy – do, or rather, might, seem to indicate that he may have gone some way beyond certain Occult rôles, and creating images for himself, and even beyond the dark sinister path he has probably been following for decades. Certainly, they do seem to indicate a move away from politics and conventional religion, as they also seem to represent a further ethical development of his own philosophy, The Numinous Way. Thus, it could well be that Myatt has now – possibly as a result of his life-long Occult quest – arrived at the stage represented by the “reclusive, and mystical, empathic and compassionate Mage.”

Yet it is also worth remembering what I wrote in my *Biographical Notes* about Myatt:

“Let us not forget Myatt, The Master Trickster – for it might well be that his recent mystical effusions are one more jape, of his, or some more diversionary tactics, or even some kind of test, for the loyalty, and honor of others. For I personally find it to be of great interest that one of his Islamist supporters, based in America – himself a convert to Islam who still believes Myatt has never renounced his loyalty to Islam – has openly stated that he believes Myatt is testing people in this way. Add to this the allegations regarding the falsifications of dates on some articles attributed to Myatt, the allegations regarding some articles being incorrectly attributed to Myatt, and the disinformation propagated about Myatt by his

enemies, and we surely have to take some care before drawing our own conclusions about the man.”

Thus, it does seem that the final conclusion as to David Myatt’s real intentions and nature, at this moment in time, can only realistically be that each one of us will have to draw our own conclusions based on what little we know and – more interestingly – on what we assume or believe. Our conclusion may say more about us, and our society, than it might say about Myatt himself, and the fact we have to draw our own conclusions may be, as I myself believe, exactly what Myatt himself wishes, as some kind of test for us, and our honor. To quote an apposite verse from his translation of the *Agamemnon* by Aeschylus – which verse he has appended to several of his letters to me -

*As to my own intent: To those who know, there is a speaking;
To those who do not know, a concealment.*

The Short-Stories, and Works of Fiction of David Myatt

Introduction: Pseudonyms

Since I – along with many other people who have written about Myatt or who have studied his life and works – consider that “Anton Long” is one of Myatt’s many pseudonyms, I have commented on some short-stories written by one “Anton Long”.

I have also commented upon some recent stories, such as *In The Sky of Dreaming*, written by one “Algar Merridge” – which I, and some others, regard as another of Myatt’s pseudonyms.

Short-Stories, Fiction, and David Myatt’s Style

In addition to the works mentioned here – which are mostly short-stories – it is my opinion that the novels of the so-called *Deofel Quintet*, originally published by the ONA, were written by Myatt, sometime between the 1970’s and the late 1980’s. These novels are, in no particular order,

Falcifer: Lord of Darkness

<https://archive.org/details/FalciferTheLordOfDarkness>

Temple of Satan

https://archive.org/details/TheTempleOfSatan_304

The Giving

The Greyling Owl

<https://archive.org/details/TheGreylingOwl>

Breaking The Silence Down

<https://archive.org/details/BreakingTheSilenceDownona>

Of these, my personal favorite is *The Giving*, with its description of ancient rural practices and of the somewhat seedy goings-on of two of the characters, Mallam and Maurice Rhiston.

Ultimately, however, the above mentioned novels are – in my personal opinion – somewhat mundane in style, and neither outstanding nor particularly memorable works of fiction, although they may indeed fulfill at least something of their stated purpose, which was to be “entertaining instructional texts [for Occult Initiates], written in fictional form, designed to be read aloud...” Certainly, two of these novels – *Falcifer*, and *Temple of Satan* – deal in an overt way with Satanism, in a manner which some readers may find interesting.

A possible exception, to such mundanity, might be made for *Breaking The Silence Down*, which is most unusual in that it is written by a man, describing as it does Sapphic relationships, and the sensitivities of some women, rather well. That said, and to be fair, there are several sensitive, perceptive, and quite well-written, passages in some other of these works; consider, for instance, the following, from *The Greyling Owl*, which describes an entry that one of the characters, Alison, makes in her Diary:

“The corridor was dark – all the rooms were closed and I felt afraid. I could not bear a repeat of my last visit – the angry words, the tears, needs that were not fulfilled, things left unsaid. I remember I said: ‘It’s better if I never see you again’ – hoping he would plead with me to stay. He said nothing. I couldn’t resist any more: ‘What shall I do?’ I cried, catching the lapels of his jacket, tears on them, my tears as I

clung to him, trying to make a bridge. ‘Come on Wednesday’ he struggled to say. ‘On Wednesday,’ I repeated.

Such a dark corridor, outside. Last time I just stood in the kitchen, kicking the door and shouting at it: ‘Why do you never understand me!’ Yet I was back again – I had no pride left. Was this need really love? What would I say this time? Could I find a way of letting him understand – of getting through? I knocked on his door. ‘Come in’. The voice was subdued. He was sitting in his chair I remember as if it was a moment ago. Dispirited. ‘What is it?’ I wondered if all relationships were like this – so charged with emotion. ‘Your letter, your letter,’ he struggled to say. ‘I’ve hurt you,’ I whispered with awe. Then, sitting on his lap, my head against him, buried. Crying. ‘It’s alright.’ A soft voice, a soft touch on my face.

It did not last. ‘Are you pleased to see me?’ I asked. ‘About as pleased as a Mickleman can be.’ Then, the inevitable wandering hand. The moment gone, and never repeated.”

But, in my view at least, these memorial parts are rather let down by the stories themselves, for it does seem rather hard to care about any of the main characters, with the possible exception of Alison, in *The Greyling Owl*.

The same general mundanity of style and content rather applies, in my view, to most of Myatt’s other older works and stories, such as the short science-fiction story *The Adventures of Hassan and Jorg*, although that story is notable for its attempt to depict Jihadi Muslims, living on another planet, as “freedom fighters” battling an evil, and expanding, militaristic “world-empire”. Myatt’s other works – such as the short story, *One Connexion* – often seem somewhat self-indulgent, in an autobiographical kind of way, and yet again I find it difficult to empathize with, or indeed care about, any of the characters.

Horror Fiction and A New Mythos

It is only in much later, and recent, works – such as the somewhat chilling story *Cantaoras: Dark Daughters of Baphomet* – that Myatt seems to have found a suitable, original, evocative, and rather sinister voice, and produced stories that are both interesting and intriguing.

In *Cantaoras* – and the related three stories *Jenyah*, *In The Sky of Dreaming*, and *Sabirah* – Myatt (writing as either Anton Long or Algar Merridge) creates in effect a modern sinister mythos, for these are stories of powerful, dark, extra-dimensional and – interestingly – female sinister entities (or “demons” or Dark

Gods), who often have assumed human form (or rather, occupied and taken over human bodies), and who require “the life-force” of human beings in order to sustain themselves in our world. This is a modern, if somewhat disturbing, update of the vampires of legend and conventional horror fiction, with Myatt suggesting not only that these sinister, long-lived female vampires, from the dimensions of the acausal universe, are living amongst us, actively searching for victims, and able to reward whomsoever they choose with the gift of eternal life, but also that it is possible for us to call such sinister entities forth into our own world to bring chaos and disruption and evil.

In one of these stories – *In The Sky of Dreaming* - Myatt plays games with time itself, suddenly shifting the time and place of the narration as if to suggest, in accord with his theory of causal and acausal and nexions, that certain “acausal entities” (that is, “demons” or Dark Gods) can alter time itself, or at least the time we, as human beings, are familiar, and comfortable, with.

It is these recent, above mentioned, sinister short-stories – and *The Dark Trilogy* [See End Note (1)] – that stand out in both the literary, and the Occult, sense, with Myatt using words, and phrases (sometimes repeated) to often successfully evoke a sinister scenario, and to, rather seductively it must be said, glamorize dark, satanic, deeds. Which is something of an achievement, in itself.

Julie Wright
Oxford
August 2008 AD

In the Sky of Dreaming

<https://archive.org/details/InTheSkyOfDreaming>

Cantaoras: Dark Daughters of Baphomet

by David Myatt

There was a long moment of silence as the coven of nine women all gathered on the slight slope of that almost South facing hill among the mamelons of South Shropshire not far from where an ancient trackway marked the ancient border with the land of Wales.

Eulalia was there – resplendent in her crimson cloak, as befitted a Mistress of Earth. And Venora – she of the red-hair and the fullsome body which her thin long verdant-coloured covering did little to hide and which thin coverlet seemed to scintillate in the light of the not-quite-full Moon as she, as Priestess, moved

counter-sunwise to greet each sorceress with a kiss: moist lips touching moist lips. Then, they were ready, gathered together in an almost perfect ellipse as Eulalia began her vibrated invocation to their Dark Goddess, their Mistress and Mother, Baphomet: Nythra kthunae Baphomet!

She held in her outstretched hand a crystal, shaped as a tetrahedron, while her lover, Venora, gestured to the shadows for the two male Guardians to step forth.

Then, seven of the women, handsome of face and lithe of body, with their long dark hair neatly braided and tied, began to chant their haunting sinister chant, a chant so old it was as if the intervening one and half thousand years had never been; as if the Chant Mozarabe was still to be heard in sequestered choirs by nuns devoted to the new Nazarene faith – except there was on that South Shropshire hill no Latin words of worship to a some God; no Latin words of praise for some Saviour. Instead: only words of a lisping language long forgotten except by an hereditary few; strange words replete with desire by those few who, remembering, desired a return of those dark, sinister, acausal-entities who thousands of years ago had been presenced on Earth, bringing menace, blasphemy, joy, nightmares, madness, violence, and the much needed Chaos of human evolutionary change.

So they chanted while the tall, strong, Guardians brought forth the needed seed and gift, pinning the naked terrified young man down within the ellipse of now slowly circling cantaoras. There were no audible words to be said, declaimed, or shouted – for none were needed as Eulalia bent down to touch his forehead with the crystal, and she watched, smiling, as his life was quickly;y drained away to leave a corpse, only a corpse, paler and gaunter than it would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow drained away. Her crystal seemed to iridesce then, as if in rhythm to the chant, and she held it up, arms outstretched to where the Moon, in that very moment, occulted a star named on Earth, Dabih. She felt it, Them, then, within her – as her obedient Guardians effortlessly, efficiently, took the corpse away. Felt the centuries of longing that her own mother must have felt, centuries and centuries ago; felt the longing for The Dark Gods to be birthed again into joy-giving, joy-receiving, warm bloodfull human bodies.

And then She was there, dwelling among them, accepting the willing if only very temporary offering of Vanora's life and body. There: among the mortals and the half-mortal who had kept the faith; waiting, waiting, coven after coven, through the long centuries for the stars to be aligned as it was said they should be aligned; for the crystal to be fashioned as it was said it should be fashioned; for the chant to be as the chant should be, brought into-being by skilled, chosen,

cantaoras. Thus was She, their Dark Goddess, an acausal-being, presenced in the causal, ready to be again a birthing-mother: bringer-into-being of a whole new race. For the time of human Chaos, darkness, death, culling, change, had arrived, again.

Thus did they – the women – greet her with a kiss, lips to moist lips, as thus did the Guardians step forth again from the shadows to kneel in obedience before her.

Eulalia had planned well. A selection of male victims were already waiting when she and Venora returned to their house, at the end of a track, off a narrow lane between hills in that rural borderland. Although, of course, the men – ranging in age from early to late twenties – did not consider themselves victims, enticed as they had been by the wiles, the sorcery, the sexuality, of the ladies of Eulalia's coven.

So the three young men had waited, in one of the the plush, luxurious, sitting-rooms of that house. Waited, chatting amiably among themselves, as two elderly gentleman, neatly groomed and neatly dressed in somewhat unfashionable clothes, served them food and drink. Waited for the trysts they had been promised among the many bedrooms of that place, assuming as they did in their egoism and desire, many things. But it was not Venora herself nor even one of the young dark-haired lithe and nubile women that awaited them when they were led, by Venora, along a corridor and up some winding stairs to a darkened room: a darkness that seemed oppressive and heavy, if scented by some quixotic perfume.

Thus did they enter, replete with their desire, and thus did a warm strong hand grasp theirs to lead them down upon some soft and scented bed where they, still unseeing, had their clothes removed with ripping force to find themselves pinioned by strong arms and legs while a feminine softness moved over to touch to press down upon them to kiss them, building thus their male desire. But their ecstasy of joy, brought by a sexual joining, was soon over with their seed of life taken from them when a sudden drowsyness seemed to overcome them, then, as they lay, in exhaustion.

Other hands, not soft, grasped them then as they, helpless, were lifted to be taken along a skein of unlit passages to small windowless rooms below. And it was there, in those rooms – one for each – that they almost stupefied by something, lay, in warmth on a not uncomfortable bed. Lay, waiting, while causal time passed – as causal time passes – in the world above them. Perhaps one of them might be needed, again – and if he was, he would be brought again to that

darkened room scented with quixotic perfume. But not one of them would ever see the brightness of day, again.

So the days passed, in that house, as they passed. Occasionally, a new young man would egress from the causal world outside into its ever-growing strangeness: enticed there, from some near or far city or some town, by unspoken promises, perhaps a kiss, but always by a luscious lady, young or verging on middle-age: it made no difference to the men, for their very beings, enchanted, craved the fulfilment of that strong sexual desire which burgeoned forth from within them to seize them with that first sensual touch or kiss from such a sensuous lady in some Inn, or Club, or Bar. Once, a young man, arrogant, self-assured – his powerful sleek new sporty car outside – had taken it upon himself to press a lady for another kiss when she had sat beside him in some Bar. Gently then – or so it seemed – she held his hand to twist it powerfully back while he tried to not let pain show on his face. She left then, unsurprised when he followed, and they were outside in the street-lit darkness among the rows of cars when he lunged toward her. She was too swift – almost unhumanly swift – and he was left to try and stop himself falling to the ground before steadying himself and trying ungallantly to punch her in the face. She seized him then, to knock him unconscious with one swift blow, and it was in his own car that she drove him back toward the sanctuary of her home.

Her gift was pleasing, and he awoke to stark blinding darkness when something soft, scented, touched him, but it was not long before his life was gone to leave a corpse, only a corpse, paler and gaunter than it would have been even if all the blood and plasma within had been somehow sucked away.

Thus did the months pass until new life came forth there, in that nexion, bringing much joy, and much that was strange, while the great boiler fed warmth into that house as Autumn turned to Winter, often fructified as that boiler was by pale empty hulks, their main purpose having been fulfilled. And thus did that new life grow – growing as children grow, however strange the child – until the time for their departure came when they, the seeded, would be sent forth to seed: male, female, or somewhere in-between, it would make no difference; the same enchantment; the same violence bred; the same darkness, death and Chaos sown.

Once, in the months of their growing, three men came, in two cars, to call upon that house. There were rumours, it seemed, that disturbed them and their Detective-kind. They were served Afternoon Tea, in the heated Conservatory, while Eulalia, as befitted a Mistress of Earth, politely entertained them, as, in nearby room, four beautiful women in long black flowing dresses played a late Haydn String Quartet. So Eulalia smiled, as the men sat sipping their milkless

First-flush Darjeeling tea, and they – enchanted – soon forgot their questions, their disturbance of both thought and mood. Thus did they take their leave, satisfied within themselves there was nothing amiss, and pleased to be invited to return, again. And thus did they, each alone, return, weeks later, to be treated as honoured guests: offered food, and drink, and a willing women to warm and share their bed. And thus did they leave, happy, replete, willing, cheerful, servants: useful, influential contacts, and sources of valuable information.

So the months passed, bringing the warmth and brightness of Spring to the land outside. And thus was there a new house, elsewhere, and far, with new burgeoning life within, and other woman, and guardians, to keep, nurture and protect it. And thus were there in that place new contacts invited, enticed. New fuel, of little value as fuel, to add to proper fuel for new boilers that kept such houses warm, in Winter, and provided the warmth of warm water for luscious women to bathe, and preen and wash. Thus were there new nexions, gradually opening, spreading, preening, sowing, feeding, growing.

There was a long moment of silence as Eulalia sat alone on the slight slope of that almost South facing hill among the mamelons of South Shropshire not far from where an ancient trackway marked the ancient border with the land of Wales. She felt both relieved and tired. Relieved that she had achieved what was necessary, but tired from the many decades of her wait. She had new sisters, and brothers, now – and her hopeless search, of years, to find others of her kind seemed just a distant no longer sadful memory. Thus did she smile, before rising to her feet to walk along the old footpath down to her house where her new guests would be waiting to be entertained.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Feyen

(This is somewhat revised, and enlarged, version of some earlier short comments of mine about David Myatt's fiction, to which I gave the title *Concerning David Myatt's Short-Stories and Works of Fiction.*)

End Note:

(1) *The Dark Trilogy* is described as *A Sinister Concerto in Three Movements*, and contains three linked short stories, entitled *Nythra*, *Kthunae*, and *Atazoth*.

Questions About Myatt and The ONA

Questions About David Myatt and The Order of Nine Angles

April the first seems a fitting time for this interview! What is your opinion regarding David Myatt's aims? Is he a Muslim? Or a Nazi? An Occultist? Or all of them?

To begin, I must make it clear that in talking about Myatt I am presenting here my own views, my own opinions, and that is all. I am not making any kind of “official” comment about Myatt, nor am I speaking for him or on his behalf.

My view regarding the life and work of David Myatt is that Julie Wright's assessment, given in her essay *Myatt: A Sinister Life*, is partially correct. This is that Myatt is the archetypal Trickster – or to be more exact, the archetypal Mage. That is, he has been following a certain esoteric Way, or Occult Path, which Way he has significantly extended as he has ventured along it, and that his diverse experiences, and roles, have been part of this Promethean quest. This, of course, includes both his role as a fanatical National Socialist, and his role as a radical Islamist, preaching Jihad.

Where I differ from her assessment is regarding the goal, the aim, that Myatt has pursued. She – like some others who have studied Myatt's life and works – opines that his aim is Chaos, the destabilization of the present system (The Old Order; the Old Aeon) as a prelude to the creation of something new which she, and some others, suggest is some sort of Dark Imperium, some kind of sinister society, or a National Socialist society or State. But, in my judgment his aim has been threefold. Firstly, to experience, and learn, and from this experience and learning to create, to refine, to move toward personal Wisdom. Second, to lead and guide – through his writings, the images of himself he has created, and his personal teaching – a few individuals along the esoteric Way he has been following, so that they also may experience, and learn, and perchance be inspired to create and develop, to evolve, themselves. Third, to – in esoteric terms – presence certain forces, or energies, and so bring about now and in the future certain causal changes, with some of these changes being disruptive, when viewed in the conventional sense, and most of them being creative in the sense that they provoke, or cause, or can provoke or cause, our evolution, as beings, with some of these changes (and “events”) being a test, or tests, to be overcome, and with some being manifestations, or more correctly, examples, to extend our understanding, and undo our prejudices. A few represent genuine “culling”. There is genuine Wisdom, here, in such things.

Thus – and to confuse those still in thrall to Old Aeon modes – the esoteric is the key to understanding Myatt. But it is an esoteric Way devoid of the conventional labels that many have sought to attach to the Way he has been following, for he has gone far beyond these labels, so far, in truth, that he created a new Way, imbued with the very essence of the acausal. The conventional labels, such as “the satanic” – applied by journalists and those who still have to think, and be, in such outmoded terms and ways – have been transcended. They are no longer necessary, nor can they correctly describe what-is.

The Way is highly individualistic – that is anarchic, in the correct sense of that term – in that it seeks to create, and develop unique individuals who are no longer in thrall to their own desires, their own unconscious, no longer in thrall to archetypes, or to ideas, forms, and abstractions, past and present, and who know governments, of whatever so called political persuasion, and nation-States, for the impersonal inhuman, anti-evolutionary, unfree, tyrannies they are or will become.

In the process of his quest, Myatt has made conscious – explicated in a rational way – those things which make us human and which possess the potential to evolve us further, and such evolution, of the individual, is the essence of his Way. That is, he has returned genuine freedom to us, explaining that real freedom involves us being responsible for ourselves, and having not only the resourcefulness, the intelligence, to survive, but also the vision – the empathy – which is the beginning of genuine personal honor and the essence of our very humanity. This arises from practical experience – from the practical synthesis of opposites.

Naturally, those tied to the Old Aeon ways of thinking, and of being, will assume or believe there is a dichotomy here. But, of course, they are incorrect – because the very terms of their thinking are flawed. In the same way, one might argue – with justification – that the ONA is, and is not, a Sinister organization, and is, and is not, an Order.

Thus, Myatt has championed Islam – and especially Jihad – to counter-balance the hubris, the tyranny, of the modern West with its inhuman abstractions, its hypocrisy, its State-sanctioned terror, its nation-States, its plebeian materialistic dishonorable un-numinous ethos, sensing or knowing the threat that radical poses to this tyrannical, almost world-embracing, but most certainly anti-evolutionary, order. Thus, he has championed National Socialism over and above the insipid so called liberal democracy which festers in the body-politic of the West, which liberal democracy is undoing the work of Nature and championing the common, the plebeian, as opposed to the best, as opposed to

excellence. Thus, he has championed an esoteric Way which is dark, sinister, dangerous and practical and which requires self-discipline, to counter the mumblings of the wishy-washy white-light wiccan-type phantasists, and to counter the fake Satanists. Thus, he has championed the ethic of personal honor – of the duel – to balance the insistence by our tyrannical States that their impersonal laws and their bullying Police forces are “the law” and represent “true justice”. Thus, he has championed the empathy of The Numinous Way to counter-balance the subsuming ethos of material progress and world-wide destructive capitalist development. And so on, et cetera. This is a genuine Mage, at work, and at play.

But isn't Islam – with its multi-racialism – opposed to the idea of race, of the folk, that National Socialism asserts, and hasn't this championing of Islam, by Myatt, upset many of his NS supporters to the extent that they have called him a traitor?

What we have to consider here are three things. First, the long term view, and second, the truth that we no longer need the old nation-States, and should not cling on to them. Rather, we should welcome their passing, their ending, and prepare for, and enable, what can arise from this ending, this passing. Third, those who uphold and believe in the concept of race, of the folk, should ask themselves – are the majority of their race, their folk, as they now are, worth saving, fighting for, dying for, spending time in prison for? Or should they instead be thinking about quality, not quantity; about values, inner qualities, not outer appearance?

The long term view is that of the next hundred, two hundred years, the next thousand years. It is my opinion that for those who uphold and believe in the concept of race, of the folk, Reichsfolk – and organizations like it or inspired by it – have the correct perspective and understanding, working as they are slowly, to preserve what is valuable and ready as they are to forget about what is not valuable, such as artificial national borders and the Old Aeon idea of a nation-State.

What is needed – as Reichsfolk, following Myatt, suggests – is an inner revolution, a revolution of values, toward honor, empathy and genuine freedom, and then an outer revolution, new communities, of those who are already honorable and aware. For a folk to survive, prosper, and be the genesis of future evolution toward the stars, we do not need vast numbers – only the best, and around one hundred thousand people of the same folk, or even less. Thus, those who talk, write, about the doom of the “White” race are just talking nonsense. It is honorable Aryans that they require; small folk communities, more correctly,

tribes, of around twenty or thirty thousand or much less; not vast nations of millions. It is such tribes which are the future.

Also, I do not believe Myatt cares what other people think or say or write about him – he goes his own way, as individualistic geniuses do. He has championed Islam, in my view, for good reasons – to continue to do practical battle with the real enemy, with those anti-evolutionary forces which all genuine esoteric seekers are opposed to, whether they consciously understand this or not. Who knows whether he will continue that role? If he deems it necessary, he will; otherwise, he will not.

I have noticed many attempts, recently, to debunk Myatt and his work; to call into question his experiences; his writings; his talents. For instance, some people are questioning whether he really did write some Greek translations; or, if he did, did he just plagiarize them. Some people have gone so far as to suggest that Myatt may not even know Greek, is a self-publicist, was never a monk or that he has some kind of vivid phantasy life, and lives in a phantasy world of his own. What is your opinion?

I do believe some people are envious, and even jealous. Some are just petty, probably vindictive, individuals who for a moment or so may get some sense of actually living – of being alive – by making such claims about someone they do not know. Others, quite simply, are arrogant vain buffoons puffed up with their own self-importance.

Some of those saying, writing, such things or making such claims about Myatt have a hidden agenda – often a political one. That is, they are opposed to either what they regard or assume are his political views or his religious, Islamist, views. Some people with their own agenda have also been trying to discredit Myatt for years. As for me, I feel that he will be more highly regarded, and correctly understood, in future decades; that it will take fifty or possibly even a hundred years or so for his life and works to be fully understood and appreciated, esoterically and exoterically.

Often, those making such claims about him have rushed to pen forth, or speak forth, their views, their opinions, based on little knowledge, little research, and often such people are dishonorable anyway, so their opinions such as they are are worthless, the mere babbling of barbarians. How many of those who make such comments have read all his works? His poetry, for instance; his Greek translations; his private letters; his early and later NS writings; his writings about The Numinous Way, and so on. The Internet has many things to answer for, since it enables the gushing forth of immediate often prejudiced opinions

which can be read by other gushers, world-wide, as it enables the transmission of personal prejudice and ill informed opinion. In this sense, it can stifle real critical thinking; stifle the judgment that slowly arises from self experience and self insight. It enables the worst type of sleazy, tabloid journalism and can make anyone into a sleazy dishonorable journalist.

We can expect much more character assassination, of Myatt, by such people, but there will always be a few who will take the trouble to discover stuff for themselves; a few who will actually think for themselves and who will not immediately form some opinion based on little knowledge or based on someone else's prejudiced views.

How do you think he will be – or should be – regarded in a hundred years time?

As a genuine Mage – a GrandMaster of the Left Hand Path – who has dared to genuinely defy and who has dared to undertake genuine diverse practical experiences and rôles, lasting many years. He makes the charlatans – the Laveys, the Aquinos, the Crowleys – look like charlatans.

For instance, what did Crowley actually do, apart from pose, indulge himself and manufacture a bastard system based firmly on Old Aeon abstractions, on dead archetypal forms, and on the Magian teachings and Magian ideas of the Golden Dawn? What did Lavey actually do, apart from pose, indulge himself and manufacture a bastard system based firmly on Old Aeon abstractions, on dead archetypal forms, and on the Magian system of “demonology”? The same applies to people such as Aquino.

In contrast, Myatt's life has been one of practical adventure, of practical involvement, of practical going to extremes, both “Light and Dark”; of real danger; of creating a very practical system, a Way, which works and which is devoid of mystification; of taking our conscious and esoteric understanding into new realms.

Can we talk about the origin of the term the Order of Nine Angles? Was that taken from another, pre-existing, American based, group, as some people have surmised and claimed?

Not to my knowledge. According to my sources, the term was taken from a medieval alchemical manuscript, written in Arabic, and entitled *Al-Kitab al-Aflak*. What many of those involved with esoteric matters outside the ONA do not know is that many of the Arab alchemists, from whom many of the Western alchemists learned their trade or gained their knowledge from, considered there were nine emanations, or angles, and that there were different forms of Time –

azal and dhar and zamal – for example. Myatt studied such matters, and developed, extended, these ideas, and gave them a modern slant. Hence causal, acausal, nine angles, and so on.

But heck, I have now given away another secret or two!

Are you then saying that Myatt is Anton Long?

To paraphrase someone else, I did not say anything then, and I am not saying anything now. Or, as someone else, in a similar Time and Space, also said – The truth points to itself. To paraphrase Julie Wright, we all must make our own assessment of the man, based on what we know, what we might find, what we believe, or based on our own prejudice and pre-existing opinions. But I will just add that if we do seek, we must expect him to have manufactured various leads, or scattered various pieces of information around, to tease, to divert, to lead astray, and perchance to lead, finally, to the truth, whatever that is. Along the way there may be laughter, or perplexity, or more prejudice – or maybe, for a few, a genuine insight leading them to discover more about themselves, and this world, and the Cosmos itself, and thus emerge as fully-fledged human individuals who have the insight, the ability, to be truly free. Which is one of the primary aims of genuine esoteric Orders. Q.E.D., as they say.

Richard Stirling

ONA

April, 117yf

(Updated April 119 yf)

Comments About The New World Order

The following is taken from an old interview with David Myatt (around 2001 CE although it was first published 2003 CE).

“The most fundamental problem today, and for the next few decades, is the NWO. As I have said and written many times in the past few years if the tyrannical NWO is not dealt with soon, in a practical way, then our future, as a species, may be quite bleak. The NWO must be fought on all levels – it must be engaged on the battlefield, in the lands it has occupied; it must be engaged ideologically; it must be engaged covertly and politically on its own parasitical hosts – the nations of the West, especially America. For the NWO is like a parasite, sucking the life-blood of the West for its own nefarious, ignoble, inhuman ends. Any and all forms which can be used to undermine, weaken, and destroy it must be used. To understand its evil, just consider how far it has

implanted the evil lie of the holocaust hoax into the minds, the very being, of the majority of the peoples of the West – thus mentally controlling them. And this is only the beginning, as the brutal persecution, terror, suffered by the Germans after the First Zionist War was but an intimation of the terror that is now being fostered upon diverse peoples, such as the Palestinians and Muslims like Sheikh Usama bin Laden and the Mujahideen who, understanding the Zionist plan for world control, desire to fight the NWO in a practical way. The sheer hypocrisy – the double-speak – of the NWO is breath-taking, Orwell's *1984* come alive. And what do the majority of people in the West do? Support it, or at least do nothing, so enwrapped are they in the materialistic, hedonistic, dishonourable ethos that the NWO has foisted upon us.

So, in one sense I am part of the acausal flow which is being presented now to try and disrupt, undermine, destroy the NWO, which flow is also being presented by me, as one connexion, to offer numinous, honourable, evolutionary, alternatives to the NWO.

The beginning of such an understanding of such connexions is duty; but that word fails to describe the numinous reality.”

<https://archive.org/details/Nexion-AGuideToSinisterStrategy>

The Deception of David Myatt

Some apposite quotes:

“ I have sometimes had to use deception, for as the Hadith says:

Narrated Ka'b ibn Malik: When the Prophet (salla Allahu 'alayhi wa sallam) intended to go on an expedition, he always pretended to be going somewhere else, and he would say: War is deception. (Abu Dawud, 14, 2629)

We Muslims are indeed at war, and if I have sometimes to deceive the kuffar to achieve things for Islam, to aid my brothers and sisters, I will, provided I do nothing that is dishonourable, or which Islam forbids. ” (Questions About Islam and National Socialism)

“A man of honour may use guile or cunning to deceive his sworn enemies, and his sworn enemies only, provided always that he does not personally benefit from such guile or cunning and provided always that honour is satisfied.” (*The Code of Honour*)

Stalking Myatt: Tales of a Nazi Hacker (And More)

by Pointyhat

In addition to the recent spate of anonymous posts on Internet forums pretending to ask for information about “David Myatt and Islam“, there has been, for several years, other anonymous posts about Myatt, to Internet forums, with titles like “A Nazi Hacker”.

These other posts make the absurd claim that some neo-nazi (or some neo-nazi Satanist) is hacking into the computers of “vulnerable” and/or “disabled” people, and stealing personal information about them. Sometimes Myatt is directly named in these posts; sometimes not, although if he is not directly named then links are given to biased articles about or concerning Myatt, which articles usually make the usual unproven allegations about “involvement with Satanism” and so on. Occasionally, these anonymous posts claim that the writer “has contacted the Police” about the hacking, and that the Police don’t take him/her/it seriously. The posts have appeared on forums as diverse as those about Billy Brag, those to do with “Black politics”, and those to do with education such as the “Association of Jewish Sixth Formers”.

Occasionally, there have been responses to these anonymous posts, with some respondents taking the ludicrous – and always unsubstantiated – claims seriously, and with some realizing they are the posts of a troll, a stalker, or someone with an obsession, with personality problems or some kind of personality disorder.

The total lack of evidence given for the allegations made, directly or indirectly, against Myatt is one of the most obvious features of not only these anonymous posts, but also of the many journalistic articles about Myatt which have regularly appeared and which do regularly appear in newspapers, in periodicals, and on the Internet. More often than not, the allegations revolve around alleged involvement with Satanism, although quite why anyone these days would find such now rather common-place activities startling, heretical, outlandish, or mildly salacious or even interesting, is never explained. Which is why, I suppose, the new anonymous stalker is trying a new angle – of “a nazi hacking the computers of disabled people”. Shock; horror; gasp! Hold the front-page! Let’s make a new BBC Panorama special!

It seems likely that all these anonymous posts about “David Myatt and Islam”, and about a “Nazi hacker”, are by one and the same person, given the content,

the style, the attempts at being clever, and their placement on varying, and world wide, forums. The content almost always includes links to the above mentioned biased Internet articles about Myatt.

It also seems likely that we can expect more such posts by the anonymous person, for this person obviously has a serious obsession with Myatt, and obviously has either some personality disorder or some psychological problem, or – like Myatt’s infamous Zionist stalker - is intent, because of his own religious and/or political views, on trying to somehow discredit Myatt by such anonymous posts.

Perhaps there is only one Myatt stalker out-there in cyber-land: the “original Myatt stalker” (®Trademark) – a.k.a the obsessive Zionist – who has now branched out, and is trying some new anti-Myatt angle. Perhaps there are now two stalkers, the original one, and this “new Myatt stalker” (®Trademark) who is addicted to posting stories about Myatt and who, obviously deluded, sees himself/herself/itself as rather clever by inventing stories about a Nazi hacker and by pretending to ask for information while repeating unproven allegations about Myatt.

Personally, my view is that there are now two Myatt stalkers. But perhaps some more will join this select and always anonymous group, and they will get together to widen the scope of their allegations. How’s about: “David Myatt is an alien from Outer Space”? Or: “Myatt is a vampire and regularly sucks the blood of his victims?” Too outré? OK, how’s about: “Myatt the secret MI5 agent”? Oh, sorry, that’s already been done. Well, then, how’s about: “Myatt the secret cat-burglar”? Or: “Myatt the drug-dealer”. Or even: “I was Myatt’s sex slave and the freaky fiend had a passion for three women in a bed...”

But what does seem clear from these regular anonymous posts which have been regularly occurring for at least seven years is that there are disturbed maladjusted people “out there” who take cowardly advantage of the Internet to anonymously spread their delusions, their fantasies, their prejudices, their unproven allegations – and the lies of others – about Myatt. Part of the human condition, I suppose. Potential opfer, anyone?

The Bad Boys of Satanism

There’s a video entitled *The Bad Boys of Satanism* posted on YouTube about David Myatt and the ONA at:

<http://youtube.com/watch?v=yXWwn3yeueA>

It's not, in fact, a video according to a certain usage of that term (moving images), but rather someone – an American, using the pseudonym Jason King – speaking to camera about Satanism, the ONA and David Myatt.

The speaker makes some good and interesting points, about Myatt and the ONA, stating that in his opinion:

(1) The Order of Nine Angles is the work of one man and one man alone: that is, David Myatt;

(2) The ONA is a genuinely sinister organization [i.e. striving to disrupt and cause Chaos and destruction], and that Myatt is a genius for creating it and obviously well understands the Occult in general and Satanism in particular;

(3) The ONA has in effect created a new mythos;

(4) Myatt is a dangerous individual who is a “psychopath”.

(5) Myatt's conversion to Islam is just a ruse, and he's only using radical Islam to further his sinister, his Satanic, aims.

The speaker is also of the opinion that (a) Myatt's ulterior motive – his primary aim – is a neo-Nazi one, and that Myatt is still a neo-Nazi; and that (b) the term “nine angles” was taken from Aquino's so-called “Rite of the Nine Angles”, a point addressed by – and to some extent refuted by – the ONA in several of their documents, including **Questions About David Myatt – An Interview with Richard Stirling, Exoteric Representative of the ONA:**

Can we talk about the origin of the term the Order of Nine Angles? Was that taken from another, pre-existing, American based, group, as some people have surmised and claimed?

Not to my knowledge. According to my sources, the term was taken from a medieval alchemical manuscript, written in Arabic, and entitled Al-Kitab al-Aflak. What many of those involved with esoteric matters outside the ONA do not know is that many of the Arab alchemists, from whom many of the Western alchemists learned their trade or gained their knowledge from, considered there were nine emanations, or angles, and that there were different forms of Time – azal and dhar and zamal – for example. Myatt studied such matters, and developed, extended, these ideas, and gave them a modern slant. Hence causal, acausal, nine angles, and so on.

But that, like they say, is just another man's view.

David Myatt: 5GW Operative, MI5 Agent, Trickster Mage – Or Simply Muslim?

For those that don't know, 5GW is "fifth generation war" which is a modern development of guerrilla warfare in which so-called "superempowered individuals" – often using modern technology – go around creating chaos and doing "terrible terrorist deeds". The prediction of some conspiracy theorists is that "we've seen nothing yet" and that some of these "superempowered individuals" will cause carnage on an unprecedented scale. Such individuals are prefigured in people like Timothy McVeigh.

A 5GW Operative is someone who does "spooky action at a distance" – who is acting on behalf of those "powers-behind-the-scenes" that like to use chaos, and especially so-called "terrorist attacks", as a pretext for increased government control, increased surveillance, and government tyranny. That is, such an operative is a new version of the traditional "spook" – someone who works alone and is ruthless.

According to some conspiracy theorists, David Myatt is at the very least an MI5 agent, and possibly a 5GW Operative, who has spent decades supporting ultra-violent causes, and inciting hatred and conflict and terrorism. Here is a quote from a recent article about some 5GW Operatives:

"David Myatt wears many masks: he's a leading neo-nazi philosopher, he's a Satanic occultist, and he's also a radical Islamic cleric. Sounds crazy and gets far stranger than that..." (The Language of Power – article mentioning Myatt on *Skilluminati Research* blog, dated April 23, 2008)

Thus, Myatt's role – according to such theories – has been to create "terrorist scares" (so as to give the government the excuse to "crack down on extremism and terrorism") and to recruit individuals to do dastardly things. Individuals like David Copeland, or – more recently perhaps – some of the many, many British Muslims who in the past four years have plotted to massacre hundreds, if not thousands, of people in Britain, and elsewhere, and all but a few of which have been caught before they could explode their bombs.

According to such theories, the ONA – for example – was part of a spooky clandestine plan to recruit and train ruthless individuals who would be directed to cause chaos, and undertake the odd murder, or assassination or two, or let off the occasional bomb, and to generally create "terrorist scares".

According to such theories, Myatt's role in Combat 18 – for example – was very simple:

There's much suspicion, on both the left and right, that Combat 18 “*was created by Britain's internal security service MI5 to discredit the BNP while acting as a honey trap, or sting operation, designed to attract the most violent neo-Nazis in Britain into a single organization, where they could be monitored more easily.*” (Nine Angles of Separation – an article about Myatt on the *Rigorous Intuition* blog, dated August 18, 2005)

According to such theories, Myatt has been a government spook for most of his adult life, having been recruited while at University, and having been trained by Column 88, which was part of the UK arm of NATO's secret Gladio Cold War organization, whose task was to conduct sabotage in the event of a Soviet invasion of Western Europe. Even Myatt's two terms of imprisonment for violence are easily explained away by the parameters of this spook theory: designed to give him credibility in the violent milieu of the racist Right.

There is a rather neat symmetry to this theory about Myatt. To quote from the *Rigorous Intuition* article again:

“Is Myatt an agent provocateur, a shit-disturber who can't settle upon a radical philosophy, something more, or something less? It's difficult to assess motive, but consider that he has been arrested numerous times for such things as writing and disseminating “practical terrorist guides” on suspicion of conspiracy to murder. These cases have always been dropped due to “lack of evidence.” Does he enjoy protection? The record is suggestive that he does. And if it appears so, then we should ask the next question: Why?

Myatt may seem to have flitted from one politico-religious philosophy to another, but **there is a terrible thread of continuity and rigour through his life and writings that suggests he is much more than a disingenuous provocateur.** Naziism and Islamicism have served, in turn, as modalities of disruption for what remains at core an occult working to sow general chaos and division – the necessary passage of “Helter Skelter” to break down the Old Order, before the founding of the New.

So again: whose interests are served by there being a David Myatt? Is he his own man – or *men* – or does he belong to someone else? Or is it something else – an intelligence service perhaps...”

But it's surely all too easy to interpret past actions, and writings, according to a certain theory. A certain theory which is – Simple? Absolutely. Satisfying? –

certainly; giving symmetry? – indeed. But it doesn't seem convincing, to me, once one starts to question it; there are, perhaps, too many inconsistencies. Such as – Myatt's time as a Christian monk. Such as – Myatt's Nature-loving, often mystical, often sad poetry, which is certainly at odds with the image of a ruthless (if not sociopathic) agent. Such as – Myatt's personal letters and wrings (especially in the last three years) which seem to reveal a somewhat sensitive man, and is certainly at odds with the hate-filled, psychotic, rabid Jew-hating individual he is often portrayed to be.

Yet the supporters of such a theory about Myatt might well point out (and some of them have) that such "inconsistencies" are deliberate creations (by a master Trickster – a Master *Shrencher* in ONA-speak), designed to throw us off the scent, as it were. Convenient? You bet – like most conspiracy theories, which can always explain away those most inconvenient facts which seem to contradict the cherished theory.

For myself, I think there are two more reasonable, more plausible, explanations for the strange peregrinations evident in Myatt's strange life.

The first – accepted by people like Julie Wright, who has extensively studied Myatt's life and who knows him personally – is that:

"Myatt has been steadfastly and loyally following the sinister, Occult, path he chose nearly four decades ago, and that his exploits, experiences and involvements, have been and are linked to this path in two ways. Firstly, and to use the terminology of the ONA, part of his own inner quest, that is, internal magick – a magick which creates a new individual, two stages of which are Adeptship and Master. Secondly, part of the sinister strategy of the ONA, that is, aeonic magick which aims to change, disrupt, society itself – "to presence the dark" – and create some kind of warrior society, Dark Imperium or Galactic Empire. To achieve his aims he has ruthlessly – that is, Satanically – used such things as National Socialism, paganism, terrorism and even Islam." (*David Myatt: A Sinister Life?*)

In this scenario, even Myatt's Islam is a role. That is, he assumed the role of radical Muslim to further his own Occultic sinister, Satanic, agenda.

The second explanation is that Myatt's life-long quest has been a profoundly individual one, which has indeed taken him from one (apparent) extreme to another (apparent) extreme, and that's it 's been for him a voyage of personal (and Promethean) discovery.

Thus, it's all a question of Myatt's intent – of whether he's been deliberately, and for decades, pursuing some sort of “sinister (or even neo-nazi) strategy”, or whether he's just been an individual traveler, going his own way in his own time, learning from the experiences, and possibly taking a few of us to “where no one has gone before”.

There is, however, a third explanation – which I personally tend to favor – and this explanation is rather a blend of the previous two explanations. In this third scenario, Myatt started out with perhaps a sinister (and/or a neo-nazi) intent, but has in recent years – due to, as he says in many personal writings, *pathei mathos* – moved far away from this, as seems evident, for example, in his many (now unacknowledged) recent writings about The Numinous Way, which writings extol the virtue of compassion, personal love, and empathy. Thus, in the process, he has gone beyond National Socialism, beyond the Occult as manifest in the ONA, and beyond Islam, to create his own unique philosophy, which is evident in his recent poems, his recent personal letters and his most recent writings about The Numinous Way, which recent writings seems to have taken him beyond even “the abstraction of the folk” (refer to Note 1 below) to something seemingly entirely new, rather mystical and certainly ethical.

At this point, some comment should certainly be made about the many personal writings, and letters, and articles (about The Numinous Way) which have been circulating these past three years and which have been attributed to – but are publicly unacknowledged by – Myatt. My own, personal, view of this matter is that these items represent where Myatt is now, in his personal exploration; that is, they reflect his own thinking, his personal philosophy, his own beliefs, if you will, resulting from his decades-long and varied quest. However, he – at least for the moment – continues to project, to have, a rather different public image, which is that of still being Muslim. Why? In my view for two reasons. The first reason is because he still feels honorably bound by “the oath of loyalty” he gave on becoming Muslim, and the second is that he still regards radical Islam as the most effective practical way to fight “the dishonor of the New World Order” and so does not wish to publicly criticize it in any way.

Of course, I'm making assumptions here, and it's only fair to give Myatt's public comments on such matters, which are that he's still a committed Muslim, and that (1) he did continue to develop The Numinous Way, for a while as a Muslim, but “as a Muslim, I regard my earlier philosophy, which I first called “Folk Culture” and then *The Numinous Way*, as kufr – a concealment of the reality, the truth, of Tawheed, and thus as a manifestation of Jahiliyyah” and (2) that some dates on some articles of his have been altered or added by “various people”; and there are some forgeries in circulation.

But – despite all this, despite all my ramblings, above – I’m sure most people will prefer the simplicity of either the conspiracy theory about Myatt, or the “sinister intent”/satanist theory about him, propounded by the likes of Julie Wright, and *Searchlight*. For, let’s face it, such theories – however fanciful or simplistic – are just so much more interesting and entertaining.

RS
April 2008 CE

Notes:

(1) See – for example – the updated version (dated 2454577.317) of his essay *Pride and Presumption*, the updated version of *The Development of The Numinous Way and Other Questions* (Revised 2454576.039) and Version 2.01 of his *FAQ About The Numinous Way*.

David Myatt and Cooperation between Muslims and Neo-Nazis

Introduction and Overview

According to Professor George Michael, Myatt has “arguably done more than any other theorist to develop a synthesis of the extreme right and Islam.” [See Footnote 1]

Some years before the events of 9/11, and not long after his conversion to Islam, David Myatt outlined a strategy which involved National Socialists – and others on the extreme or “radical” Right – cooperating with radical, Jihadi Muslims in what he called “a world-wide struggle against our common enemies.” He identified these enemies as Zionists, international capitalism, and the New World Order.

The Aim

The immediate aim was the counter – both practically and ideologically – the influence and power of these enemies, with the eventual aim being the creation of a Khilafah, for Muslims, and a new racial nationalist, or National Socialist, government in one or more countries of the West.

To accomplish this strategy, Myatt set out to redefine National Socialism and racial nationalism – to, in his words, make them into honourable, and ethical,

ways of life, although in his early days he conceived this more as a rediscovery of what he called “genuine National-Socialism”. Thus, he defined National Socialism as a combination of honour, loyalty and duty, stating that:

“What has hitherto not been very well understood in respect of National-Socialism, is that it is not race which defines our humanity – it is honour and reason. Race is our relation to Nature: how Nature is expressed, is manifest, in us. As such race is important and indeed vital; but so is honour. It is the combination of an acceptance of both race and honour which is National-Socialism. An affirmation of race without an affirmation honour is not National-Socialism, just as an affirmation of honour without an affirmation of race is not National-Socialism. It is this living, organic, dialectic of honour and race which defines National-Socialism itself, and a National-Socialist is an individual who strives to do their honourable duty to both their own race and Nature herself, of which other human races are a part. That is, a National-Socialist must always be honourable, whatever the consequences, or the perceived consequences.”
Idealism, the Third Reich and the Essence of National-Socialism

In respect of National Socialist Germany, he wrote:

“With the defeat of Germany and its allies in the First Zionist War, National-Socialism was purified, emerging as a complete way of life, centred around honour, loyalty and duty. The political compromises needed to achieve power were gone, as were the supporters who did not understand or live up to the ideals of National-Socialism. The essence emerged as the shell covering the essence was destroyed in the crucible of that war. People who have described this essence include Savitri Devi, Miguel Serrano, and Leon Degrelle.

Since we now consciously understand this essence, it is possible to create – and only now possible to create – a genuine National-Socialist society. This would be an entirely new type of society and while the inspiration would be National-Socialist Germany, it would in many ways be very different, although it would manifest the same ethos, the same ideals.”
Islam and National-Socialism

He then went on to state that:

A National-Socialist.....is a person who upholds the ideals of personal honour, who is loyal to those given loyalty and who strives to do their noble duty to their

own people, and to Nature. A true National-Socialist lives by honour, and strives to do what is noble, just, and fair.

Honour means treating individuals with respect, with courtesy, regardless of the race or culture of those individuals, as it says in the National-Socialist Code of Honour. Honour means being fair. Racial prejudice – that is, judging someone by their race or culture – is unfair, because it is a pre-judging of others, and honour demands you only ever judge someone on the basis of personal knowledge of them.

Judgement of a person on the basis of race is like judgement of a person on the basis of hearsay, rumours, gossip – it shows a lack of honourable character on the part of the individual who so “judges”. *Islam and National-Socialism*

He further stated that:

How should we treat those – like others races, and Muslims – who now live in what were once our own, Aryan-only, homelands? Our own ethics provide the answer. We must be honourable, fair, and just. To treat such people with hatred, to be disrespectful toward them and their way of life, is dishonourable.

Our way is about love of our own folk; about being proud of our culture and heritage, respectful of the culture of other people and respectful of people who belong to other races and who live according to beliefs and ways different from ours. Our way is to honourably (and I stress honourably) strive for our own homeland where we can live according to our own Aryan laws. Such an honourable striving means seeking to find fair, just, rational, solutions to the problems of our times. *Aliens and National-Socialism*

The Reasoning

One of the reasons which David Myatt gave for such an alliance, such cooperation, was outlined in his essay *Why Islam Is Our Ally* in which he stated:

“The respect that people like Leon Degrelle, Otto Ernst Remer and Adolf Hitler had for Islam arose from their understanding that Islam – authentic Islam – was the way of life of honourable warriors and produced a noble warrior society.

It was this respect – based upon honour – which also led to the alliance with Japan, for Adolf Hitler and other National-Socialists understood that

the ethos of Imperial Japan was a noble warrior ethos: that the Japan of the time was seeking to restore Japanese values and a Japanese way of life, valuing as it did its ancient traditions, such as Bushido. The essence of this way was the rootedness in the past – in Shinto and Bushido – with each individual seeing their own life in relation to Japan, and its ethos. That is, there was a real sense of Destiny – a real honourable and warrior ethos where individuals were willing and prepared to sacrifice their own lives for the greater good, for their unique way of life. This pure, authentic, Japanese ethos is in complete contrast to the materialistic, consumer-capitalist ethos which now dominates Japan, and which is a direct result of their “Americanization” following their defeat in the First Zionist War – and it is this “Americanization” which the New World Order now seeks to impose upon the whole Muslim world, since the Muslim world is now the last bastion for warriors: for the practical warrior way of life which values tradition, the warrior ethos, and which, because of honour, has an awareness, an understanding, of the numinous – that is, an awareness, an understanding, of the sacred.

For, in all genuine warrior societies, there is this awareness and understanding of the numinous – there is that perspective, of genuine humility, which arises when the individual sees themselves in relation to what is beyond them and understands that there are limits to personal behaviour, and that some things are sacred: to be treasured. That is, their view of life is not that of materialism or of abstract impersonal un-numinous ideas – instead, they are connected, to their land, their people, their traditions, in a living way; they feel this, in their very being, and are prepared if necessary, and often willingly, to die for such things.

In essence, this is what the present conflict between Islam and the NWO is all about – the conflict between the warrior way of life and the materialistic, arrogant, profane ways of the modern West. It is a conflict between a living cultural tradition which is numinous (authentic Islam) – which values what is sacred and living – and an arrogant, soul-less, tyrannical power, the NWO. It is in truth a continuation of the armed struggle which began with the triumph of National-Socialism in Germany, and with the resurgence of an independent Japan. All three of these ways of life were and are essentially warrior ways – and all three were a direct challenge to the soul-less, the un-numinous, ignoble and profane materialism represented by the Zionist-dominated “West” with its capitalist-consumer culture and its dishonourable arrogance.”

David Myatt's National Socialist Ideology and the Importance of Honour

It is clear from many of his later (post 1997 CE) writings on National Socialism – such as *The Meaning of National-Socialism* (Third Edition, 115yf); *The Theology of National-Socialism* and *The Complete Guide to the Aryan Way of Life* - that Myatt sought to construct a new ideology which would be ethical and based upon both honour and a desire to conserve and extend the different races which he, and others, considered were creations of Nature.

Indeed, it would perhaps be fair to claim that it was the development of the ethical framework for this ideology that eventually took him away from National Socialism and caused him to develop what he first called the way, or philosophy, of Folk Culture, then called *The Numinous Way of Folk Culture*, and eventually called *The Numinous Way*.

With this new philosophy – which he explained in numerous articles and essays [See Footnote 2] – he developed the concepts, the ideas, of what he called The Cosmic Being, of Nature as a manifestation (or presencing) of this Being, and of honour as a manifestation of numinosity, of our true human nature, which he asserted was to evolve toward empathy and reason through excellence and self-control by pursuing idealism (or, as he later described it, by the pursuit of the numinous) and by using the power of our will.

His development of this new philosophy took him, over a period of some years, far beyond what he called the old un-numinous and dishonourable abstractions such as The State and political ideology, toward empathy and compassion, and he even made a distinction – in essays such as *The Concept of The Folk* and *The Clan and The Numinous Way* and *Does Race Matter? A Controversial Answer and a New Ethical Beginning* – between a race and a folk. He even went so far as to state:

“We must reform, evolve, ourselves through accepting a Cosmic morality that does not depend on amoral, inhuman, abstractions and which does not claim to have been revealed by some deity. For it is the struggle for abstractions, for abstract ideals – the struggle to implement such things – which is inhuman, which always leads to suffering, however noble and fine such ideals or abstractions might seem, and our foremost, fundamental, principle must be to alleviate suffering, to cease to cause suffering to any human being, or to any living thing.” *Honour, Empathy and the Question of Suffering*

Thus, he began to conceive of this Numinous Way as entirely non-political – as a personal “Way of Life”, a living in harmony with Nature, where there was an individual desire to avoid causing suffering:

“According to The Numinous Way, the change of agitation, of political strife, of revolution, of armed struggle, is a causal change, based in causal Time, and often or mostly causes suffering, creates suffering, adds to suffering, and more often than not does not contribute to the development of genuine inner harmony, to the presencing of the numinous. That is, it undermines and often destroys the beauty of Life, as the changes it provokes or causes or almost always only temporary ones, lasting a few years, a few decades, at most a hundred years or so. Thus, the suffering such causal provocations cause does not achieve what the adherents of such provocations believe they do. I, in my limited way, know this from experience, for I made this mistake myself, many times over the decades.”
The Development of The Numinous Way and Other Questions

Hence, also, his advocacy of such things as vegetarianism (see for example his essays *Some Practical Consequences of Cosmic Ethics*, and *The Numinous Way of Life*).

All this, of course, took him far away from his earlier aim of cooperation between Muslims and National Socialists, an aim which he finally seemed to abandon around two years ago for reasons connected with his commitment to, and propagation of, what many term a radical, extremist, Islamist ideology, although Myatt himself – and many Muslims – decry the use of such “kaffir” terms in the context of Islam [See Footnote 3].

In respect of abandoning seeking such cooperation, Myatt wrote:

“I gradually came to understand two things. Firstly, that the majority of people involved today with the idea of racial separation, however they described themselves politically, were entrenched with their prejudiced attitudes, with their dislike, even hatred, of Islam and Muslims, but above all with an innate sense of superiority regarding what they called “Western civilization, culture, and values” which many if not most of them regarded as the creation of their own “superior” (or more “intelligent”) White race. Thus did many of them support the invasion of Iraq and Afghanistan by the Zionist-Crusader alliance, and thus did many of them say and write offensive things about Islam, about Muslims and about our beloved Prophet (salla Allahu ‘alayhi wa sallam). Hence, the more I pursued this strategy of co-operation, the more I became aware of the wide gulf, the difference, between us: the more acutely I felt, knew and understood, the nobility, the honour, of Muslims (and especially of the

Mujahideen) who strove to obey only Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala, and the hypocrisy, the dishonour, the arrogance, the hubris, the decadence, of the kuffar of the modern West. Perhaps, I thought – remembering what a loyal Comrade of Adolf Hitler once said to me – honourable National-Socialism had indeed died among the ruins of the Third Reich and with the defeat of the SS.

Secondly, I came to understand – as a result of my own deepening understanding of Deen Al-Islam aided by Muslims far more knowledgeable than I – that there really was no need for such co-operation: that my duty, as a Muslim, lay in presenting Islam, as it was, to the Unbelievers, and in personally striving to uphold, defend, and make the Word of Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala supreme.” Autobiographical Notes, Part 2 (dated *Revised 1427*)

“In respect of the so-called “extreme Right”, this means we want them to revert to Deen Al-Islam – to reject the Taghut of “race and nation” – to thus discover their true nature, their fitrah, as Muslims who bow down to only Allah Subhanahu wa Ta'ala and who are thus prepared to undertake Jihad *as Muslims*.”

Myatt's Writings

Myatt's writings can be roughly divided into several categories:

- 1) His pre-1998 CE National Socialist and political writings, which were often polemical, strident, and sometimes racist.
- 2) His post 1998 CE National Socialist writings, where he began to develop his ethical view of National Socialism.
- 3) His early writings regarding Folk Culture, where he began to write about “the Cosmic Being”.
- 4) His later writings regarding *The Numinous Way* where he fully developed his ethical philosophy regarding empathy, compassion, and suffering.
- 5) His personal writings (private letters and poetry).
- 6) His early writings about Islam, from around 2000 CE
- 7) His later (2006 CE and subsequent) writings about Islam, where he began to write about *Deen Al-Islam*, Siyasaḥ and so on.

Myatt's writings regarding cooperation between Muslims and National Socialists fall into categories (2) and (3) above.

DL
Reichsfolk
119yf

Footnotes:

(1) Michael, George. *The Enemy of My Enemy: The Alarming Convergence of Militant Islam and the Extreme Right*. University Press of Kansas (2006 CE).

(2) A reasonable understanding of Myatt's The Numinous Way can be obtained by reading the following essays:

Frequently Asked Questions About The Numinous Way (version 1.5)

A Brief Analysis of The Immorality of Abstraction

The Numinous Way and the Way of The Folk

The Development of The Numinous Way and Other Questions

Cosmic Ethics and the Meaning of Life

Ontology, Ethics and The Numinous Way

The Social, Personal and Family Values of The Numinous Way

A Numinous Future – Beyond The State and The Nation

(3) Myatt has written – in the past two years and using his Muslim name Abdul-Aziz ibn Myatt – many articles describing why Muslims should not use “kaffir” terms such as “ideology” and “extremism” in connection with Islam . See, for example, *The Revival of Aql* (dated 30 Zhul al-Qidah 1428) and *Challenging the Kuffar, Changing the Focus* (dated 7 Safar 1429).

David Myatt and Searchlight Rumours

Searchlight is a British monthly magazine produced by the anti-fascist Searchlight organization, which was founded in 1970's by several Jewish anti-fascist activists. For over twenty years – beginning in the February 1984 issue – Searchlight regularly repeated rumors about, and made allegations concerning, Myatt's alleged involvement with Satanism. *Searchlight's* attacks on Myatt culminated in the April 1998 issue of the magazine which featured a photograph of Myatt – taken during a Combat 18 demonstration in London – on the front cover together with the headline “The Most Evil Nazi in Britain...” and a five-page story about Myatt and the Order of Nine Angles (ONA). In addition, Searchlight devoted two-pages to Myatt – under the headline *David Myatt: Theoretician of Terror* – in its “Special Edition” of July 2000 devoted to the London Nail-bomber, David Copeland.

The common feature of all these Searchlight stories about Myatt are: (1) the allegations that he is a Satanist, and that he either founded and leads the Order of Nine Angles, or is “a leading member” of the ONA; and (2) a lack of any evidence supporting these allegations.

Thus, and for instance, the article in the April 1998 issue boldly states: “Formed by Myatt himself in the 1980s, the ONA is a secret society that prides itself on following traditional Satanism...” No evidence whatsoever is presented to support this assumption that Myatt formed the ONA. Likewise, no evidence is presented elsewhere for Myatt's involvement in either the ONA or with Satanism in general. The only shred of “evidence” they could find is that Thormynd Press, which published some of Myatt's National Socialist writings and was set-up by Myatt himself, once allegedly shared a Post Office Box with another publisher who published some ONA writings. When asked about this, in an 1997 interview with Nick Lowles (now the Editor of the *Searchlight* magazine) Myatt simply stated that he was simply, and for a short period only, doing a favor for a “long-standing friend” some of whose views and activities he personally did not agree with. Neither Lowles nor anyone from *Searchlight* investigated the matter further, even though Myatt's comment to Lowles is confirmed by private letters written by Myatt some years earlier to Professor Jeffrey Kaplan, author of several books in which Myatt is mentioned. [See, for example, footnote #51 of Kaplan's book *Nation and Race* which also mentions a letter Myatt wrote, in July 1994, to a Mr Williams, stating that Myatt's Occult involvement, such as it was, was mainly in the 1970's and part of a clandestine campaign - which he elsewhere admitted he later abandoned - to convert some of those individuals to National Socialism.]

More recently, several newspaper articles about Myatt – which reproduce *Searchlight's* allegations of Occult involvement by Myatt (without providing any evidence) – have included quotes from *Searchlight's* Gerry Gable which continued *Searchlight's* attempts to defame and smear Myatt, alleging, for example, that Myatt was just using radical Islam to further his “anti-Establishment agenda” and that he was still a fanatical neo-nazi who was only pretending to be a Muslim.

In addition, a few years after the BBC Panorama program about Copeland which featured Myatt (which program was edited by a certain Nick Lowles) *Searchlight* seemed to change its tactics regarding Myatt. They ceased describing him as “a dangerous man” and instead said: “Myatt is a self-publicist who has claimed to have taken up many guises, including being a monk. Satanism is probably his overriding inspiration. He still supports neo-Nazi groups and contributes to their websites...” According to Myatt’s biographer, Julie Wright:

“This is certainly a shift in the tactics of his political opponents – Myatt has gone from being ignored (perhaps they hoped he would go away) to being portrayed as a hardened fanatic who is a “dangerous man” to now being portrayed as someone who just sits at home, on the Internet, and who has a “delusional fantasy life”. In fact, Myatt has such a “delusional fantasy life” that one journalist would only meet him with a former SAS soldier for a bodyguard; such a “delusional fantasy life” that the BBC film crew took along a pair of heavyweight “minders” when they interviewed him; and such a “delusional fantasy life” that another journalist – a fit, young, well-built and active man – was so fearful of Myatt’s reputation as a man of violence who “always carries a weapon” that he refused to meet Myatt on a not very isolated hill-top above an English town. Perhaps this journalist was aware that it once took seven Police Officers from the elite S012 unit to arrest Myatt early one morning.”

Furthermore, and somewhat strangely, the avowedly anti-fascist *Searchlight* has made no recent comment on the fact that Myatt – a Muslim since 1998 – has, many times in the past three years, publicly renounced his former neo-nazi views and confirmed his commitment to Islam, a commitment which precludes any involvement whatsoever with Satanism. Presumably, no such comment has been forthcoming by them because such a public disavowal, by Myatt, of his former views – and his apparent acceptance by other Muslims – means that their old tactics of defaming Myatt by accusing him of being a Satanist, and still a neo-nazi, would no longer work. Or possibly they have just lost interest in the man.

But, somewhat bizarrely, Michael Whine, Chairman of the Board of Deputies of British Jews, has been quoted as saying, in respect of Myatt:

“I would advise all Muslims to have nothing to do with this man.”

Which seems rather a strange comment to make – a Zionist Jew, leader of the most influential Jewish organization in Britain, telling Muslims what to do. Perhaps, after all, they do still regard him as “a dangerous man”.

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- * *Sunday Mercury* 16 February 2003
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- * Julie Wright: *David Myatt, Islam, National Socialism and Racism*
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- * Abdul-Aziz ibn Myatt: *Live Dialogue on Sheikh Qaradawi’s website*
- * *Questions to ibn Myatt: Islamic Awakening Forum*

David Myatt and Islam

David Myatt and Islam: A Plethora of Posts From a Stalker

Introduction

The following item about Myatt – under various titles including *David Myatt and Islam* – has been appearing on many, mainly political, forums, world-wide, within the last month, and is posted under various user names.

So far, there have been about fifteen forums infested with this message, all of which messages are identical, which certainly does indicate a concerted campaign of disinformation by (probably) just one individual who has a rather unhealthy obsession with Myatt.

I say “disinformation” because the person makes a rather silly pretense of doing some “research” and asking for information about Myatt, stating that “the only information from independent sources that I can find is...” and then gives links to two sites which are far from being “independent sources”. One is a conspiracy site by a conspiracy nut; the other is a political organization which has been posting various unsubstantiated allegations about Myatt for over twenty years, and which is itself rumored to be linked to Britain’s MI5 (see the Wikipedia article about this “Searchlight” group for more info).

It is a silly pretense about asking for information about Myatt, because:

Anyone who’s seriously interested in the relationship that may exist between some Muslims and the far Right would have found and read Professor Michael’s book about the subject – *The Enemy of My Enemy: The Alarming Convergence of Militant Islam and the Extreme Right* - which provides some good info.

Anyone who’s seriously interested in David Myatt would have found the Wikipedia article about him

which provides a fairly balanced overview of the man, and gives references for further research.

The person also makes at least three factual errors in his two short paragraphs. The errors are:

(1) “he announced to the world”. Wrong – Myatt kept quiet about it for nearly two years.

(2) “It made quite an impact in the UK press at the time”. Wrong. It went unnoticed until two years later, after Myatt featured on BBC Panorama program about Copeland. Even then, there were only a few articles about Myatt.

(3) “since then I have heard nothing”. Wrong. Like I said, he missed the full page article in *The Times* newspaper, and Myatt’s Q&A session on Sheikh Qaradawi’s website, and Myatt’s interesting article “*From Neo-Nazi to Muslim*” which has appeared on many Islamic websites, including recently one in the UK, and one in Thailand.

The sources given by this obvious cyber-stalker are clearly hostile ones despite the stalker writing “I don’t think either of them is a hostile source...” [regarding *Searchlight*, see the upcoming article “*David Myatt and Searchlight*” which will appear on this blog soon].

It is possible that the offending author of the offending post is the young Canadian-based Zionist who has a Myatt obsession and who has been stalking Myatt for over seven years.

I reproduce the item in question as it has appeared on such forums, complete with links.

The Offending Post

I am interested in the relationship between Muslim extremism and the far Right.

A few years ago a guy called David Myatt announced to the world that he was converting to the muslim faith. Up to that point he had a strong involvement with various neo-nazi political groups. It made quite an impact in the UK press at the time, but since then I have heard nothing. The only information from independent sources that I can find is this:

<http://rigorousintuition.yuku.com/topic/821/t/David-Myatt-Searchlight-article.html>

and this:

http://www.declarepeace.org.uk/captain/murder_inc/site/nazi.html

Please help out if you can find anything else on this.

I haven't put any gaps in my links because I don't think either of them is a hostile source. If there are any problems, will the Moderator please get in touch and I will change them.

Update and Addendum:

More on the New Myatt Stalker:

As reported above, an anonymous person has been posting dozens of messages to forums, world-wide, pretending to be doing some "research" into either David Myatt or into cooperation between Muslims and neo-nazis.

I write "pretending", for the reasons given above, but to summarize: the obvious intent of this new stalker is to try to discredit Myatt by posting links to biased articles containing unproven allegations against Myatt while claiming that he/she "can only find" the posted "independent" links which are far from being "independent".

In a new twist, the stalker posted an even more obsequious message that usual on an Islamic forum, giving the "usual two biased links", as before, but added a quote from a forged item – questioning Myatt commitment to Islam – the like of which quote the Zionist stalker (famous for his failed attempts to discredit Myatt on the Islamic Awakening forum) has posted several times before.

This post – like some of the other posts by the new stalker – drew the attention of a certain Myatt fan: someone who finds Myatt's life interesting and respects his conversion to Islam. So, the fan replied to the stalker's message on the Islamic forum, pointing out that the new stalker was *possibly* the Zionist who had insulted the Prophet, Muhammad (which insult, many Muslims believe, carries the death penalty for Muslims and non-Muslims alike) and who had been stalking Myatt for around seven years.

This reply elicited an excited response from the new stalker: "I am so cross...Why is he stalking me?" he wrote, trying to deflect attention from his own stalking of Myatt by accusing the Myatt fan of *stalking him*, a familiar, and rather cry-baby, tactic which the "old" Zionist stalker had also tried to use on numerous occasions, on Usenet and elsewhere. Obviously the new stalker forgets that he is the one who posted dozens of messages about Myatt, under various, different, user-names, pretending to ask to "information", perhaps believing that he/she is being very clever by posting what they believe is a "cleverly crafted" message.

The stalker also accused the Myatt fan of being Myatt, another common ruse employed by obsessives in cyberspace obsessed with getting their obsession across.

Here is one of the replies by the Myatt fan (who for some conspiratorial reason often uses the user-name raffy) to the reply by the person who does seem to be rather obsessed with Myatt in a somewhat negative sort of way.

Anyone of any sagacity can see right through your “polite request” for info – as I pointed out in my first reply to your initial post.

Instead of answering the points I made about your post being just a trick to spread malicious rumors and allegations about Myatt, you now just use the tired old Usenet-type tactic of making accusations against me, of trying to shift the focus away from your factual errors, of which there are many.

So, what about the many factual errors contained in your original short post?

Thus, I repeat my points:

- 1) If you really are doing some serious research, then you would have found far more than the two spurious so-called “independent” items you linked to. Items such as books by Professor Kaplan, and Professor Michael.
- 2) If you had done even some preliminary, elementary research you would have found that Myatt did not “announce his conversion” to the world, as you claimed.
- 3) What about your error that “It made quite an impact in the UK press at the time...”? It went unnoticed for almost two years.
- 4) What about your error that “since then I have heard nothing...” ? Like I wrote, you missed the full page story in The Times newspaper; you missed Myatt’s question and answer session on Sheikh Qaradawi’s website. You missed an awful lot more.
- 5) What about your erroneous claim that the two sources you could find (obviously your Google or Yahoo searches are very different from mine) are “independent”? They are not independent in any shape or form. One makes the claim – without providing any evidence – that Myatt was/is an MI5 agent, and one is a *political* organization which even many on the Left in Britain find somewhat dubious because of its (alleged) links with MI5 and its past divisive actions within the Left. The people at Searchlight are just part of The Fourth

estate: they do not deal in facts, but in innuendo, smear, allegations and assumptions.

As for the allegation that Myatt is MI5, this has now been taken further, with claims that he's a 5GW operative (wow!) – but again, proof is lacking. It's just assumption.

See

http://www.skilluminati.com/Research/entry/the_language_of_power

and

<http://aboutmyatt.wordpress.com/2008/04/25/myatt-5gw-operative-mi5-agent-trickster-mage-or-simply-muslim/>

So, the conclusion is – due to all these errors and mistakes – that your post is just a ruse to spread unsubstantiated allegations about Myatt. If it was not, you would at the very least have given some other links which balanced the biased view of Searchlight – which, BTW, *never* presented any evidence for their allegations, ever. Check out:

<http://aboutmyatt.wordpress.com/2008/04/20/david-myatt-and-searchlight-rumors/>

Identity of the New Stalker Revealed?

Update, May 9, 2008 CE

Someone drew my attention, the other day, to a remarkable similarity between the many messages about Myatt, mentioned above, and messages posted some months ago, on forums like Stormfront, asking questions about a certain Richard Moulton (ex-ONA).

The identity of the Moulton stalker/troublemaker is well-known among esoteric-minded folk of the sinister kind (a few of whom have “put a hex on him”). This particular individual hails from Shropshire, and he has something of an unsavory reputation as a wife-beater, has a personal grudge against Moulton, and has tried to sell stories of Moulton's involvement with the ONA, and with Myatt's Reichsfolk, to various British tabloid newspapers, who just weren't interested.

So, it's possible that this person has now turned his attentions – for whatever warped reasons – to Myatt (a former personal friend of Moulton's).

But it's also possible, of course, that it's just the old Zionist Myatt stalker (of Islamic Awakening forum fame) trying out new tactics, which have failed miserably.

David Myatt: Muslim, Nazi, or Satanist?

There has been much discussion, on the Internet, in published articles and books, about whether or not David Myatt is or is not Anton Long; whether or not he is, or was, involved with (or founded) The Order of Nine Angles; and whether he is a Nazi, a Satanist or – as he himself now claims – a Muslim.

The salient facts are, briefly, as follows:

- 1) Despite many claims, no one has ever produced any evidence in support of the allegation, assumption and rumor that Myatt is Anton Long.
- 2) Myatt has always consistently denied being Anton Long.
- 3) Myatt has always denied being a Satanist, and has asserted that:
 - (a) He once – and decades ago, in the 1970's and before he entered the novitiate of a Nazarene monastery – had a purely academic interest in the Occult as part of his Faustian desire to “seek wisdom and understanding”;
 - (b) He once – in the early 1970's while active as a Nazi and again before he entered the novitiate of a Nazarene monastery – “conceived a plan to use or if necessary create secret Occult-type groups” with the subversive aim of using them to further his plan to “create a revolutionary situation which a National-Socialist group might take advantage of”. However, he soon abandoned this plan because “the meagre achievements were far outweighed by the problems these groups caused.”
 - (c) That no one has ever produced any evidence in support of the allegation, assumption and rumor that Myatt is a Satanist, despite Myatt's repeated challenge for them to do so.
- 4) Since his conversion to Islam in 1998, Myatt has consistently renounced his Nazi, racist, views, and has been described by his former Nazi associates as a “race-traitor”.
- 5) Myatt gave a clue as to the real identity of Anton Long in a 1997 interview with Nick Lowles when he admitted to doing a favor for a “long standing friend”. This friend was, at that time, an Oxford academic.

6) According to the current exoteric head of the ONA, Myatt is not now, and never has been, a member of the ONA.

7) Since his conversion to Islam – and particularly in the years since 9/11 – Myatt has written a vast amount of articles, which confirm his commitment to Islam, which glorify Islamism, Jihad, and are in support of the Taliban and bin Laden.

Therefore, it seems reasonable to conclude on the basis of such evidence that Myatt is not Anton Long; is not a Satanist; is neither the leader nor the founder of the ONA; and is, and has been, for nine years, not only a Muslim but also committed to propagating an extremist Islamist ideology.

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A Short Commentary On *David Myatt*:

Muslim, Nazi, or Satanist?

by Pointyhat (as Devil's Advocate)

2) Myatt has always consistently denied being Anton Long. 3) Myatt has always denied being a Satanist

Well, we would comment that “he would say/write that...” – would he not? If he were involved – or had been involved – in such things, and wanted to continue causing disruption/Chaos (or whatever term we might use) to further his sinister goals, by, for instance, supporting such things as Jihad.

6) According to the current exoteric head of the ONA, Myatt is not now, and never has been, a member of the ONA.

Again, he/she/they would most certainly say/write that, especially if Myatt did indeed found (or take over the leadership of) the ONA, was the current Grand Master of it, and did not want his part in it to be made public.

7) Since his conversion to Islam – and particularly in the years since 9/11 – Myatt has written a vast amount of articles, which confirm his commitment to Islam, which glorify Islamism, Jihad, and are in support of the Taliban and bin Laden.

If it is assumed that this conversion and these articles was, and were, done from some hidden sinister motive, in pursuit of sinister aims (as quite a few people believe vis-a-vis Myatt) then such things are not strictly evidence in favour of the author's claim that Myatt is a Muslim “*committed to propagating an extremist Islamist ideology.*”

Therefore, if one wants to assume, presume, or claim that Myatt was/is involved with the ONA, and that his aims were (and still are) sinister, then it is easy enough to interpret his life – and his various denials of involvement, and his various writings and activities – in this particular manner.

Thus, those who, like Myatt, propound or who (like the above author seem to) accept an alternative explanation (of Myatt's non-involvement) only have, in their favour, the cited lack of evidence (of involvement). But even when, or if, some such direct evidence of such an involvement was forthcoming, that too

could, most probably, be “explained away” in some manner by Myatt or those who accept (for whatever reason) the denial of involvement.

In addition, one might ask just what would constitute valid evidence of such involvement? A “kiss and tell” story of the kind beloved by dishonourable tabloid journalists? Compromising photographs of Myatt in black robe, with embroidered ONA sigil, at some “Satanic Black Mass”? A handwritten letter by Myatt admitting his involvement, or admitting to being Anton Long?

Perhaps some of Myatt’s vitriolic opponents (such as the person – one of the two notorious Myatt stalkers – who has in the past two years flooded forums, world-wide, with, for example, messages about “doing some research” into Myatt’s life) will now seek to concoct some forged evidence in favour of such involvement.

Until then, or even after then, we can continue – as usual – to either make, and accept, our own assumptions and theories about Myatt, or we can choose, for whatever reason, to believe Myatt himself.

For myself, I must admit to finding the “conspiracy theories” (of the MI5 agent or 5GW operative kind) much more intriguing, and much more interesting, than the dull denials. I also, personally, tend to favour the now, it seems, generally accepted theory – among esoteric-kind – of Myatt being Anton Long, the “shapeshifting” creator genius of the modern ONA mythos; of him pursuing, for many decades, dark and sinister aims, and of using both National Socialism and Islam as tactics in pursuit of such aims.

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David Myatt: Agent Provocateur?. Anonymous e-text (attributed to "DL9") dated February 2009 (updated 04/07/09)

The Gíving

By David Myatt

In truth, Baphomet — honored for millennia under different names — is an image of our dark goddess and is depicted as a beautiful woman, seated, who is naked for the waist upward. She holds in her left hand the severed head of a man, and in her right a burning torch. She wears a crown of flowers, as befits a Mistress of Earth...

For centuries, we have kept this image secret, as the Templars and their descendants did..."

Book of Asoth

I

There was much that was unusual about Sidnal Wyke, including his name. His name no longer brought forth any comments from his neighbors in the small hamlet of Stredbow where he had spent all his life, and his strange habits were accepted because he was regarded by them as a cunning man, well versed in the ways of the old religion.

He was six years old when the old car his father was driving went out of control on a steep local hill, killing both his parents while the child was safe at his grandmother's house. For twelve years he lived at her cottage. Stredbow was his home and he knew no other.

It was an isolated village, surrounded by hills and accessible only by narrow, steep and twisting lanes. To the west of the village lay The Wilderness, Robin's Tump and the steep hills of Caer Caradoc hill. The lane northward led along Yell Bank, skirted Hoar Edge and the side of Lawley hill to the old Roman road to Wroxeter. To the south, the village was bounded by Stredbow Moor, Nant Valley and Hope Bowdler hill. The area around the small village was, like the village itself, unique. Small farms nestled on the lee of the hills or rested in sinewy valleys hidden from the lanes. Coppice and woods merged into rough grazing land and the few fields or arable crops were small, the size hardly changed in over a century. But it was the sheltered isolation of the area that marked it out, like a time-slip into the past – as if the surrounding hills not only isolated it physically but emotionally as well. Perhaps it was that the hills dispersed the winds and weather in a special way, creating over the area of the village and its surrounding land an idiosyncratic climate; or perhaps it was the almost total lack of motorized transport along the rutted lanes. But whatever the cause, Stredbow was different, and Sidnal Wyke knew it.

He had known the secret for years, but it was only as his twenty-first birthday approached that he began to understand why. Stredbow was an ancient village, an oval of houses at whose center was a mound. Once, the mound contained a grove of oaks. But a new religion came, the trees were felled and a church built from stone quarried nearby. The church was never full, the visiting ministers came and went, and the oaks began to grow again, although reduced in number. The village was never large, although once – when the new railway fed trains to the small town of Stretton in the valley miles beyond the hills – there had been a school. But it had long ago closed, its building left to slowly crumble as the towns, cities and wars sucked some of the young men away from their home and their land. Yet a balance had been achieved through the demands of the land. For over sixty years, since the ending of the Great War, no new houses had been built and no outlanders came to settle. The village attracted no visitors, for there was nothing to attract them – no historical incidents, no fine houses or views – and the few who came by chance did not stay, for there was no welcome for them, only the stares of hostility and scorn, the barking and the snarling of farm and cottage dogs.

Sidnal knew every square foot of the village and the lands around. He had visited every field, every coppice, every valley and stream, all the houses and farms. He knew the history of the village and its people and this learning, like his name, was his grandmother's idea. He had been to a school, once and briefly – against his grandmother's wishes. But her daughter and son in law had died to leave Sidnal in her care. She taught him about herbs, how to listen and talk to

trees; about the know of animals. She owned some acres of land and he farmed them well, in his strange way.

His clothes, and he himself, never looked clean, but he bore himself well, as befitted his well-muscled body. His solitary toil on the land and his learning left him little time to himself, but he was growing restless and his grandmother knew it and the reason why. She had no chance to guide him further, no opportunity to find him a suitable wife to end the isolation she had forced upon him. A few days before his twenty-first birthday, she died – slowly and quietly sitting in her chair by the fire.

It was a warm evening in middle May with a breeze to swing some of the smaller branched of the large Ash tree behind the cottage which a mild winter had brought full into leaf, and Sidnal did not hurry back from the fields. He greeted the tree, as he always had, and smiled, as he almost always did. He did not cry out, or even seem surprised when he found her. He just sighed, for he knew death to be the fate ending all of life.

It was as he closed the cottage door on his way to gather his neighbors that the reaction came. For the first time in his life, he felt afraid.

II

Maurice Rhiston did not even know her name. A room of his house overlooked her bedroom and she was there, again, as she had been every weekday morning for the past three weeks. Her routine was always the same – the curtains would be drawn back and she would stand by the mirror for a minute or so before removing her nightdress, unaware of him watching from behind a chink in his curtain.

Naked, she wandered around her room in her parent's house. He lost sight of her several times – before she stood by the mirror to slowly dress. He guessed her age at about fifteen. His watching had become a secret passion that was beginning to engulf him, but he was too obsessed to care. He was forty-five years of age, his childless marriage a placid one. For fifteen years he had sat behind his office desk in a large building in Shrewsbury town, satisfied with steadily improving both his standard of living and his house on the small and select estate which fringed the river. He was diligent, and efficient as he worked as a Civil Servant, calculating and assessing the benefits of claimants. His suits were always subdued in color, his shirts white, his ties plain and even his recent worrying about his age, baldness and spreading fat, did not change his taste. The cricket season had begun, his place in the team was secure and he had begun to feel again that sense of security and belonging, which pleased him.

He had, during the past week, turned his observing room into a kind of study to allay the suspicions of his wife. He bought a desk, some books and a small computer as furnishings. He had changed his unchanging routine of the morning to give time to sit at the desk with the thin curtains almost meeting but allowing him his view. Then, he would wait for her to draw back the curtains, and undress.

Today, as for the last week, he would be late for his work. Yesterday he had spent most of his evening in the room, hoping to see her and she, as if obliging, had appeared toward dusk – switching on her room light. For almost an hour she wandered in and out – and then his moment came. She undressed to change her clothes completely.

The morning was warm, again, and he left his overcoat on the stand by the front door. The goodbye kiss to his wife had long ago ceased, and she was already stripping away the bedclothes at the beginning of her workday. She was singing to herself, and Maurice smiled. His watching had brought to him an intense physical desire and his wife was pleased, mistaking his renewed interest for love. He kept the girl's naked image in his head, while his ardor lasted.

His journey to work by car was not long, and only once did he have cause to cease his planning of how best to photograph the girl. He was about to turn from the busy road to the street, which held the office where he worked when a young man, dirtily dressed and carrying an armful of books, stepped off the pavement in front of the car. Maurice sounded his horn, hurled abuse through the open window, but the man just smiled to walk slowly away toward the town center to try and sell some of the books his grandmother had owned.

The routine of Maurice's morning at work was unchanged, and he sat at his desk in the over-bright, stuffy office, found or retrieved files from other desks and cabinets, entered or read information on pieces of paper and computer screen, his concentration broken only by his short breaks for tea and lunch. It was at lunch that his interest had become aroused.

As was his habit, he ate his sandwiches at his desk. One of the ladies from the section that investigated fraud brought him a case file. He recognized the name written on the cover.

The young lady was fashionable dressed and had swept her long black hair back over her shoulders where it was held by a band. She smiled at him, and for a few seconds Maurice felt an unusual, and intense, sexual desire. But it did not last. She explained about the man and the information anonymously received –

as she might not have done had Maurice not been responsible for her training in her early months in the office before she became bored and sought the work of investigating fraud.

He gave her his computer read-out of the benefits the man had claimed and listened intently as she, a little shocked and angry, explained about the man's activity – Satanism, child prostitution, living off immoral earnings. She borrowed Maurice's file on the man and left him to continue his lunch in peace.

There was turmoil in Maurice's head, images which made him nervous and excited, and it did not take him long to decide. In the relative quiet of the office, he dialed Edgar Mallam's number, wishing him to be in.

Edgar Mallam was a man of contrived striking appearance. His hair was cropped, and his beard pointed and trimmed. He dressed in black clothes, often wore sunglasses even indoors, and black leather gloves. Maurice watched him for some time as Mallam sat at a table in an Inn in the center of the town amid the warmth of the breezy late Spring evening.

People mingled singly, in pairs or small clusters around the town as evening settled, traffic thinned and shops closed, and Maurice fearful of being seen, had tried to avoid them all. He had bought a hat, thinking it might disguise him, but wore it only briefly as he waited for the appointed time. The image of the naked girl obsessed him – and had obsessed him all afternoon: her soft white unblemished skin, her small still forming breasts, the graceful curve of her back...

Cautiously, he sat down beside Mallam.

"So, you want an introduction?" Mallam smiled.

"Well – "

"Don't be nervous! One favor deserves another. I presumed that is why you – ah – warned me. How old?"

"Pardon?"

"How old do you want the item in question to be?"

Maurice coughed, and shuffled his feet. "I –"

"Thirteen? Fourteen?"

Maurice felt an impulse to leave, and rose slightly, but Mallam's strong hand gripped his arm.

"Let's say fourteen. It's a middling figure. Come on, then!" Mallam rose to leave.

"Now?"

"Of course!"

For an instant fear gripped Maurice, but the haunting image returned and he followed Mallam through the customers and to the door. The alley outside the side door seemed dark and he did not see the two waiting figures cloaked by the sun's shadows. But he felt their hands gripping his arms.

"Just a precaution," Mallam explained. "I'm sure you understand."

He was searched, led to a car, blindfolded. The journey seemed long and he was guided into a house where the blindfold was removed. The luxury of the house surprised him. Mallam indicated a door.

"One hour," he said. "Any longer," and he smiled, "and there will be a charge!"

Maurice needed no encouragement to open the door.

III

The river, swollen by heavy rain and brown from sediment, swept swiftly and noisily over the weir, and in the dim light of dawn Thorold could see water eddying over the edge of the concrete riverside path that led into town. The warm weather had been broken by storms.

No corpse was water bourn to add interest to Thorold's day and he walked slowly, trying to savor the light, the sounds and his happy mood. A few people, work-bound on bicycles, passed him along the path but they did not greet him as he did not greet them. Sometimes he would smile, and an occasional individual might forget for an instant the impersonal attitude of all modern towns. There would be then a brief exchange of humanity through the medium of faces and eyes: and the two individuals would pass each to their own forms and patterns of life, never to meet again.

But today, no one returned his smile. He stood for several minutes under the wide spans of the railway bridge watching the water carry its burden of branch, silt, twigs and grass. He was thirty-five years of age and alone in his life, except for his books. His marriage of years ago had been brief, broken by his quietness and unwillingness to socialize, but the years were beginning to undermine the

happiness he had found in solitude. His face was kind, his hair unruly, his body sinewy from years of long-distance walking over hills, his past forgotten.

He liked the hours after dawn in late Spring and Summer, and would rise early to walk the almost empty streets of his town and along the paths by the river, sensing the peace and the history that seemed to seep out toward him from the old timbered houses, the narrow passages, the castle, bridges and town walls. Gradually, during the hours of his walking, the traffic would increase, people come – and he would retreat to the sloping cobbled lane, which gave access to his small shop, ready for his day of work. ‘Antiquarian & Secondhand Books’ his shop sign said.

The path from the railway bridge took him along below the refurbished Castle, set high above the meander of the river, under the Grinshill stone of the English bridge to the tree-lined paths of Quarry Park. He stopped for a long time to sit on a bench by the water, measuring the flow of time by the chimes of the clock in Shrewsbury School across the river. No one disturbed him, and by the time he rose to leave the cloud had broken to bring warm morning sun.

His shop lay between the Town Walls at the top of the Quarry and the new Market Hall with its high clock tower of red brick. The window was full of neat rows of well-polished antiquarian book, and inside it was cold and musty. Summer was his favorite season, for he would leave the door open and watch, from his desk by the window, the people who passed in the street.

A pile of books, recently bought from a young man whose grandmother had died, lay on his desk, and he began to study them, intrigued by the titles and the young man who had offered them for sale. The four books were all badly bound and in various states of neglect and decay. One was simply leaves of vellum stitched together then bound into wooden boards, the legible text consisting mainly of symbols and hieroglyphics with a few paragraphs in Latin in a scholarly hand. There was no title – only the words ‘Aktlal Maka’ inscribed at the top of the first folio. The words meant nothing to Thorold. The three remaining books were all printed, although only one of them in a professional manner. It bore the title ‘Secretorum Naturalium Chymicorum et Medicorum Thesauriolis, and a date, 1642. The titles of the other two works – ‘Books of Aosoth’ and ‘Karu Samsu’ - signified nothing to him, and though the books bore no date he guessed they were less than a hundred years old. They also contained pages of symbols, but the style of the written text was verbose, the reasoning convoluted, and after several hours of reading he still only had a vague idea of the subjects discussed. There was talk of some substance which if gathered in the right place at the right time would alter the world – ‘the fluxion

of this causing thus sklenting from the heavenly bodies and a terrible possidenting of this mortal world...’

He was still reading when a customer entered his shop. The woman was elegantly dressed and smiled at him.

“I wonder if you can help me,” she said confidently.

Thorold smiled back, and as he looked at her he felt an involuntary spasm in the muscles of his abdomen. But it was transient and he forced himself to say “I hope so” as he looked at her beauty.

“Do you have a copy of Prometheus Bound by Aeschylus? Only my son – “

“Aeschylus?” he repeated, and blushed.

“Yes, the playwright – “

“Of ancient Greece,” he completed. “Was it a Greek text that you wanted or a translation?”

“The Greek, actually. Julian has just begun his “O” levels at his school.

The woman was near him and he could smell her perfume. For some reason it reminded him of the sun drying the earth after brief rain following many dry days. “Yes, we do have a copy.”

He rose from his chair slowly and as he did so the woman smiled at him again. In his desire to impress with his agility he tripped and stumbled into a bookcase.

“Are you alright?” she asked with concern as he lay on the floor.

“Yes, thanks.” He rose awkwardly to search the shelves for the book. “Ah! Here it is. It is a fairly good edition of the text,” he said as he handed the book to her.

She glanced through it. “I’ll take it.” She placed it on his desk before taking her purse from the pocket of her dress. Their fingers touched briefly as she handed over the money but she did not look at him and he was left to wrap the book neatly in brown paper. The ‘Book of Asoth’ still lay open upon his desk and he could see her interest.

“May I?” she asked, indicating the book.

“Yes,” he faltered, unsure. “If you wish.”

She handled it carefully, supporting the covers with one hand while she turned the pages with the other. She stood near him, silent and absorbed, for several minutes. But her nearness began to make him tremble.

I have not, as yet, had occasion to study the work in detail,” he said to relieve some of his feelings.

She held it for him to take, glanced briefly at the two other books before perusing the vellum manuscript.

“They are for sale?” she asked.

“Well – “ he hesitated, wondering about the price. “You have an interest in such matters?”

“Yes!” and then softly, “do you?”

She turned to face him, so close he could smell her fragrant breath as she had exhaled with her forceful affirmation.

“Actually, no.” She did not avert her eyes from his and part of him wanted to reach out with his fingers to softly touch the freckled smoothness of her face. He smiled instead, as she did. “I am not familiar with the field – but would think it was a very specialized market: if a market as such exists.”

“Are these recent acquisitions?”

“Yes.”

“May I enquire from where – or whom?”

He did not mind her questions, for he wished their contact, and closeness, to continue. “A young chap brought them in – in the last few days. They belonged to his grandmother, apparently.”

“I would like to buy them – name your price. Except that one,” she indicated the ‘Secretorum’. “That does not interest me.”

“As I say, I have not really had time to study them in detail and so – to be honest – have no idea what they are worth.” Her nearness was beginning to affect his concentration and he edged away on the pretext of studying the manuscript.

“But surely you have some idea of their value?”

“Actually, no. I did consult some of my reference works and auction records but could find nothing.”

“How refreshing!”

“What?”

She laughed, gently. “To find someone – particularly in business – who is so open and honest.”

“Well, bookselling is a small world.” He looked away embarrassed, but pleased.

“How much – if I may ask such a question – did you pay?”

“Actually only a part payment – I was going to research them, particularly the manuscript, and then, if they or the manuscript were particularly valuable, add to that payment.”

“Do you wish to sell them?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Then I will buy them. You will want my address, naturally.

“Sorry?”

“My address. So you can bring the books with you tonight when you come to dinner. Nothing formal, so no need to dress. Do you have a pen and paper?”

“Er, yes.” Dazed, he gave her his favorite fountain pen and notebook.

She wrote quickly. “Shall we say half past seven for eight? Good. Oh – and you can bring that Greek book with you as well.”

She smiled at him, waved, and then was gone, out into the sunlit street and away from his world of dead books. Her perfume lingered, and it was some time before Thorold’s amazement disappeared. He tried to still his excitement and imagination by searching again through his reference works.

He did not succeed, and the one reference he did find to anything mentioned in the books did not interest him. ‘Aosoth’, it read, ‘was a demoness worshipped by some ancient and secret sects about which nothing is known beyond the fact that women played an prominent role.’

No customers spoiled the solitude of what remained of his morning, and he carefully wrapped the books and manuscripts for the woman, sorted some stock from the piles of books against the cabinet by his desk before closing his shop early. He wandered happy and full of anticipation along the paths by the river, pleased with the sun and warmth of the day, occasionally stopping to sit. He spent a long time sitting on a bench by the weir, watching people as they passed,

vaguely aware of his dreams but unwilling from fear of disappointment to make them conscious, to dwell upon them.

He had not noticed a man dressed in black following him, and did not notice him as he began a slow walk under the hot sun along the overgrown riverside path that led him back to his Flat.

IV

The gardens of the large detached house were quiet and secluded, and Lianna spent the hours of the afternoon removing weeds from the many beds of flowers. The house stood on Kingsland above the river and beside Shrewsbury School but afforded views of neither. Once, the area had been select, but the decades had drawn some of the wealthy away, their homes absorbed by the School or divided into still expensive Flats. But an aura remained, and it pleased Lianna.

Her interest in her garden waned slowly, and she discarded her implements and her working clothes to bathe in the bright surroundings of her bathroom. She lay relaxed and soaking in the warm water for a long time, occasionally thinking of the bookseller. She had enjoyed her game with his emotions and although the books he would bring interested her, he himself interested her more.

She was dressing in readiness for her evening when someone loudly rapped the brass knocker of the oak front door. She did not hurry, Edgar Mallam smiled at her as she opened the door, but she did not return his greeting.

“Yes?” she said coldly.

“Hello Liana. May I come in?” He removed his sun glasses.

“Why?”

“To talk – about my group.”

“Fifteen minutes – that is all the time I can spare.”

He followed her into the Sitting Room to sit beside her in a leather armchair.

“Well?” she asked.

“I thought you and me – “

“As I have said to you many times, our relationship is purely a teaching one.”

“You know how I feel,” he said almost gently.

“What you feel, you feel. It is a stage, and all stages pass.”

His mood changed abruptly. “Is that so?” There was anger in his voice.

Her smile was one of pity, not kindness. “I sense your feelings are being inverted. What you thought was love is turning to anger because your will is thwarted. You will doubtless now find reasons for disliking me.”

Edgar stood up. “I’m sick of your teaching!”

“As I have said to you many times since you first embarked upon your quest, the way is not easy.”

He took a step toward her, but she rose to face him and smile. He stared at her, but only briefly – averting his eyes from her suddenly demonic gaze.

“I’ll go my own way! I don’t need you!” he shouted.

“You are, of course,” and she smiled generously at him, “free to do so. But I have heard reports that some of your activities are, shall I say, not exactly compatible with the ethos of our Order.”

“So what?”

“Such activities are not conducive to the self-development which our way wishes to achieve. They are not, in fact, connected with any genuine sinister tradition but are personal proclivities, best avoided if advancement is sought.”

“Stuff your tradition and your pompous words!” He walked toward the door. “And I’m not afraid of you – or your curses!”

“True Adepts do not waste time on such trivia. Everyone has to make their own mistakes.”

He laughed. “Just as I thought! You’re all talk! Well, I do have magickal power! So stuff your Order!”

She waited, and was not disappointed for he slammed her front door shut on his leaving. One of her telephones was within easy reach, and she dialed a number.

“Hello? Imlach?” she queried. “Lianna. Mr. Mallam has I regret to say just resigned. You will know what to do. Good.” She replaced the receiver and smiled.

The hours of her waiting did not seem long, and when the caterers arrived she left them with their duties while she occupied herself in her library. The table was laid, the food heating, the wine chilled by the time of Thorold’s arrival and

all she had to do was light the candles on the table. The caterers had departed as they had arrived – discreetly, leaving her alone.

Thorold was early, and nervously held the books as he knocked on her door surrounded by the humid haze of evening. She greeted him, took the books and led him to her library where he stood by the mahogany desk staring with amazement. Books, in sumptuous bookcases, lined the room from floor to ceiling. She placed her new acquisitions on the desk.

“Later, if you wish,” she said, “you can spend some time in here.”

Only two places were laid on the table in the dining room.

“Will your husband not be joining us?” an expectant but nervous Thorold asked.

“Joining us? Why no!” she laughed. “He went abroad, some years ago. Living with some Oriental lady, I believe.”

For two hours they conversed while they ate, pausing only while she served her guest the courses of the meal. The topics of their conversation varied, and as the hours drew darkness outside, Thorold began to realize there was much that was unusual about Lianna. She asked about his knowledge of and interest in a wide variety of arcane subjects – alchemy, the Knights Templars, witchcraft, sorcery.... He had admitted his ignorance concerning most of them, and she, slightly smiling, had explained in precise language, and briefly, their nature, extent and history.

“Come,” she said as she poured him a cup of fresh coffee, “let us sit together in the Sitting Room.”

She took his cup and held it while she sat on the sofa. “Here, beside me,” she indicated.

Thorold sat beside her and blushed. All evening he had tried to avert his eyes from her breasts, uplifted and amply exposed by the dress she had chosen. But his eyes kept drifting from her face to her eyes to her breasts. He knew she knew, and he knew she did not mind.

She gave him his cup and he managed to control the shaking he felt beginning in his hand.

“Do you believe in Satan?” she abruptly said.

“Satan?” he repeated.

“Yes. The Devil.”

“Well, actually, I was brought up Roman Catholic to believe that he existed. But now – “ he shrugged his shoulders.

“Now you no longer trouble yourself with such matters.”

“I did – once. There was a time,” he said wistfully, “when I believed I had a vocation to be a Priest. I suppose most Catholic children – the boys, that is – who are brought up according to the faith have such yearnings at least once.”

“But you sought another road.”

“I lost my faith in God.”

“So you do not believe there is a supra-human being called the Devil who rules over this Earth?”

‘No. Why do you ask?’

She did not avert her eyes from his. “Why do you want to know?”

“Because I sense the question is important to you.”

She laughed, and touched his face lightly with her fingers. “You are astute! I like that.”

“In what way can I help you?”

“You underestimate yourself.”

For a moment Thorold was perplexed. He had accepted her unusual invitation to her house partly from curiosity but mostly because he had been sexually attracted to her. The intimate dinner, her topics of conversation, her looks and gestures had gradually made him aware – or at least he had thought so – of her purpose in inviting him. This, he had believed, would explain why a beautiful obviously wealthy and exceptionally intelligent woman would be interested in an unadventurous bookseller.

She saved him from his perplexity by saying, “You know what I am, then?”

“I can guess.”

“Yes – you have guessed. And the prospect of your guess being correct does not frighten you?” When he did not answer, she continued. It excites you, in fact – as I now excite you.”

Thorold began to sense he was losing the initiative. Then it occurred to him that he had never had the initiative. Since his first meeting with her he had been playing the role of victim. He tried to distance himself from his desire for her, but she moved toward him until their bodies touched. Her lips were near his, her breath warm and fragrant and he did not resist when she kissed him. She did not restrain his hand as it caressed her breasts just as he did not prevent him from undoing the buckle of the belt that supported his trousers. He felt a vague feeling of unease, but it did not last. It had been a long time since he had kissed and touched a woman, and he abandoned himself to his desire, a desire enhanced by her perfume, her beauty and her eagerness.

Their passion was frenzied, then gentle at his silent urging until her need overcame his control. They lay, then sweaty and satiated with bodies entwined for some time without speaking until she broke their silence.

“You are full of surprises,” she said with a smile, and kissed him.

He wanted to stay with her, naked, and sleep but she kissed him again before rising to dress.

“Come,” she said, throwing him his clothes. “I have something to show you.”

Outside in the warm air, a nearly full moon in a clear night sky cast still shadows around and upon the house.

V

Mallam could sense the girl’s fear. He did his best to increase it by staring at her while Monica, his young Priestess and mistress, held the girl’s arm ready. The room was brightly lit in readiness for the filming of the ritual that was to follow, and Mallam walked slowly toward the girl, a small syringe fitted with a hypodermic needle in his hand.

The girl could not struggle, for a man dressed in a black robe whose face was shadowed by the hood, held her other arm and body, and Mallam carefully pierced the vein of her arm with the needle and filled the syringe with her blood.

“See,” he said to her as he withdrew the needle, “you are mine now!”

The girl began to cry, but he had no pity for her. “Betray me, and I shall kill you – wherever you are.” He showed her the blood-filled syringe for effect. “Take her,” he said to Monica, “and prepare her.”

The Temple was in a large cellar of a house, and Mallam walked around it, ensuring that everything was prepared. The black candles on the stone altar had been lit, the incense was burning, the lights and camera ready. A black inverted pentagram was painted on the red wall behind the altar.

He did not have long to wait. The now naked girl was carried by some of the black robed worshippers and laid upon the altar. Stupefied by drugs, she was smiling and seemed oblivious to the people around her as, behind the bright enclosing circle of camera lights, drumbeats began.

Mallam raised his hands dramatically to signal the beginning of the ritual, his facemask in place.

“Asmodeus! Set! Jaal! Satan! Hear us!” he shouted.

“Hear us!” his followers responded.

“We gather here to offer you the first blood of this girl!”

“Hear us!”

“Hear us, you Lords of the Earth and of the Darkness.

This day a new sister shall join us in our worship!” He gestured toward the girl and one after the other, the worshippers kissed her.

“Now we shall dance to your glory!”

The worshippers removed their robes to dance around the altar laughing; screeching and shouting the names of their gods while the drums beat louder and louder. Only Mallam and another man did not join the dance, and Maurice Rhiston let himself be led toward the girl. He did not notice the camera lurking in the darkness and operated by a black robed figure, as he hardly noticed Mallam remove his robe. The girl seemed to be smiling at him as he walked naked toward her. Mallam had offered him the privilege and he could not refuse.

For Rhiston, the orgy that followed did not last long. Mallam, still robed and masked ushered him upstairs into a house where they both dressed before sitting in the comfortable Sitting Room.

“You have done well,” Mallam said. “There are two matters, though, that need your attention.”

“I am only too pleased to help,” an obsequious Maurice said.

“All of this,” Mallam smiled, “is not cheap.”

“I understand.”

“The other little matter is a short trip – to London. I have some contacts there, there will be a film to deliver.”

“As you wish. May I ask you something?”

“Yes.”

“With all these people involved – there is a risk, surely?”

Mallam’s laugh made Maurice even more nervous. “I have the power of my magick to bind them!”

“Yes – but...”

“So you do not believe? I shall show you, as I have shown them!” and his eyes glowed with his intensity of feeling. “Fear! Fear – that is what keeps them silent. Fear of me.” Quick, like lightning, his mood changed. “You like girls – I give you girls. So why should you worry?”

“I’m not worried, really,” Maurice lied. Then, to ingratiate himself, he said, “there is someone I know who might interest you.”

“Who?”

“Shall I say a certain young girl who lives near me.”

“For something like tonight?” And Mallam smiled again.

“Possibly, yes.”

“For yourself, I presume.”

“If you wish it so.”

“I might – because I am beginning to like you. Of course, it would be expensive. All the arrangements, and so on.

“I understand.”

“If you can bring her – I shall take care of the rest. I’ll need details.”

Before Maurice could answer, Monica entered the room. Beneath the black velvet cloak Maurice could see she was naked.

“What do you want?”

“Sorry to interrupt, but there is someone to see you.”

“They can wait.”

“He insists.”

“So what? I’ve better things to do.”

“He mentioned Lianna’s name,” whispered Monica.

Mallam’s face twitched. He indicated Maurice. “Look after him, then.”

A tall man with the face of an undertaker stood in the hallway, holding his hat in his hand. He was dressed well, except the cut of his suit was forty years out of fashion.

“You do not know me,” he said directly. “But we have a common enemy.”

“Is that so?”

“I have information you might find useful.”

“Oh yes?” Mallam pretended indifference.

“I don’t ask much.”

“What makes you think I’m interested?”

“If you are not, there are others.” He turned to leave.

“So what is this information?”

“A place I found out about. She knows about it – but no one else. Special it is, see. For the likes of you – and her.”

“So?”

“There are rich pickings, in that place.”

Mallam was suspicious. “Then why come to me?”

“I need your held. The place, see, where to find it exactly is written about in a sort of code – a secret writing. I know nothing of such matters.” He took a step toward Mallam. “Ever wonder where she gets her money? I’ll tell you. A hoard, from this place.”

Mallam had often wondered. Once, when he had been her pupil for only a few months, he had asked and she laughing had said, “It is a long story. Involving the Templars. I may tell it some day.” He had been infatuated with her even then and could remember most of their conversations. But the months of his learning with her were short, for he lusted after success, wealth, power and results while she urged him toward the difficult – and for him inaccessible – path of self-discovery. So he had drifted away from her teachings, seeking his own path.

“What about this place?” he asked, his curiosity aroused.

“An old preceptory it is – of the Knights Templars. South of here, exactly where is a secret only known to her. But I stole her precious manuscript!”

Mallam controlled his excitement. “How are you involved with her?”

“I’ve seen you – many a time. Coming to the house. The gardens – for years I tended them, made them bloom. These hands, see, they worked for her and her father before her. I paid no heed to their doings. Paid to be quiet, see. But then, after all these year a weeks’ notice is all I got. No thanks. Nothing. No reason given. Turned out of my home, as well. Nothing to show for forty years!”

“A manuscript, you say?”

“Yes, sir. For a price!”

“I would need more proof than your story.”

“Would I cheat you? You pay – a small sum, see – I give you the thing to you. You find something – you give me some more money. You find nothing – you come and find me, have your money back. Is this fair – or is this not fair?” The man held his hands out, palms upward, in a gesture of hopelessness.

It did not take Mallam long to decide. “You have the document with you?”

“You have money to give me now?”

Mallam smiled. “How much?”

“A few hundred pounds, that is all I ask.”

”Wait here.”

Mallam was not away long. He counted the money into the man’s hand. The manuscript the man took from the inside pocket of his jacket consisted of several small pieces of parchment rolled together and tied with a cord.

“I call upon you again,” the man said, “in two weeks.”

Mallam did not answer. He had already untied the cord and unrolled the parchments by the time that man closed the door. Each sheet consisted of several lines of writing in a secret magickal script and, with increasing excitement; he walked slowly toward the stairs and his own room. The small desk was cluttered with letters, books, bizarre artifacts and empty wine glasses, and he pushed them all aside.

For hours he studied the script, making notes on pieces of paper or consulting some book. Once, Monica entered. At first he did not notice her as she tidied the heap of clothes from the disheveled bed. But she came to caress his neck with her hand and he pushed her away, shouting, “Leave me alone!”

It was nearing dawn when his efforts of the night were rewarded and with a shaking hand he wrote his transliteration out. The parchments told of how Stephan of Stanhurst, preceptor, had in 1311 and prior to his arrest in Salisbury, taken the great treasure stored in the preceptory at Lydley - property of Roger de Alledone, Knight Templar – to a place of safe keeping. It told how the preceptory was founded in 1160 and how, centuries later, the lands granted with it became the subject of dispute and passed gradually into other grasping hands; for Stephen after his arrest was confined within a Priory and refused to reveal where he had hidden the treasure. But, most importantly to Mallam, it told where the treasure had been stored when the foresightful Roger de Alledone realized the Order was about to be suppressed by Pope Clement V and all its properties and treasures seized.

The name of the building housing the treasure meant nothing to Mallam, but he did recognize the name of the village containing it. As soon as he could, he would buy a large scale map of the village of Stredbow, and begin his search.

VI

The bright light of the rising sun awoke Thorold, and for several minutes he lay still, remembering where he was and the events of the previous evening and night.

He had not slept well. He had watched the film Lianna has shown him in silence and was almost glad when at its end she had shown him one of the many guest bedrooms, kissed him briefly saying, “I’m sorry, but I always sleep by myself. I shall call you for breakfast.”

The film disturbed him not only because of its content but because Lianna, before, during and after it, had made no comment to him about it. For years, Thorold had lived like a recluse – dimly aware of some of the terrible realities of

life but content to follow his own inner path. He prided himself on his calm outlook and his intuitive understanding of people, accepting events in an almost child-like innocence. The film had shown what he assumed to be some kind of Black Magick ritual during which a young girl, obviously drugged and probably only around fourteen years of age, was placed on an altar and forced into several acts of sexual intercourse with men, all of whom had worn face masks to protect their identity. But, coming so soon after his passion with Lianna, the film destroyed his calm. By the time the film ended, his own passion – and the beauty he had felt in his relationship with Lianna – was only a vague remembered dream.

He had felt anger – a desire for the girl somehow to be rescued. But this did not happen. Lianna's face had shown no emotion and he became perplexed because he could not equate the woman with whom he had made love with the woman who, by having such a film, must be somehow connected with the events depicted. And Lianna had left him alone with his feelings.

The sun rose into a clear blue sky and he watched it until it became too bright for his eyes. He dressed quickly, and left to find Lianna. It did not take him long, for he could hear her singing.

She was in the bathroom and he, politely, knocked on the door.

"Do come in!" she said.

She was bathing in the large bath and indicated the chair beside it.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked and smiled.

Her breasts were visible above the foamy water and Thorold blushed and averted his eyes. "No, not really."

"Do you want to join me?" she said mischievously.

"I'd rather talk, actually."

"About the film, I presume."

"Yes."

"Your verdict? I presume you have come to some conclusions."

She smiled at him and Thorold closed his eyes to her beauty. When he opened them again, she was still smiling.

“Are you – “ he began, hesitant.

“Am I involved, you mean?”

“Yes.”

“What do you feel – sense about me?”

“You really want to know?”

“Of course.”

Thorold sighed. “This is all very strange to me. It’s like a dream. I cannot believe I’m sitting here, in the bathroom of a beautiful woman who last night shared with me something beautiful and who then shows me a”

“A perverted film?”

“Basically, yes.”

“But you have not answered my question,” she said, softly.

He shook his head. “I sense you could not be involved in something like that.”

“And?”

“Which leaves the question – why show me the film?”

“To which your answer is?”

“I don’t have an answer. Except –“

“Except what?”

“It has something to do with the subjects we discussed – correction, which you talked about - last night.”

“Nothing else?”

“Actually, it occurred to me that you might be testing me.

“And if I was, why would that be?”

“I can only guess.

“Guess, then.”

Thorold turned away. “Our relationship.”

“Would you like to join me now?”

Without hesitation, Thorold stripped away his clothes.

“After breakfast” she had said, “you might like to browse in the library.”

He was surprised to find that the manuscripts he had brought were no longer on the desk but this discovery did not detain him from beginning to inspect the contents of the library. For an hour or more he wandered around the shelves and bookcases reading the titles and occasionally removing a book. He found a section devoted to classical Greek literature and, among the volumes, several editions of ‘Prometheus Bound’. This startled him, as Lianna did when he came up quietly behind him.

“So,” she said, observing the copy of Aeschylus he held in his hand, “another secret discovered.”

He replaced the book, tried to appear unconcerned, and failed. “You are an intriguing woman.”

She laughed. “In both senses of the word!”

“I didn’t mean it that was.”

“Nevertheless, it is true.”

“So I was right after all. Our meeting was obviously not by chance.”

“Is anything?”

Thorold ignored the remark. His feelings became confused again. And his pride was hurt. “So, how can I help?” he asked, almost angry.

“Help is not exactly the right word.”

“Is that so?”

She answered softly and slowly. “I would say ‘partnership’ as a word that captures the essence.”

He could see her, outwardly unperturbed, watch his as she waited for his reply and as he did so he became aware of his own feeling for her. He wanted her to elaborate, but dared not ask directly in case he had misunderstood her usage of the word. He was still trying to think of something reasonable to say when she spoke.

“You are,” she said, “unusual for a man in being so sensitive.”

Thorold was unsure whether he was pleased or insulted, and said nothing.

“That is one of the qualities that attracted me to you. I have watched you for some time.”

“Pardon?”

“I met you once before – although you will probably not remember. You were walking, one morning very early, along by the river. I was there, too. You passed me, and smiled. You revealed yourself through your eyes.”

Thorold tried, but could not remember the incident. He began to tremble, thinking in his innocence that she spoke of love. But her speaking dismayed him.

“I shall be honest with you, now – and cease to play games.” She sat on the edge of the desk, but Thorold remained silent and still. “You see around you what I possess, and you have, I believe, some intimation of some of my interests and activities. I am approaching that time in my life when certain changes are inevitable. Before that time, there is one role I would like to fulfill. But more than that I wanted companionship. Of course, I could have, with you, carried on as I began. But I wanted you to know, to understand. Because of who I am and because of – shall I say? – my interest, there was really no other way.

“Also, you have other qualities, besides sensitivity – or perhaps I should say, besides your empathy. At this moment in time, you yourself are probably unaware of them. But they are important to me – to my interests.”

“In all this,” Thorold said, “haven’t you forgotten something?”

For a few seconds Lianna looked wistful. “I don’t think so.”

“Spontaneity? Love?”

“That’s two things,” she smiled.

For an instant, Thorold thought of abruptly leaving, slamming the door as a gesture of his intent. He did make a move in that direction, but he was already smiling in response to her remark.

“What am I letting myself in for?” he said humorously as he turned toward her again.

“Paternity?”

“And I thought romance was dead!”

“You will stay tonight, then?”

“I might consider it – if I have any energy left.”

“I shall make sure you have! But now, there is someone I would like you to meet.”

“No more games – or tests?”

“Naturally not. It is only a short drive. You may drive me, if you wish.”

Thorold bowed in deference. “Of course, ma’am. There be, like” he said in a demotic voice, “one little problem, your ladyship. I canna’ drive.”

She started to play her allotted role, then thought better of it and said, seriously, “Really? I didn’t know.”

Thorold made an imaginary mark on an imaginary board with his finger. “One up for me, then!”

She did not quite know how to react to his playfulness. “Do you wish to learn?” she asked.

“What?”

“To drive, of course.”

“Not really. I’m quite content walking. Why should I want to leave Shropshire? All I need is here – within walking distance usually.”

“But your business, surely,” she said.

“A few trips a year – by train. The fewer, the better.”

Nearby, a pendulum clock struck the hour. “Come,” she urged, “or we shall be late.”

“May I ask to where?”

“Oh a small village, not far”

“Why the rush?”

“Because it is seven o’clock already, and we have to arrive before someone else.”

“I suppose all will be revealed?”

She smiled. “Possibly.”

Thorold followed her out of the library. He was curious, perplexed and pleased. Her dress was thin, and suited to the warm weather and he had noticed, while she talked, how her nipples stood out. He could not help his feelings, and as he watched her collect her keys from a table in the hall, turn and briefly smile at him, he realized he was in love.

Compared to that feeling, the reason for the journey was not important to him. Outside, he could hear cats fighting.

VII

Lianna was right. Their journey was not long even though she took the longer route. She drove alone the narrow, twisty lanes southeast of Shrewsbury town to pass the Tree with the House in It, the wood containing Black Dick’s Lake, to take the steep lane up toward Causeway Wood.

“This lane,” she said, breaking their silence, “used to be called the Devil’s Highway. Just there –“ and she indicated an overgrown hedge, “was a well called Frog Well where three frogs lived. The largest was, of course, called Satan and the other two were imps of his.”

The lane rose, to twist, then fall to turn and rise again, always bound by high hedge and always narrow. A few farms lay scattered among the valleys and the hills on either side, a few cottages beside it and Thorold caught glimpses of nearby Lawley Hill and wooded banks and ridges that he did not know.

The village she drove through was quiet, its houses, cottages and church mostly built from the same gray stone, and Thorold was surprised when she stopped beside an old timbered cottage whose curtainless small windows were covered in grime.

“Wait here, will you?” she asked.

Thorold watched her enter the door of the cottage without knocking. For over ten minutes he waited. But the heat of the sun made the car stuffy and uncomfortable, and he got out to walk toward the cottage gate. As he did so a

man appeared, quite suddenly from the small driveway across the road. He was old, dressed in worn working clothes and wore a battered hat.

“You not been here before, then?” he asked Thorold.

A surprised Thorold stopped, and turned. “Er, no I haven’t.”

“You come for the giving, then?”

Before he could reply, Lianna appeared beside him. She smiled at the old man, nodded and held Thorold’s hand. Thorold saw the man’s look of surprise. He raised his hat, slightly, bowed just a little toward Lianna and shuffled away, back alone the tree-shadowed drive.

“Come on,” she said to Thorold, “I shall show you round.”

She still held his hand as they walked along the lane toward the mound and the church. Her gesture pleased him, but she did not speak and he let himself be led sun-wise around the mound, up through the wooden gate and through under the shade of the trees. She lingered, briefly, by the largest oak to take him down and back toward her car. A young woman in a rather old-fashioned dress stood near it.

“I shall not be long,” Lianna said, and left him, to walk the fifty yards.

He could not hear what was said between the two women, but several times the young stranger turned to look at him. Then, she seemed to curtsy slightly to Lianna before walking away, but the movement was so quick Thorold believed he had been mistaken.

Lianna beckoned to him and he, obedient, went toward her.

“There is something else I would like to show you.” She opened the passenger door of her car for him.

“What did you think?” she asked as they drove away from the village.

“Of what?”

“The village, of course.”

“Alright. Seemed a very quiet place. They seemed to know you.”

She avoided the subject by saying, “Do you ever see your wife?”

“Occasionally. Why do you ask?”

“You never divorced.”

Her words confirmed Thorold’s earlier suspicions. “So, you’ve been checking up on me?”

“Of course! You are still friends, then?”

“Yes. Where exactly are we going?”

“Just a place I know. Very efficacious – for certain things. A stone circle, in fact.”

The lane gave way to a wide road that took them down and turning into the Stretton valley, through the township and up the steep Burway track to the heather-covered, sheep-strewn Mynd. The turning she took, brought them down over Wild Moor to a stream filled valley of scattered farmsteads, up over moor, past the jagged rocks of Stiperstones, past woods and abandoned mine-workings and high hills, to a narrow rutted track.

“Just a short walk,” she said, and briefly touched his face with her fingers.

The moorland was exposed and covered in places by fern, almost encircled by distant undulating hills. Thorold had walked the path before, in a storm, to the clearing which contained a flattened circle of stones, some tall, some broken and some fallen. He had not stayed long then, for his walk of that day was long and the weather bad. A breeze cooled him as he walked beside Lianna, and she held his hand as they entered the circle to stand at its center.

“Looks like someone has lit a fire recently,” Thorold said, indicating the burned ground under their feet.

In answer, Lianna kissed him and guided his body to the Earth. She did not need to encourage him further. His passion was strong but her need and frenzy were stronger and his body soon arched upon hers in orgasmic ecstasy to leave him relaxed and sleep-inclined.

“I must go now,” she suddenly said before rising and smoothing down her dress. “Meet me on June the twenty-first outside the church in the village. At dawn. And do not worry about what you saw in the film. I will solve that particular problem – in my own way.” She bent down to touch his forehead with her hand. “Sleep now, and remember me.”

No sooner had she touched him than he was asleep, and she pulled up his trousers and re-fastened his belt before walking back along the track to her car.

Almost an hour later, Thorold awoke. She was not waiting for him by her car as he hoped and he walked slowly under the hot sun along the road and away from the stone circle. He walked for miles without stopping and when he did stop his memory of her was like a dream. A few cars and other vehicles passed him as he continued walking along the road past the wooded sides of Shelve Hill and down toward Hope Valley, but he did not try to stop them to ask for their assistance. There was a shop in the village at the valley's bottom but he passed it by, unwilling to break the rhythm of his walking. He wondered about the lateness of the hour, about customers waiting for his shop to open, about Lianna and her strange interests.

There was little breeze to dry the sweat, which covered him as he walked, and he would stop, occasionally, to wipe the forehead with his hand. He did not mind the sweat, the heat or even his walking, and the nearer he came to Shrewsbury town, following the road down from the hills to the well-farmed plain around the town, the more he became convinced of the folly of his love. He began to convince himself that he did not care about Lianna – that she was only a brief liaison to be well and happily remembered in the twilight years of his life. But he nevertheless took the town roads that led toward her house.

He stood outside her gate for a long time, aware of his thirst for water and his sweat-filled clothes. For almost five hours he had walked toward his goal, and he stood before it exhausted and dizzy but still determined.

No one came to answer his loud rapping on the door of the house, and he wandered round, peering in the windows. Around the back, a young woman was kneeling as she tended a bed of bright flowers, and she smiled at Thorold before rising and saying, "Hello! Can I help you?"

Her face and bare arms were sunburned, and as she came closer, Thorold could see her hands were roughened and hard.

"I came to see Lianna."

"Ah! You must be Thorold. She told me to expect you."

"Is she in?"

"Afraid not."

"Do you know when she will be back?"

"Three to four weeks."

“Are you sure?”

“Quite.”

“Do you know where she has gone?”

“Amsterdam, she said.”

In the middle of the large expanse of well-tended lawn, a sprinkler showered water, and Thorold went toward it to stand in the spray. The coolness refreshed him, and he washed his face and neck several times with his hands before cupping his palms together to try to catch sufficient water to drink. He was not very successful.

The young woman with the sad face watched him, bemused.

“Would you like a drink?” she finally asked.

“If you don’t mind.” He left the spray to stand in the sun.

He followed her to a small outbuilding shaded by the branches of a walnut tree. Inside, and neatly arranged, was a large selection of gardening tools, two small tables and some chairs. A small sink and tap adorned one wall.

“Tea?” she asked, and seeing his surprise, added, “I was about to make one for myself.”

“You work here, then?”

“Sometimes.”

She smiled, and her smile reminded Thorold of Lianna and the reason why he had come. He thought, briefly, of rushing away to an airport to find her, but this romantic impulse did not last. He felt physically exhausted from his walk and emotionally confused, a piece in a game Lianna was playing. And his own pride was sometimes quite strong.

“Actually,” the woman said, intruding upon his thoughts, as she filled the kettle with water, “my father is the gardener here. He’s away at the moment.” She handed him a towel.

Thorold did not mind its color or the stains. “Does she often go away?”

“Quite often, yes.”

“I know this may sound strange,” Thorold said, “but I don’t know her surname.”

“Alledone.” She smiled as she said the name.

It’s significance escaped Thorold. “Mine’s Imlach, but you can call me Sarah.” The young woman smiled again, and began to remove her clothes.

VIII

It was if Thorold could still hear her laughter. He had left, as she had stood naked before him. It was not that he was not aroused by the sight of her lithe body; it was that he felt himself again part of a game Lianna was playing.

He had left without speaking, and her laughter seemed to mock him. He did not care for long. His tiredness, hunger and thirst returned, and he walked almost as if in a trance of his flat. He drank, ate and rested, and when darkness came he lay himself wearily down to sleep. His sleep was fitful, disturbed by images of Lianna. Once, she appeared before him smiling and dressed in black. They were in a dark and cold place; full of mists and smells and when she kissed him it was as if she was sucking life from him. He felt dizzy and exhausted, and when she stopped to stand back and laugh, he fell to the ground where rats waited.

Several times during the night he awoke shouting and covered in sweat. Morning found him tired but restless and mentally disturbed. Outside his flat, the weather was cloudless and hot, but he himself felt cold, and dressed accordingly.

Dawn had long since passed when he left his Flat to walk to his shop and, despite the lateness of the hour; he was surprised to find the town quiet. Only on entering his shop did he remember it was Sunday. Momentarily pleased, he left to walk up the narrow street toward the trees and spaces of Quarry Park. For some time he stood by the wrought iron gates, looking down toward the river, and while he stood, absorbed in his thoughts and feelings about Lianna, church bells tolled, calling the faithful to prayer.

The sound pleased him, as the weather itself did, but he began to shiver from cold. But the strange sensation did not last and he began to slowly walk beside the old town walls toward the reddish-gray stones of the Catholic Cathedral.

Mass had not long ended, and he could still smell burning wax from the altar candles. A faint fragrance of incense remained and, conditioned by his childhood, he performed a genuflexion before seating himself near the altar. Even in the years of his apostasy he had often visited churches of the religion of his youth, finding within them a peace and tranquility which pleased him and which drew him back. He did not know the reason for this, and although he had thought about it occasionally, he had left the matter alone, content just to accept

the feeling, whatever its cause. Once, his wife – tired of such visits and such silent sittings – had challenged him repeatedly on the matter, and he, unwilling to speak, had muttered briefly about the stones and the space within the building as creating a special atmosphere. He had partly believed himself, but a vague suspicion about God remained. All his subsequent visits during the years of his marriage he had made alone.

He sat on the wooden pew gently breathing and still for a long time, free from thoughts and feelings about Lianna and was about to leave, calm and happy, when a Priest walking toward the altar turned toward him and smiled.

The man was young – too young, Thorold thought, to be a Priest. His face was gentle, his smile kind and in the moment that measured the meeting of their eyes Thorold felt a holy aura about the man. It was a strange sensation – a mixture of joy and sadness – and possessed for Thorold a uniqueness, bringing back memories from the years of his youth: the sound of the communion bell, the reverence as the head was bowed, the host shown; the smell of incense... Then the Priest genuflected, and walked through the sacristy door.

Thorold followed, consumed by a desire to speak to the Priest. But the sacristy was empty and, beyond in the narrow corridor, a balding bespectacled man in a cassock mumbled words from a Breviary he held in his hand.

“Yes. Can I help you?” he asked as he saw Thorold.

“Yes – I’m looking for the young Priest who just came this way.”

The old man squinted, closed his Breviary, and said, “Young man, you say? No one else is here but me.”

“But – “ Thorold looked up and down the corridor, back toward the sacristy, and as he did so he realized he had seen a ghost.

“Father –“ Thorold began.

“Yes?”

“Can I talk to you for a moment?”

The old Priest started to look at his wristwatch, thought better of it, and said, “Yes, of course. Shall we go into the garden?”

He led Thorold down the corridor, through several doors, rooms and a passage, into a small but neat garden. He indicated a wooden bench.

“Do you believe,” Thorold asked directly, “that Satanism exists today?”

The Priest smiled. “I myself do, of course. But some of our younger brethren have different ideas.”

“About Satan?”

“Indeed.”

“And such people – would they have any powers?”

“To an extent, yes. I remember reading somewhere – a long time ago...” He thought for a moment, removed his spectacles, cleaned the lenses with a handkerchief from his pocket, blew his nose and continued. “Joseph de Tonquedoc I believe it was, who said something like ‘the Devil’s interventions in the material realm are always particular and are of two kinds, corresponding to miracle and Providence on the divine side. For just as there are divine miracles, so there are diabolical signs and wonders.’ He replaced his spectacles, squinted at Thorold, and said, “Why do you ask?”

“Curiosity.”

“Curiosity, of course,” smiled the Priest.

“And these people, when they want to – how shall I say? – draw someone into their circle, how would that person feel?”

“I am no authority on such matters.”

“But surely you have heard things?”

“Heard things? Yes, of course. I have been in Holy Orders a long time.”

“And?”

“I remember one incident – years ago. Many years ago. A young girl was involved. There was a man – whether he actually worshipped the Devil, I do not know, but he was said to. He brought this girl under his influence. Gradually, of course, for that is how I believe they work. She who was happy became joyless – a shell. For he sucked the life from her. Thinking back now, she was like an addict – needing him.” The Priest kept his silence for a long time.

When he did not speak, Thorold asked, “And what became of her – and him?”

“Oh, she died – wasted away. He left the country. Never heard of him again. My first Parish. Her family of course kept the matter quiet. That’s how they work: slowly, offering to their victims what that victim most desires. For some,

it is money, others power – for others perhaps love and affection. When they have that person under their control - they have one more soul for the Devil. He rewards them, of course, for bringing such a prize.” He looked at his wristwatch. “Just curiosity, you say?” When Thorold did not reply, he added, “I have a friend, a monk, who knows more about such matters.”

“No. No, thank you, Father. I must be going now.”

He stood up.

“As you wish,” the Priest said and smiled.

“Thank you, Father.” Thorold turned, and hurried away, back through the church and into the bright sunlight.

He felt cold again, and walked briskly back along the path by the narrow road toward Quarry Park, aware as he did so of a man behind him. The man stopped when he stopped, waited when he waited, and walked when he did, many yards behind. Thorold felt a brief fear. Then, suddenly and unexpectedly for him, he felt anger and turned to walk back to face the man.

The man was tall, his face tanned and lined by decades of weather. He held in his hat in his hand and his heavy unfashionable suit seemed to be unsuited to the hot weather.

“Why are you following me?” Thorold demanded.

“I am Imlach.”

Thorold’s surprise lasted only a few seconds. “Well, you can tell Lianna that I’m not playing any more of her games! I never want to see her again!” His anger, frustration and incipient fear molded his words and he felt himself shaking.

“You will be there,” Imlach said, with menace in his voice, “on the twenty-first as she instructed.” He touched Thorold’s shoulder, placed his hat upon his head and abruptly turned to walk away, down the hill.

Thorold did not watch for long. But he had taken only a few steps back toward his shop when he realized the coldness he had felt was gone.

Around him, he felt he could hear Imlach’s daughter laughing.

IX

Carefully, in the dawn light, which entered his room, Mallam refolded the parchment before hiding it, safely he thought, behind the mirror on the wall. He felt unusually excited, almost possessed, by a desire to find and steal Lianna's secret horde.

He found Monica asleep downstairs on the sofa, the house quiet and otherwise quite empty. He did not like the silence, and turned the radio on loudly.

"Come on, wake up!" He shook Monica several times.

"What?" she mumbled.

"Get up! I want some breakfast," he demanded.

"What time is it?"

"About four. Come on – I've got to go out soon."

Monica turned over intent on resuming her sleep.

"Get up you lazy bitch!" he shouted.

"Leave me alone," she mumbled.

"Get up!" he snarled, and shook her again.

"I'm tired."

"I want some breakfast!"

"Get you own."

This sign of defiance, meek though it was, enraged Mallam, and he took her by the shoulders to throw her onto the floor.

"Get off me!" she screamed. In the struggle, she kicked him.

"You whore! You bitch!" Mallam shouted and began to beat her body with his fists.

She tried to protect herself with her arms, but to no avail, and Mallam in his fury, ripped off her dress.

"You like this, don't you?" he smirked as he fumbled with the belt on his trousers.

But Monica was crying, and tried desperately to wriggle free. He slapped her face several times before attempting to kiss her. Suddenly, her flailing hand touched a lamp knocked over in the struggle and before she was aware of what she was doing, she hit his head with it several times. He groaned, then collapsed but she pushed his body from her.

He was only stunned by the blows, and she took advantage of this to grasp her dress and flee from the room and house. Her dress was torn, but she did not care, and she put it on before running away.

It did not take him long to recover. He changed his clothes, collected a large portion of the money he had hidden in the house, and left to find her. He toured the streets around the house in his car, then, finding nothing, drove to her Flat. The streets around the Abbey were deserted and he parked in the shadow of the large old Benedictine building to wait and watch the row of terraced houses across the road. A few cars passed while he waited, and he was soon bored.

He thought the church was mocking him, and he spat in its direction before crossing the road to unlock the front door with his key. Her Flat was on the ground floor, and faced the Abbey, a fact that he had detested on his infrequent visits. Quietly, he opened the door to her Flat. It did not take him long to wreck her few possessions, and he sat at the table by the window to wait for her. Her clothes he had torn and scattered on the floor, and with a knife from her small kitchen he had slashed her bedding, her pictures and anything else he could find. Her Teddy bear he had disemboweled and set upon the table before him.

The longer he waited, the more frustrated he became until, after hours of waiting, he smashed the table, the chairs and overturned her bed. Then, hearing movement in the Flat above, he crept out into the bright sun of morning.

He drove fast and almost recklessly away from the town toward the village of Stredbow, remembering his greed and his hatred of Lianna. He left his car near the mound of the church and wandered around the quiet village trying to locate the house and, when he did, he was not impressed, as a tourist might have been by the black and white half-timbered, if somewhat restored, house. The front garden of the residence was separated from the narrow lane by a low wall of large stones, and, set back in a corner of the grounds and almost obscured by a tree, Mallam saw a small stone building. The stones were worn by the weather of centuries, and he was considering how best to sneak toward when he knew to be his goal – whether then or later that night – when a young woman in an old fashioned dress came out of the house toward him.

Her face was round and her cheeks red and she had gathered her hair in a band behind her neck.

“It’s a fair old morning, isn’t it?” she asked and smiled.

Immediately, Mallam thought her stupid and dull. “Yes!” he agreed, trying to ingratiate himself.

“You passing through, then?” She stood by the low wooden gate, resting her hands on its top.

“Yes. Yes I am.”

“Come far, have you?”

“No, not really.”

“Be a hot day, again.”

“Yes. I don’t suppose,” he asked and smiled at her, “there is anywhere I could get a cup of tea. Only I’ve been driving all night.”

“Can’t say as I can think of anywhere. Lest ways, not round here.”

“Oh.” He tried to sound disappointed.

“You must be hot – in all them black clothes.”

“Yes – I am a bit.”

“Well – “ she began before looking him over, letting her eyes linger for a while on his crotch, “I suppose I could see my way to letting you have some water. You want to come into my kitchen? It’s cool in there – and what with you being so hot.”

“Yes, that would be fine.” He concealed his glee.

“Follow me, then.”

He did, his mind already full of scheming.

“Sit yourself down.”

The kitchen was large, cool and full of old furnishings. Bunches of drying herbs hung from the walls, and rows of cork-stoppered glass jars adorned nearly all the other spaces. Most seemed to contain herbs or spices but a few appeared to Mallam to contain parts of animals or insects. He could not be sure for the strong odors made him feel dizzy.

“Sit you down.”

She brought him an earthenware mug full of water, which she placed on the old table beside him.

“Good water, that is. From the well. None of your piped stuff.”

Mallam drank, and began to feel better. “You have a well, then?” he asked.

“Been here for centuries, that well.”

“That old building in your garden – that’s not it, is it?”

“That? No – that belongs to her!” She almost spat the last word out.

“Who?”

“She herself who owns this house – and most of the village. You mark my words, one day that family will pay for what its done!”

“So that old building is not yours, then?”

“Keeps it locked, she does. Once or twice a year she comes to it. Nobody I know has seen inside.”

“You don’t like her then?”

“No one here does, I tell you. For as long as anyone can remember her family have owned all the land here - and the houses what’s in them.”

The woman looked around while she spoke, and Mallam guessed she was afraid.

“She herself does not live here, in the village?”

“Why no! Got a big house in Shrewsbury town, she had. And others elsewhere – abroad, as well. You feeling better now, then?”

“Yes, thanks.”

“You’d best be going.”

Mallam sensed the sudden change in her mood, as if her resentment had overcome all her other feelings. Mallam had no doubt that the woman had referred to Lianna, and he began to form a plan of action in his mind.

“The water is good, as you said. Can I take some with me?”

“If you like. I got an empty bottle somewhere.”

“Your husband out, then?”

She filled the bottle from an urn by the sink before answering. "In the fields, yes. Since dawn."

"You must get lonely."

"There, take that with you." She handed him the bottle. Its shape and rubber stopper gave away its age.

Mallam stood up to face her. "I'll bring the bottle back, if you wish."

"If you like."

"I often pass this way. Well, nearby."

They stood watching each other. Mallam felt she was waiting for him to make the first gesture of their intent, and he was about to raise his hand to touch her face when she turned away.

"Folk around here talk," she said. "You'd best be away."

She walked him to the door, where he said, "What would be the best time for me to call for more water?"

"Sunday, after dark. Wait by there." She indicated the stone building.

"Until then." He did not look back as he walked along the path, through the gate and back up along the lane toward his car, elated by his success and his plan. She would, he thought, be easy to control. He had seen the desire plain on her face, sensed her frustration. He had it all worked out in his mind – a homely woman, young and burdened with a desire her hard-working husband could not or would not fulfill. He would play his role, and gain access to the building, which he was certain would contain the treasure of the Templars.

Happy and contented, he drove away from the village. He would forget about Monica – she was just another whore, and there were plenty more, as there were plenty more girls ready to be enticed into his group. Maurice Rhiston, he felt sure, would not fail him.

X

Thorold spent the hours of the morning walking slowly or sitting by the river as it wound its way through the town, and when he did not return to his Flat he was tired and thirsty and still thinking about Lianna. For once, the hot sun in a clear deep blue sky did not bring forth a mood of peace and contentment, and he trudged wearily up the short overgrown path that led from the river to the road of his Flat.

A woman was sitting on his doorstep, and he sighed, thinking of Lianna and the games she played with people. The woman was a pitiful sight to him – her face was swollen, she was barefoot and her dark dress was torn. She saw him approaching, and rose.

“Hello!” he said like a simpleton.

Monica smiled at him.

“Can I help you?” he asked. She nodded, but said nothing and Thorold could see the fear in her eyes. “You’d better come in,” he said.

Across the street in the bottom Flat he could see a net-curtain twitching. His Flat was stuffy and hot, and he opened all the windows. By the time he had finished the woman had curled up and fallen asleep on the sofa. He covered her with a blanket. She was young; her oval face enchanting despite the swelling, and Thorold searched his own wardrobes for suitable clothes for her, which might fit.

For hours she slept, and when she did awake, he sat by her on the floor.

“Would you like some tea?” he asked.

“You haven’t got anything stronger, have you?”

“Sorry, no. But I do have a good selection of teas. Any preference?”

“Not really.” Her smile was forced.

“Are you hungry?”

“A little, yes.”

“Some toast, then?”

“That would be nice. You’re very kind.”

Embarrassed, Thorold stood up. “Mind if I ask,” he said as he busied himself in his kitchen, “what you were doing on my doorstep.”

“Waiting for you of course!”

“I suppose that is logical. There are some clothes there, if you want to try them.” “Thanks, I will. You have a bathroom, I presume.”

“Down the hall, second door.”

She returned wearing a shirt several sizes too large and a pair of jeans that almost fitted. He presented her with a tray containing teapot, jug of milk, cup and saucer and a plate of buttered toast.

“I was right about you,” she said softly, taking the tray.

“Since we have not met, Thorold said, “may I introduce myself?”

“Thorold West,” she replied.

“Ah! My fame precedes me! And you are?”

“Monica.”

“Well, Monica, I suppose that a certain lady sent you?”

“Sorry?”

“Lianna. Or perhaps I should say Alledone.”

“No.”

“But you do know her?”

“Not exactly. Perhaps I should explain.”

“It might help – after you’ve finished your tea, of course.”

He sat beside her, and waited, occasionally smiling when she stole a look at his face.

“The person who did this –“ she gestured toward her face, “was watching you because you were involved with the woman. He was an ex-pupil of hers but they disagreed about his activities.”

Thorold guessed her meaning. “Young girls?”

“You know, then?”

“Just a guess. What’s his name?”

“Mallam. Edgar Mallam.”

“And he did that to you?”

“Yes.”

Thorold's objectivity began to disappear. The film he had seen, the physically abused woman who sat beside him, his own fading but still present and mixed feelings about Lianna, all combined to undermine his calm resigned acceptance of the world and its darker deeds.

"He sent me to follow you – once," she said.

"I must be more observant in the future!" When she did not return his smile, he said, "tell me about yourself – only if you want though."

"And if I do – will you still help me?"

"It is my help you want, then?"

"Yes. I want out. I'm finished with them."

Slowly at first, then with increasing confidence as she saw he was not repulsed or disapproving, she explained about her life. The parties at University, the half-serious searching for new experiences which led her and some friends into a kind of 'Black Magick' sect and a meeting with Mallam. It had been, for her, a game at first – a revolt against her upbringing, her parents and what she saw as society. She had enjoyed herself – and was gradually drawn deeper and deeper into the activities of this sect.

"I knew what was going on," she concluded. "At first, I did not care. Then he – Mallam – chose me as his Priestess. I was flattered. I had power over others and for a long time I thought I was in love with him. But I began to feel disturbed at some things he and the others were doing. Then this – it sobered me up!" She laughed, a little, at herself. "I should have come to you sooner. I spent yesterday and last night hiding in the town."

"How do you know you can trust me?"

She sighed. "I have to start somewhere – trusting someone. Anyway – you've got a kind face!"

"Have you thought of going to the Police?"

"Yes – but what could they do? They need evidence."

"You could give them plenty."

"Not really. Now I'm gone he'll change all of his arrangements – even the places they use."

“Any you still fear him?”

“Yes,” she said quietly.

“Do you live in Shrewsbury?”

“Yes. Why?”

“I thought – “

“I couldn’t go back there!” He’s probably got someone watching the place.”

“What do you intend to do?”

“I know it’s asking a lot, but could I stay here - at least for a few days?”

Thorold liked living by himself, but his compassion for the woman overcame his objections. “Well, actually, I suppose so – for a few days.’

“You are kind!” And she kissed him.

Embarrassed again, Thorold stood up. “We could go to your Flat and collect some clothes for you. Those are not exactly a good fit.”

“He might be waiting,” she said softly.

“Is that so? I’ll telephone for a taxi, then.”

The wait and the journey were not long, and he stood beside her while she rang the doorbell of the Flat above.

“Hi!” she said in greeting to the disheveled man who opened the door. “Forgot my front door key again! Sorry!”

The man yawned, scratched his face and sauntered back up the stairs.

“Can you?” Monica asked Thorold, pointing at the door to her Flat.

“Are you sure?”

“I won’t be coming back here again.”

Thorold tested the door, stepped back, and kicked it hard, bursting the lock open. Monica said nothing about the devastation Mallam had caused, but stood by the window, cuddling her torn Teddy bear and crying.

He began to sort through the devastation to find undamaged clothes and belongings. He found a suitcase for his collection, took Monica’s hand and led her, still crying and clutching her bear, out to where the taxi waited. He saw no

one watching them, or following the taxi, and relaxed, wanting to hold her hand as a gesture but unwilling to commit himself in case his gesture was misunderstood.

Books adorned the floor and bed of his spare room, and on his return he removed them.

“Come on,” he said as she sat still on his sofa holding the bear. “I shall show you your room, and then we can begin.”

She looked at him nervously, so he added, “finding evidence to use against him.”

“Oh, I see.”

“I presume you want to.”

“What?” she asked defensively.

“Find evidence?”

“I suppose so. I hadn’t really thought about it. I just wanted to get away. I have no friends here – he saw to that.”

“Can you drive?”

“Yes.”

“Good.”

“But I don’t have a license. Can I ask you something?”

“Of course.”

“Are you involved – in her activities?”

“The mysterious Lianna Alledone herself you mean?”

“No. She bought some books and manuscripts from me. That’s all.”

“Really?” Her expression was of surprise and belief in what he had said.

He did not want to lie to her. “Well, there was something else, but that is over now.”

She smiled, and held up her bear. “Let me introduce you. Reginald, say hello to Thorold.” She waved his paw.

“Hello, Reginald!” a bemused Thorold said.

“Regi to his friends.”

“Hello Regi!”

“Do you have a needle and some thread?”

“Somewhere. Going to do a bit of minor surgery, then?”

She patted Regi’s head. “It’s alright, Regi, it won’t hurt. Honest.”

Thorold sighed. “I hope I’m not going to regret this.”

“What – lending me a needle and thread?”

It was not what he meant, and she knew it, as he instantly understood her playfulness. He felt comfortable with her and re-assured – for in the first moments of their meeting he had liked her. Unwilling to think about his feelings further, he said, “You know where he lives?”

“Yes.”

“Then I suggest we eat, provide ourselves with some transport and begin our quest.”

She saluted in good-humored mockery. “Just one thing, General.”

“Yes?”

“Can I have a bath first, please?”

“You don’t have to ask.”

A speeding car braked suddenly in the road outside and he saw Monica wince and hold her bear tightly. It was only a car avoiding a strolling cat, and as he returned from looking out the window, her fear made him resolve to seek out and destroy Mallam: her tormentor and the molester of children. His resolution made him forget both his dreams about, and his memories of, Lianna.

XI

Several time, while Monica lay in his bath singing to herself, Thorold resisted the temptation to wander into the bathroom on some pretext or other. Instead, he busied himself by telephoning one of his few friends.

He spoke quietly, not wishing to be overheard, and ended the conversation abruptly when Monica entered the room, dressed in some of her rescued clothes.

“I shall see you shortly, then,” he said and replaced the telephone receiver.

“A friend?” Monica asked.

“Just arranging some transport. Are you ready?”

“What for?”

“I thought we would eat out.”

“That would be nice.” She went toward him to kiss him to thank him for his kindness, and then decided against it, thinking he might misinterpret her gesture.

The evening was humid; the sun hazy and there was no breeze to cool them as they walked the streets that took them to the center of the town. The restaurant Thorold chose was small, its food plain but wholesome and its windows overlooked the river – a fact which appealed to him. The waiter recognized him, and pretended not to see Monica’s swollen face.

“Good evening, Mr. West. A table by the window?”

Thorold nodded, embarrassed, believing Monica would think he had chosen the restaurant to impress her.

They ate in silence for a long time until Thorold said, “what do you know about Mallam’s connection with Lianna?”

“Not much. He approached her about a year ago - wanted to learn about her tradition.”

“Which is what?”

“What she called the seven-fold sinister way – or something similar.”

“Satanism?”

“Not in the conventional sense. Our friend Mallam,” and she smiled, “takes that route. He showed me a book she had given him.”

“Oh, yes?”

“The Black Book of Satan I believe it was called. She believes that each individual can achieve greatness: but that must come through self-insight. There are certain rituals – ceremonies – to bring this.”

“And Mallam?”

“He wants power and pleasure – for himself.”

“And is prepared to do anything to achieve it.”

“Yes.”

“But she – Lianna – still uses people.”

“Yes. I think she was using Edgar. But why and for what purpose, I don’t know. In her book I remember reading about members of the sect being given various tests and led into diverse experiences. These were supposed to develop their personality.”

“Doesn’t sound like Satanism to me.”

“Well, some of the experiences involved confronting the dark or shadow aspect: that hidden self which lies in us all. Liberating it through experiences. Then rising above it.”

“And Mallam and his cronies? They wallow in their dark side – without transcending it?”

“Something like that. Enough of him – tell me about yourself. If you want to, that is.”

“Not much to tell, actually.”

“That’s not what I’ve heard.”

Thorold soon hid his surprise. “Oh, yes?”

“He found out about your past,” she said softly.

“Is that why you came to me?”

“Yes.”

Thorold smiled. “And I thought it was just because of my kind face!”

“So it’s true?”

“That depends. How did he come by such information?”

“Someone involved in the sect was once a Policeman – through his contacts.”

Thorold sighed. He had guessed that Lianna had discovered at least something about his past, but this new revelation dismayed him, although not for long.

“Do you want to talk about it?” she asked.

“Not really.”

“That’s fine by me. I’m not as bad as you think. Your past is yours, just as mine is mine. What is important is what we are now.”

“Your past does not matter to me.”

“Likewise.” And she smiled.

“However did you become involved with such people? Thorold sighed.

“Not the type you mean?”

“Not really. How did you become involved?”

“I suppose – “ She stopped, waiting until the waiter had removed their dishes and served them coffee. “I just wanted more and more ‘highs’. I remember I used to find that with men – the first intimate touch, the first french kiss, and then the exploration of the new. Of course, what followed was good. Well, some of the time,” she laughed. “But – I don’t know – it was, how can I say, the excitement, the build-up that really got me. I just couldn’t get enough of that feeling. What Mallam and his sect offered seemed – at the time – just an extension of that.”

“I do know what you mean. It’s why I used to do what I did. There was an ecstasy there – a feeling, which made me, exult. Most men fight not because of idealism or patriotism or whatever, but because they enjoy it.

“They like living on the edge of death. It gives them a feeling that ordinary life cannot match.”

For a long time they looked at each other.

“I used to live with that feeling – or searched for it, like you perhaps, but in a different way.”

“Then something happens to bring you down to reality.”

“Usually other people.”

“A big slap in the face- literally, with me!” she laughed at her own misfortune. “So what happened to you?”

“I won’t bore you with the details – you know the rest, I’m sure.”

“But the Court of Inquiry exonerated you?”

“That does not stop people talking.”

“So you resigned.”

“Only way. I put it all behind me – to live quietly.”

“Until now.”

“I suppose I knew it couldn’t last forever. You don’t change that much in a decade. Not deep inside. You only pretend to yourself. I’ve just stopped pretending.”

“So now what?”

“I pay the bill and we go. That’s enough talking!”

Outside, the streets were busy with people, the road burdened by traffic flowing past the monument to Hotspur, past the tall spire of St. Mary’s church to descend down the steepness of Wyle Cop.

“He does not live far,” said Thorold unhelpfully.

“Who?”

“Oh, didn’t I say? The chap who is going to lend me his motorcycle.”

“You must know him well,” Monica said as she struggled into the leather motorcycle suit.

Thorold ignored the remark. “You’re about the same size as his wife, fortunately. Hope the helmet fits.”

“I hope you can drive that thing,” she said, pointing at the gleaming, powerful motorcycle that Thorold had brought back from the terraced house to the narrow alley near the railway bridge and a strip of waste ground covered in second-hand cars for sale at bargain prices.

“I had a few lessons – a few years ago,” he joked.

The visors on both helmets were tinted, the suits black, and Thorold felt good as he skillfully rode along the streets out toward the suburb where Monica had told him Mallam lived. Darkness came as they rode, then lightning and thunder to herald the storm. The house was on a new estate that had expanded the western

boundary of the town, and they waited nearby while lights showed in the house. The storm passed, and their patience was rewarded, as twilight settled.

It was not difficult for Thorold to follow Mallam's car along the roads of west and south Shropshire, but he was surprised when Mallam took the turning that led to the village of Stredbow. He left the bike a discreet distance behind where Mallam had parked his car and walked, with Monica, in the fading light in the direction Mallam had taken.

A diffuse light from an upstairs window made Mallam visible as he crept into the garden of the house, and Thorold recognized the woman who was waiting as the one Lianna had spoken to when she had brought him to the village. He could not hear what was said between them as he crouched by the garden wall, but he saw the woman point to the window then to the darkness that shrouded the back of the garden. He did not follow them further.

Mallam was not away for long. The light showed him nervously glancing around as he stood by the stone building in the garden. He tried the door, fumbled with the heavy padlock, glanced around several times more before almost creeping toward the gate.

Hurriedly, Thorold pushed Monica down to the ground. He could hear her breathing as he lay close to her, but Mallam neither heard nor saw them as they huddled close to the wall in the shielding dark, and they were left to slowly rise and follow him back to his car.

Somewhere among the houses near the mound, a dog howled.

XII

Mallam led them not to his house, but over the hills toward the Welsh border. Thorold thought the roads familiar, but it was only as Mallam came to his destination that Thorold realized where they were – near the track that led to the circle of stones Lianna had shown him.

"I wish I had brought a camera," he whispered to Monica as they lay, under the cover of the ferns, watching the group that had assembled within the stones. Lanterns, holding candles, were spread around the ground and in their light the ritual unfolded. Mallam had bedecked himself in a black cloak.

"Our Father which wert in heaven," they heard the assembly chant, "hallowed be thy Name, in heaven as it is on Earth. Give us this day our ecstasy and deliver us to evil as well as temptation, few we are your kingdom for aeons and aeons."

A woman was stripped, and bound to one of the larger standing stones. There were more chants, people in black robes dancing anti-sunwise inside the circle, dramatic invocations by Mallam, and a ritual scourging of the woman who was bound.

Provide us pleasure, Prince of Darkness,” Thorold heard a man say, “and help us to fulfill our desires!”

The balding, slightly overweight man unbound the woman, pushed her to the ground, and began to copulate with her, while others gathered around, clapping their hands and chanting to their Prince.

Thorold was not impressed. “It takes all sorts, I suppose,” he said quietly to Monica. “That the sort of thing you used to be involved in?”

“Yes.”

“No one under age I can see.”

“Those sorts of things are never done in the open.”

The balding man interested Thorold. “We might as well wait until they’ve finished.”

It was a long wait, and several times Thorold almost fell asleep. When the revelers did leave, he followed not Mallam, but the man he had watched. His trailing of Rhiston led him back to a prosperous riverside house in Shrewsbury town – a house almost visible from Thorold’s own Flat across the water.

For almost an hour they waited outside.

“Well, that’s one down, ten to go,” he said as he indicated to Monica that they should go.

He was glad to return to the peace of his own Flat. He had removed his leather suit when Monica said, “Can you help?” She was struggling to free herself from hers.

“It’s a bit tight,” she said.

Thorold smiled. “You’re somewhat larger in some places than she is.”

She lay on the floor while he pulled on the legs of the suit. He fell backwards and banged his head against a bookcase. He did not mind her laughter, and held his hand out to help her up from the floor. She stood in front of him, still holding onto his hand, and she had closed her eyes in anticipation of his kiss when someone knocked, very loudly, on the door of his Flat.

Thorold sighed, before leaving to walk down the stairs.

“Yes?” he said gruffly as he opened the door.

“She has sent me,” the man outside said.

It was as he spoke that Thorold recognized Imlach.

“So?” Thorold replied, annoyed.

“She does not like your interference.”

“My what?”

“You are to leave a certain gentleman alone. He is her concern, not yours.”

“Is that so?”

“She kindly requests you not bother him – or any members of his group.”

“Oh, really?”

Imlach moved closer to him. “You’d best heed her advice. For your own sake.”

“Tell her from me I’m not playing her games anymore and I’ll do what I like!”
He slammed the door shut.

Imlach knocked loudly on the door, but when Thorold thrust it open in anger, he could see no one. He looked around, but the streets were quiet and still. Upstairs he found Monica asleep on the bed in his spare room. He covered her with a blanket before closing her door and settling down to listen to music, keeping the volume low.

But the music did not still his feelings as he had hoped, and he spend a listless hours, listening, attempting to read and thinking about Monica, Lianna and Mallam. When he did retire to his bed, strange dreams came again. He was on a cliff above the sea when a man leapt upon him from behind and tried to stab him. A woman was nearby, and it was Lianna, laughing. He wrestled the knife away from the man, and stabbed him by accident. Only then did he see the man’s face. It was his own, and the man lay dead, while Lianna stripped away her clothes to offer him her body. He moved toward her, aroused and disgusted at the same time but she changed herself into Monica and he awoke, clawing at the humid air in his room.

He lay awake, then, restless and troubled, and when sleep came again he dreamt of his shop. There was a doorway among the shelves where he knew no door existed but he opened it to walk down stone steps into a cavern. Mallam was there, bent over a stone altar on which Monica lay tied and bound. He began to move toward them but he found himself paralyzed and when he could move it was slowly and painfully. Monica kept looking at him, her eyes pleading and helpless, but then he was alone, riding the motorcycle around the circle of ancient stones, faster and faster. There was a sudden mist, and he could not stop, crashing into the largest stone. He felt sad, lying on the ground knowing he was dying – for there was so much he wanted to do. The mist seemed to form into Lianna's face, then of her holding in her arms a baby. 'You will never know your daughter,' she said. He awoke again, to lie tired but unable to sleep, and was glad when dawn came, bringing light to his room.

He left Monica to sleep to spend a few hours alone, thinking about his life and his dreams, before breakfasting and leaving her a note about his intended surveillance.

Rhaston, in his car, was easy to follow among the morning traffic that took most of the vehicle occupants to their work, and Thorold was pleased with his success. He watched Rhaston park his car in front of the large office building before returning to his Flat.

Monica, obviously watching from his window, came out to greet him, smiling happily. Thorold was glad, and it seemed natural that he should embrace her. He liked the feel of her body, but she drew away to take the helmet from his hand and lead him, her other hand in his, toward the door. Before he could speak, a car drew up alongside and Thorold recognized Lianna.

"So," she said as she stood in the road near them, "this is how you repay me!" She stared at Monica.

Thorold could not understand her sudden anger toward him. "Were you following me?" he asked.

Lianna ignored the question. "I told you to stop but you took no notice of my words."

"Why should I?" He could feel Monica tighten her grip on his hand.

"You do not understand," said Lianna haughtily. "Great things are at stake."

"Is that so?"

"You deserve better than the likes of her! She looked at Monica with contempt.

“Really?”

“Leave her – now, and come with me.”

“No!”

For several seconds Lianna did not speak. “You are a fool!” she finally said.

“Goodbye, then.”

Lianna stared at Monica. “You will pay for this!”

“I – “ Monica began to say.

“I think you’d better leave her alone,” Thorold said to Lianna, a trace of anger in his voice.

Lianna laughed. “I’m not finished with you either!”

“Go play your games somewhere else.” He turned away, led Monica into his Flat and shut the door without looking at Lianna.

“She seemed a little angry,” Monica said as they, from the window, watched her drive away.

Thorold shrugged her shoulders. “Jealous of you, I guess.”

“And does she have reason to be jealous?”

“Yes.”

She turned toward him and kissed him. It was a long kiss. “Does she frighten you?” Monica asked at its end.

“No, actually.”

“I think Edgar is afraid of her.”

“Are you?” He stood beside her but she still held his hand.

“No. Well – perhaps a little.” She shivered.

“Shall we go and see what your old friend Edgar is up to, then?”

“What, now?”

“Yes.” He understood her look and touched her playfully on the end of her nose with his finger. “We have plenty of time.”

“Good,” she smiled, and kissed him again.

“On the hand, Mallam can wait,” he said as he began to unbutton her dress.

XIII

For Mallam, the day passed quietly. A van, driven by a trusted member, arrived early in the morning and he helped in the loading of cult and Temple equipment, including the video cameras and lights. A few telephone calls, and a safe haven was found - a place unknown, he knew to Monica. The removal had not taken him long, and he smiled as the van left, thinking of the rituals to come.

The sun of the afternoon saw him in the neighboring town of Telford, visiting a house in a quiet street in Dawley where some of his ladies brought their clients. One girl, just seventeen, still looked much younger and she was seldom alone on the streets for long. He arrived at the house as she was leaving for the third time that day.

“Hi. Jenny!” he said in greeting. “You alright?”

“Sure!”

“No problems?” She was his most lucrative girl to date, and he intended to keep it that way.

“No. See ya!”

“Jess in?” he asked.

“Sure!” She waved and walked away to find another client.

Jess was a smiling man of Caribbean appearance with the physique of a wrestler, and he looked after the practical aspects of Mallam’s business. Their business that day did not take long. Jess gave him a pile of money which Mallam counted before giving half of it back.

“Any problems?” Mallam asked.

“Not one. I tell you it is too quiet.”

“Got a new house lined up – if we need to move.”

“Any new girls?”

“Maybe soon. I’ll see you next week.”

“Sure thing!”

Outside, in the warm sun, he could see no one watching the house but still drove carefully away, checking several times to ensure he was not being followed, and he drove slowly back to Shrewsbury arriving at Rhiston’s house at the time he had arranged.

“You have no trouble arranging time off?” he asked as Rhiston came out to greet him.

“Not at all!”

“Good.”

“Your wife in?”

“Yes.”

“Excellent.”

Inside the house, Mallam greeted Rhiston’s wife by kissing her hand. She was pleased by this gesture as well as by the look, and smile, which he gave her, unaware, that this charm was a net closing around her.

“Could you,” Mallam asked Rhiston, “get my briefcase from my car?” He held out his car keys.

“Yes. Yes, of course,” the obsequious Maurice said.

Mallam waited until he was gone. “Jane, isn’t it?” he asked.

“Yes.” She smiled.

“You’re more attractive than I was led to believe.”

“Maurice said you used to work in his department. Is that right?”

“Only for a brief time,” he lied, convincingly. “I’m having a small party – tomorrow night – and wondered if you’d like to come. He paused for effect. “With your husband, of course.”

“That would be nice.”

“I shall look forward to seeing you there.”

Rhiston returned, bearing the unwanted case. But Mallam took it, saying, “Shall we retire to your room? That computer program you wanted to show me?”

“Ah, yes!” He turned to his wife. “We’ll be about an hour, dear.”

In the bedroom, Rhiston quickly set up his binoculars on a stand behind the curtains, before handing Mallam photographs of the girl.

“Not bad!” Mallam said. “Not bad at all!”

“She should not be long, now. A creature of habit,” and he smiled his lecherous smile.

“You seem more settled now.”

“Oh, I am, I am!”

“Good. There is a quote from de Sade, which always appealed to me. It goes something like – in translation of course! – “The pleasures of crime must not be restrained. I know them. If the imagination has not thought of everything, if one’s hand one hand has not executed everything, it is impossible for the delirium to be complete because there is always the feeling of remorse: I could have done more and I have not done it. The person who, like us, is eagerly pursuing the career of vice, can never forgive a lost opportunity because nothing can make it good...” Mallam smiled. “You agree?”

“Naturally, naturally! You and your group have opened my eyes. I cannot stop now.”

“Excellent. I am having a party tomorrow night. Nothing special – just some friends. Bring your wife.”

“Jane?”

“Yes.” Then: “you seem unsure.”

“No, not really. Just surprised.” He wanted to ask, but dared not.

“Does this work?” Mallam asked, pointing to the computer.

“No. But I could set it up for you, if you wish.”

“Our prey has arrived,” Mallam announced. He watched the girl through the binoculars for some time before saying, “she is most suitable.”

“I’m glad you are pleased.”

“I shall make the necessary arrangements. Should they be successful – ““I’m sure they will!”

“ – I can arrange for you to be the first. There will be expenses, and so on.”

“I do understand.”

“How soon can you have the money ready?”

“Next week. I have savings.”

“Tomorrow.”

Yes. Yes, of course. Can I ask how you will - I mean, how she will be...”

“I have experience in these matters.” She had gone from her room, and he studied the photographs again. “A pretty young thing. At such an age, they all have a weakness. With her – a wish to be a model, perhaps. Some infatuation with a celebrity. Whatever – there are ways.”

“Do go on, it’s fascinating.”

“Have her followed – find out where her haunts are. A chance meeting – then an offer suited to her weakness. Perhaps a few legitimate modeling sessions. Then disguise the ritual as one, get her drunk. You know the rest.”

“I admire your cleverness! And after?”

“Depends on her – how she reacts. If she takes to it, fine. If not, let her go. If her family doesn’t care or she wants away from them for whatever reason, draw her in.” He turned to stare at Rhiston. “I’ve told you all this because for some reason I like you. I’m going abroad for a while, and want someone to handle things here.”

“I’m very flattered that you should consider me.”

“You’ve proved yourself. But first, there is something I want you to do for me.”

”Anything. Just ask.”

“Tomorrow, after our little party, I have some business to attend to, not far from here. You will assist me.”

“As you wish.”

The warm weather had brought people into their gardens, and as Mallam stood fingering the photographs again, he could hear children playing happily and noisily under the heat of the summer sun. The sounds pleased him, because he understood them as part of a society he despised. To him, the people in the houses, no less than their children, were important only insofar as they might offer him the opportunities to indulge both his own pleasure and power. He felt himself different from them in a fundamental way – a prince among slaves – and

the fact that society had passed laws in favor of them and what he saw as their utterly futile and wasteful ways of living, made him aware of his own genius even more. He knew with an arrogant certainty that he could outwit them and their laws – and he enjoyed doing so, planning and scheming and reaping his rewards, financial and physical and mental.

He believed, sincerely in his own way, in the powers of the Prince of Darkness. To the Devil he had dedicated his life – his Prince had given him power over ordinary mortals, and he used that power for his own glory and that of his god. With Lianna's treasure and his own powers and genius, he would be invincible.

Pleased with himself, he began to laugh.

XIV

Thorold awoke slowly. Monica's arm rested on his chest and her face was near his, peaceful as she slept. He watched her before caressing her shoulders.

"I have to go out," he said as she opened her eyes.

"Want me to come?" she said sleepily.

"Only if you want to. Just going to put a note in my shop window. I shouldn't be long."

"What time is it?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"Still early, then."

"We'll go out for lunch when I get back."

"Fine."

She was asleep as he left the bedroom. Vaguely, she heard him leave the Flat as, some time after; she vaguely heard a knock on the bedroom door.

"He should really lock his door when he leaves," a woman's voice said.

Startled, Monica sat up. Lianna leaned against the door frame, smiling mischievously.

"What do you want?" Monica asked, angry and afraid at the same time.

"Just a little chat. I have a proposition to put to you."

“I think it would be better if you left.”

“This will not take long. I have here,” and she held up an attaché case, “ten thousand pounds in cash. Plus a train ticket – first class naturally – to London. There in a train in half an hour. I shall of course drive you to the railway station.”

“He will be back in a minute.”

“Not so. Such a charming man, but so open to magickal persuasion.” She took a square of parchment inscribed with magickal sigils from the pocket of her dress, glanced at it and smiled before returning it. “So you see, you have no option.”

“Please go.”

“I should explain. If you do not accept my little gift then you will be arrested and charged with possession of certain drugs. Before I came here, I visited your Flat. Such a mess. You will be pleased to hear that I have had the place tidied. One telephone call – and a valuable find by the Police. If you care to look out from the window you will see my car and a gentleman within it waiting. So useful, those car telephones!”

“I would deny everything.”

“Of course. But you had a conviction at University, did you not?” Only cannabis then – but we all know, do we not, what the next stage usually is. Then there is the little matter of a certain video, which had by some chance come into my possession. You may not recall it – so many such things made, I understand – but there are certain scenes in it which certain newspapers would enjoy describing. They would no doubt publish some of the photographs.”

Lianna’s smile was almost mocking. “I have of course used only that material which does not feature a certain person who, until yesterday, you were somewhat well acquainted with.”

“You seemed to have planned things well.”

“I always do.”

“Why is Thorold so important to you that you want me out of the way? I don’t believe for one moment that you are jealous of me.”

“It is not important for you to know the reason.”

“I want to know – and then,” she said resignedly, “I might accept your offer.”

“A wise decision. It makes things much more civilized. I had other things planned, of course, if you had resisted.”

“Tell me then.”

“About Thorold?”

“Yes.”

“Since you are going, I suppose it will do no harm. All I will say is that something is about to occur – something very special which takes place only every fifty or so years.”

“And for this Thorold is important?”

“It could well be,” Lianna smiled. “Now gather your belongings since you have a train to catch.”

“Mind if I check the case?” Monica asked.

“I shall leave it with you – while you dress.”

Monica did not bother to count the money. She was ready and prepared to leave when she surreptitiously placed two of the ten pound notes she had extracted from the case under the motorcycle helmet as it lay on the bookcase in Thorold’s living room. She did not look back as she left the Flat.

It was partly the sunny weather, partly Monica waiting asleep in his bed, that prompted Thorold’s decision – or so he thought at the time. The message in the window of his shop – announcing an ‘illness’ forcing closure for a week – he left to ride the borrowed motorcycle back to the house of its owner.

Jake was the opposite of Thorold in almost every way. Broad when Thorold was sinewy; tall where Thorold was only of medium height; bearded and with many tattoos on his arms. Thorold was quiet by nature, serious and determined, while Jake was naturally boisterous with an amiable attitude toward life – unless provoked. He had been easily provoked, until marriage calmed him a little. Their unusual friendship had been forged in the unusual years which made Thorold’s past interesting and intriguing, to some who knew of it or who had discovered it.

Thorold had hardly entered the narrow alley beside the terraced house when Jake descended upon him. He inspected the bike carefully while Thorold stood and watched in amusement.

“I don’t suppose,” Thorold said, “you want to sell?”

Jake glared at him, then smiled. “No way!”

“I didn’t think you would. You free for a bit, then?”

“Why?” he asked cautiously.

“Need your advice.”

“Oh, yeah?”

“I thought I might buy something similar.”

“You serious?”

“Yes. Can’t really afford it – but still.”

“She’s really got to you, ain’t she?” He thumped Thorold on the back in a friendly gesture. But Thorold was almost knocked over.

“Not at all – I just thought I might as well make use of this suit and helmet I bought. I had it in mind when I bought them, in fact,” he said trying to convince himself. “Sitting behind you a few time a year – well, it’s a bit of waste.”

“I’ll get me helmet, then.”

The staff at Thorold’s Bank were helpful and showed no surprise at him wishing to draw from his account what, for him, was a large amount cash, and he let Jake drive him to a succession of motorcycle dealers where machines were discussed, touched, sat upon and inspected. After less than an hour, Thorold made his decision. He bade his friend farewell and walked back toward his Flat, eagerly anticipating the collection of his present to himself later that afternoon.

At first, on entering his Flat, he assumed Monica’s absence to be temporary – a walk perhaps, by the river, or a visit to a shop nearby. But then he found her clothes and suitcase missing, and he became sad without quiet knowing why he was sad. His sadness did not last, for he thought of Mallam forcing her away against her will.

The idea angered him, and he smashed his fist against his bookcase. The bookcase shook, moving the helmet and revealing the money. He held the money in his hand, feeling the newness of the banknotes, and wondering, and

the more he thought the more it became clear to him that it was not Mallam, but Lianna who was responsible. He knew Monica had had no money of her own. Mallam certainly would not have given her any of left such a small amount, hidden under his helmet she had used, for him to eventually find. His reasoning brought him to the conclusion that Lianna had left him the money – as an insult or gesture. And this displeased him more. Perhaps Monica had been involved with Lianna?

He refused to believe this, and wander around his Flat without purpose, occasionally thumping a wall or a door, frustrated and angry – with himself, Lianna and the world. Then, quite suddenly, it occurred to him that Monica might have left the money as an explanation. Immediately, he understood – or hoped he did, for he grabbed his own helmet, then hers, to run down his stairs and out into the street, returning after a few yards as he remembered to lock his door.

Fine wisps of high white cirrus clouds had begun to cover the blue of the sky, dimming the sun. But the sun was still hot, sweating Thorold as he ran enclosed in his leather suit toward the center of the town.

XV

It did not take Thorold as long as he had expected, even though he had run only for about the first mile. A taxicab waited outside the entrance to the railway station, and he was glad to let it convey him the rest of the distance. Several times he checked to ascertain whether any vehicle was following him.

But Monica was not there, as he had expected and hoped, and he sat on the low wall that marked Jake's rear garden, not wanting to think about the consequences of his now obvious misunderstanding. Neither Jake nor his wife came in answer to Thorold's repeated thumps on the door of the house, and he removed his suit to let the sun and breeze dry his sweat. When an hour of waiting became two and brought scuttering low clouds to smother at intervals the searing heat of the sun, he folded his suit under his arm, collected the helmets, and began to walk slowly along the traffic lined streets, over the English Bridge and into the center of town.

His new motorcycle, powerful and gleaming as Jake's had been, brought him only a brief sparkle of pleasure, and he rode without any enthusiasm out and away from the town. But he could not dismiss Monica from his mind and rode dangerously fast, back to his Flat.

She was not there – no one was – and without any hope left, he returned to Jake’s house, intent only on intoxicating himself at best by sharing Jake’s prodigious supply of beer or at worst by patronizing the nearby Inn.

But she was there, waiting as he had waited, sitting on the wall, and he stopped, stood his bike on its stand and removed his helmet while she stood and smiled. He wanted to rush toward her and embrace and kiss her, but he forced himself not to, hoping she would come to him as a gesture of her feelings.

She did not, so he said, “I was right, then, about your message.”

“I thought you’d understand!”

“Lianna?”

“Yes.” She reached behind the wall where she had hidden the attaché case, and opened it for him to see.

“Quite a lot there.”

“Nine thousand, nine hundred and eighty pounds, exactly.” She closed the case, and with a slow precision rested it against the wall.

He needed no more gestures and embraced her. She was relieved, and began to cry, but soon stopped herself.

“Another bike?” She asked, embarrassed by her own show of feelings.

“Yes!” he said and went to stand beside it. “Do you like it?” He ran his hand over the seat. “I’ve just bought it.”

“It is rather nice,” she said approvingly as she came to stand beside him and hold his hand. “Where shall we go?” She laughed. “We are not exactly short of money!”

“Monica?”

“Yes?” she said, trembling a little.

“I’ll have to give it back.”

“But you’ve only just bought it!” she joked.

“You know what I mean.”

“I know. I thought you’d say that.” Then, smiling again, she added, “A pity though! I’ve often wondered what I’d do if I had some money.” She went to collect the case. “Here you are!”

He took it from her, and she sighed. “And I suppose,” she said, “you’re still going to follow what’s-his-name?”

“Yes.”

“Also as I expected.”

She smiled at him, and he embraced her again, saying, “I’m glad you’re back.” She began to cry again, then pulled away from him to laugh and point to her face. “Look’s much better now, doesn’t it?”

“You look beautiful.”

“I see you brought my helmet. Shall we go and return the gift?”

“Actually, I would rather you stayed with a friend of mine – here, in this house. At least for a few days.”

“Not likely! Where you go – I go. Anyway, I want to see the look on her face when you hand back the money.

“But – “

She repossessed the case. “I’ll hold onto that while you drive. Unless you want me to!”

“Come here,” he said gently.

“Yes, Master!” she playfully mocked, “I hear and obey!”

He held her hand. “I’d rather you were safe, here.”

“What? And miss all the fun? Not likely! Come on!” she sat on the pillion

seat of the motorcycle, put on her helmet, held onto the case with one hand and waited.

Thorold shook his head, sighed, and then put on his own helmet. Clouds began to cover the whole of the sky, blotting out the sun, and as they arrived at the driveway of Lianna’s house, rain had begun to fall. They stood together outside the door, helmets in hand, and waited for an answer to Thorold’s insistent knocking.

“I hope she is not going to spoil things by being out.”

Thorold was about to answer when Lianna opened the door. She betrayed surprise at seeing Monica, but only for an instant.

“I expected you,” she said to Thorold, “but alone.”

“You can have this back!” Monica held the case out.

“So? You ignore my offer?” Lianna said to Monica.

Monica smiled at her. “I changed trains at Wellington.”

“I see I shall have to make that telephone call.”

“Go ahead! Monica shouted as Thorold stood watching. “Do your worst! Do you think I care? But I’ll tell you one thing – if you do. I’ll kill you. A few years to wait – maybe. But one day I’ll be there!” She was staring at Lianna her eyes full of passion. “You will never be safe and none of your magick will protect you!”

“I – “ Thorold started to say, but both of them ignored him.

“You’ll have to kill me,” Monica continued, “to stop me! Or have me killed – that’s more your style! So here, take your money before I start stuffing it somewhere very uncomfortable for you!” She threw the case down at Lianna’s feet.

Lianna turned to smile at Thorold. “Such a common woman, don’t you think?”

“I’ll show you how common I am! Monica said before punching Lianna on the chin. The blow knocked Lianna over and Monica did not wait for her to recover.

“Just a taste!” she said before kicking the case into the hallway where Lianna lay prostrate.

“You coming?” she demanded of Thorold, and a somewhat startled Thorold followed her down the steps to his transport.

Suddenly, a shaft of sunlight bathed the scene in brightness and warmth.

XVI

Thirteen people were present – a number that pleased Mallam – and he mingled with his guest in subdued light of the room while loud music played and could be heard throughout the house. Rhiston, alone among all the people, sat by himself.

The owner of the house was a widowed woman in whom Mallam had once shown an interest. But she soon bored him, as he found most women did – although not before he induced her into his sect where she prospered, finding

younger men to her liking and often only too eager to physically please her while their interest, hers and her monetary gifts lasted.

There would be no ritual following the gathering, for several of the guests were new and unblooded. The party was a ruse – to arouse their interest, offering as it did drugs to those who wished them as well as the sexual services of members of Mallam's sect. Mallam's own interest centered on Rhiston's wife and Rhiston knew it and like a child sulked in his corner. Mallam found this amusing, considering Rhiston's proclivities, and soon directed a lady member of about Rhiston's age to seduce him. Rhiston did not resist the woman's charm.

"Come on Maurice," she said, "let's go and make love."

Mallam was slightly more subtle in his approach to Jane. She had been watching him since she had arrived to be greeted by his seemingly friendly kiss, and when she saw her husband leave with the woman, he went to her.

"I hope you don't think I've been ignoring you," he said.

"No, honestly."

He smiled at her. "Another drink? Or would you like to go somewhere quieter – where we can talk?"

She was hesitant, so he said, "You know why I invited you, don't you?"

"Another drink would be fine!"

"I find you very attractive, Jane – as you must have guessed."

"Maurice – "

"You've never been to a party like this before, have you?"

"No," she answered softly.

"You're not offended though?"

"No." she whispered.

He kissed her and at first she did not respond, and when she did, half-regretful and half-thrilled, he led her out of the room and upstairs.

Twilight had begun outside when he left her in one of the many bedrooms of the house. Rhiston was asleep alone in another room, still tied to the bed as the woman had left him. Mallam freed him and gave him his clothes.

"I'll wait for you outside in the car," he said.

Downstairs, the music still played loudly, now mingled with sporadic laughter.

They arrived in Stredbow as the last vestiges of twilight gave way to a sky clear of cloud and full of stars, and Mallam parked his vehicle by the mound, some distance from the house and the small stone building where his real interest lay.

“Now,” he said, “to action. We’ll walk to a house and I want you to use this – “ He gave him a Police Warrant Card. “You are investigating the escape of a dangerous criminal who has been spotted in the area – making a routine check. There will be a man and a woman in the house. Just keep them talking – local gossip, sightings of strangers and so on. Use your own work experience,” he smiled. “Alright?”

“Yes. Is that all?” a relieved Rhiston said.

“What did you expect? I’ll be fifteen minutes – no longer than half an hour though.” He reached over to the back seat of the car where a torch and a pair of bolt-croppers lay. “I’ll meet you back here.”

They walked in silence to the gate of the house where Mallam waited while Rhiston went to ring the doorbell. Swiftly then, Mallam crept toward the stone building. The padlock was easy to cut through and he was soon inside. His torch showed a bare room. It smelled of burned wood and he was creeping along the walls, inspecting them for hidden recesses or loose stones when the thick oak door was closed behind him. He tried to force it open, but without success.

Outside, Sidnal Wyke secured the door with a new padlock before calmly walking back to his cottage.

Rhiston did as he had been told, and it was half an hour later when he left the house to return to the car. For hours he waited by, then near, the car – sitting on the mound under a tree, leaning against the stonewall that supported most of the mound among its circumference, or crouching. Twice villagers came near, and he hid himself by the trees.

It was after midnight when he made his decision and left to look again at the house. But it was quiet, and he walked along the lanes he knew would take him to the main road miles away and thence along the down to the township of Stretton.;

With the departure of Rhiston, preparations for the celebration in the village, began.

XVII

It was a long time before Mallam ceased his shouting and banging his fists against the door. His voice had echoed in the empty stillness and, tired and confused, he slumped against the wall.

The building was windowless and without sound, and he was soon restless. For hours he checked the walls, the stones of the floor, the door itself by the light of his torch. But nothing moved. He could see a narrow slit in the wall far above his head, but could not reach it. He tried to sleep, but the floor was cold and as soon as he closed his eyes he thought he could hear someone behind the door. Each time he leapt up and listened, but could hear nothing.

The torchlight began to fade. Its dim glow lasted a while, and then was gone to leave Mallam in darkness. He had never before experienced such blackness and several times tried to see his hands in front of his eyes. But he could not see them. He crawled along beside the walls until he reached the door by touch, but no one came in answer to his shouting or in response to the banging of his fists against the studded oak, and he lay in the darkness listening to the roaring silence.

Sleep came, and when he awoke he could not see the time by his expensive watch. His waiting passed slowly and he began to feel hungry and thirsty. He shouted, and nothing happened. He began to curse all the people he knew and had known and then the whole world, and his voice grew hoarse and he himself, more thirsty. He prayed fervently to his Prince many time, saying: 'My Prince and Master, help me! Free me and I shall do terrible deeds in your name!'

He stared into the darkness trying to imagine where he had seen the slit in the wall, but no light, not even a glimmer of light, came to relieve his darkness. He began to imagine he heard sounds – people laughing and talking, then strange music. The more he listened, the more he began to believe he was mistaken.

He slept again, only to awake in terror because he had forgotten where he was and could not see. He crawled over the floor, along the walls – sat and listened and strained to see. He stood up but became disoriented and dizzy and fell against the door, injuring his arm. He shouted, beat his fists again against the door, but nothing changed except inside his head. His hunger and thirst became intense for what seemed to him a long time until his increasing fear made him forget them.

To calm his fears he lay with his back against a wall, trying to understand why and for what purpose he was being kept a prisoner. At first he had believed that some mischance had imprisoned him – a gust of wind, perhaps, which jammed

the door – but he had become gradually aware that it was chance that brought him to the village and the building, which had become his prison. Somehow, he felt, Lianna must have planned it all, and as the hours of his captivity became countless because he could not measure their passing, he came to increasingly believe that she might be testing him. Vaguely, he remembered – his memory brought back by his desperation for hope – her once saying when first he had asked to become her pupil, that those who sought Adeptship underwent severe ordeals; ordeals not of their own choosing and about which they were never forewarned.

This is a test of hers, he believed, briefly smiling – she is testing my will. And this belief sustained him, for he believed in the power and strength of his will. But his hunger, thirst, the darkness around him and the darkness within him eventually broke this explanation. For she had never followed his own path as at first he had ardently believed. The weeks and the months of her teaching had extinguished his hope – she was no dark, evil, mistress with whom he might forge a physical and magickal alliance. So he had gradually turned away from her, seeking again his old ways, friends, helpers and slaves, understanding that she had been using him, playing with him almost. And this deeply offended his pride. For he, Edgar Mallam – High Priest of the Temple of the Prince – was above them all.

He had thought then that she had used him as he had used others – for her pleasure and satisfaction. She was playing the role of mistress, with him as her pupil – and this made him despise her more, for his own pleasures were carnal and real. He lusted after women, and money – enjoyed the power he had over others, making them his slaves; he enjoyed the misfortunes of others, the taking of young girls. But she simply played her mind-games from the safety and comfort of her house. Her power, he had thought, was nothing compared to his own.

His remembrance of this thinking from his past comforted him, and he began to laugh. But then his laughing stopped. He thought he could hear someone else laughing and when he stopped and unconsciously stooped to listen, he imagined he could hear a woman's laughing voice.

Then there seemed to be a voice inside his head. “Remember The Giving from the Black Book of Satan!” it said and laughed again.

Mallam remembered.

The Book, which Lianna had given him, spoke of an ancient blood ceremony performed only once every 51 years. The sacrifice was always male, an

Initiated Priest, and before his blood was offered he was kept for days in a darkened room wherein to draw magickal forces to himself...

He tried to convince himself otherwise. But he heard “Remember The Giving...” in his head again, like an echo.

“I won’t be fooled by you!” he shouted aloud. “Do you hear me Lianna!” He shook his fist at the darkness. “You can’t fool me! I know that you are testing me! You’ll see – I’m strong! Stronger than you!”

He laughed, to convince himself. But the suspicion remained.

“Must not fall asleep!” he muttered aloud. “She’ll try and get me when I’m asleep. I’ll beat her! Me – her sacrifice? Hah! She’ll be mine!” He began to visualize in lurid detail how he might sacrifice her – tying her naked to the altar in his house, ravishing her, the letting others have their fun. He would kill her slowly, very slowly. These thoughts pleased and fascinated him, and he was still thinking them – visualizing them in detail – when he fell full asleep.

His dream was vivid – the most vivid dream of his life. He was surrounded by spiders; they were crawling all over him, biting him and filling him with their poison. He could not move, trapped in webs, and a large spider was crawling over his chest toward his face. But it was Monica, a spider again, Monica smiling with blood on her teeth and mouth and he awoke to thrust the imaginary spiders away with his hands as he writhed in panic on the floor.

XVIII

The evening and the night that had marked Mallam’s party passed swiftly for Thorold and Monica.

“I don’t think she will bother us again,” a confident Monica said as they sat in his Flat on their return from visiting Lianna.

“You amaze me.” Thorold said. “Would you like some tea?” he asked.

“I know what I would like!”

Thorold’s surprise turned quickly into delight. “I’ll just have a quick bath,” he said.

“No, don’t. Perhaps I shouldn’t give all my secrets away, but the natural smell of a man – well, some men! – turns me on.”

Thorold blushed. In that moment, Monica reversed their roles – standing to take his hand and led him to his bedroom. She was gentle at first, then passionate and after hours of mutual bliss they lay with their bodies touching, sleep-

inclined but pleased. Several times she started to speak – to try and form into words the feeling within her. But each time she stopped, afraid of herself and her future.

The recent years of her past had been years full of new experiences and through them she had kept her cynicism. Only Mallam had disturbed her, for he seemed to fulfill, at least in some measure, her expectations: a man of mystery, arrogant and self-assured. But she had discovered the real Mallam was selfish, cruel and somewhat vain.

Her defenses had been and were still being broken by recent events, and of all of them she felt her friendship with Thorold was the most significant. For as Lianna offered her the money, she knew she was in love with Thorold. She wanted to tell him, but felt constrained by her own doubts and fears, and as she lay beside him she realized for the first time in her life that she needed to be loved.

They awoke together at dawn. She had expected his suggestion and so was not surprised when he mentioned following Mallam. She did not want his quest to continue, but said nothing. She sensed Thorold wanted somehow to avenge her beating as he sensed his disgust and outrage at Mallam's pedophile activities.

Thus it was that less than an hour later they rode together on the motorbike to wait near Mallam's house.

"We'll try the other chap," Thorold said after an almost interminable time.

They waited again, outside Rhiston's home, and then followed him to his place of work. Several times during the day they returned to find his car was still in place outside the building, and several times they returned to Mallam's house, without success.

Dark cloud covered the sky promising rain, but they sat for nearly an hour by the river, refreshing themselves with food and drink, before lying beside each other in the grass in the peace of Quarry Park. She spoke to him, as their hands and lips touched and desire became aroused, of her bleak childhood without love, but still she could not say the words she wished. She spoke instead with her body and they made passionate love in the long grass near the river's edge while people ambled or fastly walked along the path above.

By three o'clock in the afternoon they had returned to wait for Rhiston. He spent a few hours at his home; they journeyed to Mallam's house and then to a house nearby to briefly speak to the woman who answered his knocking upon her door. He led them then to Stredbow village.

Mallam's car was still where he had left it the night before, and in the twilight Rhiston checked it before walking toward the black and white house. Thorold saw him stop by the gate, turn and listen, and then enter the garden to creep toward the stone building. Rhiston listened again, tried the door, then noticed the broken padlock and the bolt-croppers discarded on the ground. He tried to cut the padlock several times before finally succeeding and Thorold watched in surprise as Mallam crawled from the building.

He blubbered something that Thorold could not hear before Rhiston assisted him to his feet. Then Mallam was running fast away from the house, his face contorted, his eyes staring, his clothes dirty and torn. He reached the car, fumbled in his pockets for his keys and shouted several times at Rhiston. Rhiston held onto the car, panting and exhausted, but Mallam pushed him inside before driving them both away.

They were not far from the village when Mallam slewed the car in the lane, using the driveway of a farm; to drive straight toward Thorold whose motorbike light he had seen in the rearview mirror. Thorold reacted as best he could; braking and steering away, but the front of the car clipped the side of the bike causing him to lose control. His front wheel hit the curb and he was in the air, briefly, to land dazed in the hedge by the verge.

He sat up to see the car reverse over Monica as she lay still in the road. He ran toward her, but she was dead.

Carefully, and almost crying, Thorold carried the body to the verge. His motorcycle was undamaged apart from scratches and a few dents, and he collected several stones from beside the road before riding with fury after the car. He soon caught it and sped past to turn, skidding, and race back, throwing a stone at the windscreen of the car.

He did not hear the screech of brakes – or see the car swerve and weave across the road as the driver's vision became obstructed by the suddenly frosted glass. But he did see, as he turned, the car crash and come to rest on its side. Mallam was dazed, his face bleeding, while Rhiston was unconscious. Thorold dragged Mallam from the car, banged his head against the underside and threw him onto the verge. He was walking toward where Monica's murderer lay when the car suddenly exploded, searing the air with heat and light and throwing him to the ground.

Instantly, he regretted saving Mallam's life, and as he stood up to edge away from the burning, he felt an urge to throw Mallam onto Rhiston's funeral pyre. Mallam began to moan, and Thorold was considering what to do when, in the light of the flames, he saw people approaching.

Thorold recognized the young man leading them. He was Sidnal Wyke, seller of Lianna's books, and Thorold made no move to stop them as they carried Mallam away from the burning and back to the darkness that covered the lane to their village.

Many miles away, in a room of her house, Lianna smiled as she burned her square of inscribed magickal parchment in the flame of a black candle.

XIX

They had not spoken to Thorold and he had not spoken to them, and he watched them depart, carrying Mallam, numb with shock from Monica's death. His rage had gone and he stood near the now slow burning car for several minutes before riding to the nearby farm.

To his surprise, the Police did not take long to arrive, and the Policeman found him waiting beside his bike near Monica's body.

"My girlfriend." Thorold explained. "The car – just came straight toward me."

He explained about the crash, the car reversing, and his moving the body. "There was nothing I could do. Then I heard a crash and an explosion and went to see."

The young but kindly Policeman smiled. "We'll need a statement. No need now – tomorrow."

Thorold gave his name and address, heard a Fire Engine approach, watched an Ambulance arrive and take away Monica's body. He did not quite know why he did not speak about Mallam, but he did not, but as he drove slowly away from the scene to take the roads that led to Shrewsbury, he began to regret his lie. He stopped once, to turn back and tell the full story, but it was not his courage that failed. Rather, he began to sense he was involved in something of great and sinister import, and although he did not have all the answers – or indeed perhaps not even the right questions – he would find them. He did not, at this moment, know how, but Monica's death gave him the desire to succeed.

Jake was at home with his wife as Thorold had hoped, and he sat with them, drinking beer while the television relayed some film.

"Want to talk about it?" Jake asked.

“No.”

But Jake was not offended, and offered him more beer. Gradually, Thorold drank himself into a forgetful stupor to slither from his chair to the floor where he fell asleep.

He awoke to find himself alone in the house and obviously carried by Jake to a bed. He soon dressed and left to drive in the light rain to Lianna’s home.

“I have been waiting for you,” she said as she led him inside. “I am sorry for what happened.”

“You know?” he asked without surprise.

“One gets to hear these things.”

“You know why I have come then?”

“Yes.” She took him to her living room. A copy of the Black Book of Satan, bound in black leather, lay on a table, but its title did not interest Thorold.

“I have to make a statement to the Police,” he said.

“You met Constable Tong, I believe.”

Thorold was not familiar with the name, but he made the obvious deduction.

“Such a bright young man,” she continued. “A cousin of Mr. Wyke – of course you have met.”

“I see,” said Thorold, uneasy.

“I thought you would.”

“What will you do with him?”

“With whom?” she teased.

“Edgar Mallam.”

“Does it matter?”

“It might.”

“To you?”

“I might want to see justice done. He killed Monica!”

“What is justice?” she mocked.

“He killed her!”

“An accident. A body burned beyond recognition,” she shrugged.

“I should have left him to die in the explosion!”

“You had no choice.”

“What?” he asked perplexed.

She ignored the subject. “Come, do not let us argue. Remember how it was between us.”

Her smile, her eyes seemed to be affecting him and he became aware again of how beautiful she was. He remembered the ecstasy and passion he had shared with her – the soft sensuous beauty of her naked body; her intoxicating and seductive bodily fragrance. She was moving toward him with her mouth open, her lips waiting to be kissed.

But something inside him made him suddenly aware of her witchery, and he forced himself to think of Monica – her body, bloody and broken, on the road. His remembrance of her death and her face in death broke Lianna’s spell.

“I must go,” he said, turning away from her eyes.

“As you wish!”

Her words seemed to end the tension he felt in his neck and shoulders, but he still avoided looking at her.

“Remember,” she said as if chanting, “I want to share my life with yours.”

Even as he left he felt an urge to return and surrender to her seductive beauty, but he rode away down to the river where he sat for hours in the first nascent and then fulsome sun thinking about Monica, Mallam, Lianna and the events that bound them, and he himself, together.

He was disturbed by this thinking and tried to relax by returning to the secure reality of his bookshop. He wandered around the shelves, seated himself at his desk, and opened the mail that had begun to accumulate. But the longer he stayed in the musty shop, the more he felt that the world of books in which he had been his world for years, was a dead one. Its charm had gone. Monica had been real – exciting and full of promise for his future: his surveillance had been exciting, reminding him of the years before his marriage. Lianna herself had been real – warmly alive, as the books around him were not. He could give his statement to the Police, forget about Mallam and Lianna – forget about them all – and live again within his cloistral world of books. Except he did not want to .

The door to his shop opened.

“You are open?” asked the elderly man who entered.

“No, not at the moment.” Thorold was annoyed at being disturbed.

“Oh, dear! And I did so want to look around. I called yesterday.”

“Didn’t you see the note?” asked Thorold, pointing to it on the door.

The man bent down to peer, took some spectacles from the pocket of his tweed jacket and squinted. “My! How silly of me!” He turned to smile at Thorold. “But you are here now.”

The man was short and rotund with red cheeks and thinning white hair. His manner of dress was conservative and he carried a rolled up umbrella.

Thorold relented. “You can have a look if you wish. But I will be closing again soon.”

“You were recommended to me.”

“Oh, yes?” Thorold said without interest. He was still thinking of Lianna.

“Perhaps recommended is not the right word. May I sit down? My legs are not what they were.”

Surprised at the request, Thorold offered him his own chair.

“Most kind! Let me introduce myself.” He held out his hand. “Aiden is the name.”

Thorold shook his hand.

“I shall be brief,” Aidan said. “You spoke to a friend of mine some days ago about a certain matter.” He smiled at a perplexed Thorold. “The Devil,” he said calmly.

“Just curiosity.”

“I know a little about such things.”

“Academic interest, that’s all. Someone wanted to sell me some books on the subject.”

“You have these books?”

“No, actually.” Then, thinking quickly, he added, “I threw them out.” He pointed to a bundle of books tied by string, which lay on the floor. “I haven’t got the room. Have to be very selective.”

“For over forty years I have studied the subject. Meeting people. Often those who have been involved. One develops an instinct.” He smiled again. “Rather like a Detective. Although in my own case, an ecclesiastical one.”

“You must excuse me – I really ought to close the shop.”

“You have the scent of Satan about you,” the old man said in a quiet voice.

“Pardon?” Thorold was startled.

“A figure of speech. Those who practice the Occult Arts believe there is an aura surrounding the body. It is said Initiation, particularly into the darker mysteries alters that aura, most noticeably between the eyes. You must forgive me if I speak frankly.”

“You are welcome to have a quick look around the shelves for any books that might interest you.”

“You interest me.”

“You must excuse me – I have a busy day.”

“Are you afraid of someone?”

Thorold was insulted. “Of course not!”

“I came only to help.”

“Why?” Thorold was becoming a little angry.

Gently, the man said, “Because I am concerned about the growth of evil.”

“What is evil?” He realized he was echoing Lianna’s parody and added, “I sell books, that is all.”

Aiden sighed. “I can only help if you want me to. You know where I will be staying if you wish to contact me.”

“The Cathedral?”

“Yes. Sometimes it is better to ask for help than to try to solve things alone.”

“Are you staying long?”

“A few days.”

“I hope you enjoy your stay. Goodbye.”

Aiden pointed to the motorcycle, which Thorold had parked outside. “Yours?”

“No, I always dress like this,” Thorold quipped.

Aiden did not mind the jest. “So different now, such machines. Once – a very long time ago before I accepted my vocation within the Church – I rode. An Enfield – at least, that is what I think it was called. So long ago. Fast?”

“Very. Zero to sixty miles per hour in less than six seconds.”

“A different world, now. Such memories. I shall pray for you.”

“Goodbye.”

“Adieu!”

Thorold had declined the man’s gambit to prolong their conversation, and he watched Aiden walk slowly up the narrow lane that led to St. Chad’s church and the gates of Quarry Park. He did not regret his decision not to share his secrets, and as soon as Aiden was out of sight, he closed the shop and rode down into the traffic that was congesting the roads through the town.

The street, which contained Mallam’s house, seemed quiet, and he parked his bike nearby to walk the last hundred yards. To his surprise he found the door slightly ajar, and cautiously entered. A faint perfume lingered, reminding him of Lianna, but he quickly forgot about it as he slowly moved from room to room. The rooms were untidy and he was making his way upstairs when he heard someone moving about.

“Hello!” he called.

No one answered, and he crept into a bedroom. Someone touched his shoulder and he raised his hands, saying, “it’s a fair cop!” before turning around and smiling.

His movement round startled the woman, and Thorold recognized her as Rhiston’s wife.

“Can I help?” he asked cunningly.

“You haven’t seen Maurice, have you?” she asked hopefully.

“No, he lied. “Not recently. He gave you this address?”

She stared down at the floor. “Edgar did.”

Thorold drew the correct conclusion. “Been waiting here long?”

“I’ve just arrived.”

“You’ve got a key, then?”

“The door was open.”

“You checked the other rooms?”

“Not yet.”

“Come on, then.”

All of them, at least to Thorold’s once practiced eye, bore evidence of a quick but thorough search.

“You don’t know where Maurice is?” she asked.

“Afraid not. You know Edgar,” he smiled. “Likes to be a man of mystery. They’ve probably gone somewhere together.” He had no qualms about lying to her since he assumed, for her involvement with Mallam, that she knew at least something about his activities. “Do you want to wait here?” he asked her.

“I’d better be going. If you see him – “

“I’ll tell him you called.”

“Thank you.”

He walked with her down the stairs. She turned to smile weakly at him before she left, and he felt sad. But he did not follow her to tell her about the fate of her husband. Instead, he sighed, remembered Monica’s death, and began to search the house, after locking the door. He found nothing of interest and nothing to incriminate Mallam – only a large collection of pornographic magazines, some leather whips and some manacles and chains. No photographs of his activities, no letters, documents, and nothing to indicate his interest in the Occult or the names and addresses of his varying contacts. He was disappointed, but not surprised, and left the house wondering what he could do next. Mallam was gone, Rhiston was dead, he had no names and addresses, no factual evidence concerning Mallam’s activities. Then he remembered the woman that Rhiston had briefly visited.

She answered his knock on her door wearing a nightdress and squinting into the brightness outside.

“Yes?”

“I am a friend of Edgar.”

“Do come in! Please excuse the mess. A social occasion – last night – you know how they drag on and on.”

“You came highly recommended,” he said, guessing.

“Really?” Pleased, she thought he looked promising, although somewhat older than she had come to expect. “Would you like something to drink? Beer, perhaps?”

“Tea?”

“Darjeeling, if you have some.”

“You don’t look like a tea drinker to me.”

“It’s the leathers! Often gives the wrong idea.”

“You must be warm in that black leather.” She breathed out the last words as though black leather interested her.

“It has its uses.”

“I’m sure! Do you ride often?” she asked mischievously.

“As the mood takes me.”

“Does it take you now?”

“Possibly.” After such a promising beginning he was at a loss as to how to continue, except the obvious course. But he was not disposed to take this, despite the attractiveness of the lady whom he guessed was at least fifteen years older than him. He began to feel embarrassed by the role he was creating for himself as well as surprised by his burgeoning desires. She was standing near him, her nightdress almost transparent and he could see her nipples and dark mass of pubic hair. He forced himself to remember the reason for his visit.

“Have you known Edgar long?” he asked.

“Long enough! Have you brought anything from him?”

As she said the words he saw the needle marks on her arms. The sight decided him.

“I’ve just remembered it!” he said, and dashed out of the house.

He did not seem to consciously decide, but just arrived at the road to Lianna’s house, and he did not have long to wait in her driveway. Attracted by the noise of the motorcycle, she came out to greet him.

“I must know,” he said as he removed his helmet and she stood, smiling and beautiful, in the sunlight. “About Mallam.”

“It is good that you come of your own free will.”

By the side of the house, Thorold could see Imlach turn around and walk back into the garden.

XX

The house was cool, and Thorold and Lianna sat in the drawing room overlooking the rear garden. She brought him iced tea before sitting beside him.

“What will happen to him?”

“Do you care?”

“Not in that way.”

“But you want revenge?”

“Possibly. I don’t know.”

“And if you were given the opportunity to dispense justice by taking his life, would you?”

“It’s not up to me. There is the law.”

“The Law! Hah! The Law is an accumulation of tireless attempts to prevent the gifted from making their lives a succession of ecstasies!” Her passion was soon gone, and she smiled kindly at Thorold. “I’m glad you came to see me again.”

Thorold returned her smile. “You didn’t answer the question.”

“About Edgar?”

“Yes. I do have my suspicions.”

“Do you?”

“It seems to me you planned things.”

“I will not deny – to you - that I planned some things. But I will tell you something. I planned things, yes – but I did not plan to fall in love with you.”

For several minutes Thorold could not speak. He watched her, and she began to cry, gently, until tears ran down her cheeks.

“I have never said that to anyone before,” she said, softly.

Thorold did not know what to do. He thought, vaguely and not for very long, that she might in some way be trying to manipulate his feelings, but the more he looked at her and the more he remembered the ecstasy they had shared in the past, the more his doubts began to disappear. She had turned her face away, to wipe the tears with her hand when he reached over to stroke her hair.

“Don’t cry,” he said.

“I’m sorry.” She held his hand. “See what you do to me! I can’t remember the last time I cried!”

“You are a strange woman.”

“If I ask you something will you give me an honest answer?”

“Possibly.”

“Were you in love with Monica?”

The question surprised him. “I don’t know,” he said hesitantly. “I don’t think so.” He felt he had betrayed her.

“Good. I was a little jealous.”

“The thought occurred to me.”

“But I’m sorry about what happened – with her, I mean.”

“So am I,” His sense of having betrayed Monica began to fade. “I’d rather not talk about it.”

“I’ve missed you.” She moved toward him and kissed his lips.

The kiss, her perfume, the feel of her body pressing against his, overpowered his senses and he began to return her passion.

“Not here!” she said.

She held his hand as they walked from the room, and along the hall to a door. The door led down some steps into a dimly lit chamber. A dark, soft carpet covered the floor and she took him to an alcove where cushions were strewn, drawing him down with her. Her passion seemed to draw from Thorold all the darker memories of the past days and he abandoned himself to his lusts, remembering the tears and her words of love. Her hands gripped his shoulders and as her own passion became intense her nails sank into his flesh, drawing blood. But he did not care, as her body spasmed in ecstasy, followed by his own.

They relaxed then, in the gently bliss that followed.

“I want you,” she whispered, “with me always. Will you do something for me?”

“Yes,” he answered without hesitation.

“Whatever it is?”

“Yes.” His hands stroked her breasts. “You are beautiful.”

“I am all yours – now.”

“What did you want me to do?”

“Live with me.”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously!” She kissed him. “I love you.” She sat up to lean against a cushion. “Tomorrow night there is a celebration in the village that I would like you to attend – with me.”

“Your village?”

She laughed. “I suppose it is!”

Thorold sat up to rest beside her against the stone wall and as he did so he noticed in a far corner, a statue. Beside it hung a lighted candle shielded by red glass. The light reminded him of the sanctuary lamp in a Catholic Church, but the statue showed a woman, naked from the waist up, who held in her outstretched hand the severed head of a bearded man. The woman was smiling.

“What’s that?” Thorold asked, pointing with his finger.

“The violent goddess – Mistress of Earth. There was a time when men were sacrificed in her name, and the Priestess of her cult would wash her hands in the

victim's blood before taking it to sprinkle on the fields. It ensured the fertility of the land – and the people.”

Thorold understood – or felt he did. He looked around the chamber. It was bare, except for one wall where a battered medieval shield, sword and armor hung.

“And those?” he asked.

“Family heirlooms. They were supposed to belong to an ancestor of mine – Roger de Alledone. There is a book in the library about the family – if you’re interested.”

“Yes. Does your son visit you often?”

“My son?” she asked, surprised. Then, remembering, “I have no children – yet.”

“But I remember you saying when you came to my shop – “

“A fabrication – to meet you. Am I forgiven?”

He vaguely remembered something else she had said, but could not form the vague remembrance into a distinct recollection of words, so he dismissed it. “Of course!” he said.

“Will you stay tonight?” she asked.

“Do you want me to?”

“You know I do.”

“I would have to collect a few things.”

“Naturally. Do you have a suit?” She looked at his motorcycle clothing discarded in haste.

“Yes, why?”

“I thought we could go to a rather nice restaurant I know. For dinner, tonight. And then come back here.”

Totally captivated by her, Thorold said, “that would be nice.”

They embraced before he rose to dress. She watched him, before dressing herself. In the hallway, she kissed him saying, “Don’t be long, my darling!” He was almost to the door when she added, “I love you!”

It was a dazed Thorold that sat astride his bike. He rode slowly out of the driveway to be confronted by Imlach's daughter who waved him to a halt.

"Listen!" she said, fearfully glancing around. "I must talk with you."

He removed his helmet before saying, "what about?"

"I can't talk here – it's too dangerous. Please, you've got to hear me."

"But – "

"Please!" she pleaded. "I must talk to you about Lianna!"

"Come on, then!" He indicated the pillion seat, replaced his helmet and drove down the road to take the lane that led to the toll bridge. He stopped before reaching it.

"Well?" he asked as they both stood beside the bike.

"She killed Monica," she said.

Thorold's smile disappeared.

XXI

In the hazy sunlight, Thorold stared at the river flowing nearby. Two rowing boats, carrying their rowdy youthful crews, passed under the bridge.

"That's ridiculous," he finally said in answer to Sarah's accusation. "It was an accident."

"Was it? She arranged it using her magick."

"Impossible." He looked at her, but she did not turn her eyes away from his.

"Believe me, she has powers – sinister powers. She put a death curse on Monica."

"Nonsense!"

"Is it?"

Thorold became perturbed. He had sensed many things about Lianna – including her natural charisma. "She wouldn't – she had no reason." Even as he spoke the words he knew a reason existed.

Sarah smiled, out of sympathy. "I saw her inscribing the parchments she uses to work her spells."

Thorold still did not completely believe her. “Why are you telling me this?”

“Because I – we - need your help.”

Thorold sighed, and went to stand on the bridge, leaning against the supports and watching the water flow below. She followed him.

“For centuries,” Sarah began, “her family has ruled the village. Her father before her. But she is different – they are all afraid of her. She owns the land, nearly all the houses – the fields. Without her, they could not survive. But she had followed a different way. I was born in the village, so I know.

“She is using you, as she uses everyone, including me and my father. There is a ceremony due – part of an old tradition. She has captivated you – like the dark witch she is.”

The rowing boats had gone, and the river seemed quite peaceful. Sarah continued speaking while Thorold watched the breeze ripple the surface of the water.

“Her family kept alive for generations the old traditions, the old ways – as did the folk of the village. But she has meddled in other things. We need your help.”

“Why?”

“Because you are important to her – at least, in what she is planning.”

“And what is that?”

“To use the power of The Giving for herself. I don’t agree with the old ways – and want them stopped. You must know – or have guessed – what will be involved. The man whom you saw escape – “

“I did wonder. There is a statue in her house.”

“Yes. So you do understand?”

“I am beginning to.”

“Will you help, then?”

“I don’t know.”

“She will take you to the ceremony – we, you and I, must prevent what she plans.”

“And then?”

“Let him go.”

“I see.”

“I could give you enough evidence.”

“About his activities?”

“Yes. She removed all his files, last night from his house.”

“I did wonder,” Thorold said.

“She has other evidence against him as well. I could get that.”

“What is she to you?”

Sarah sighed. “My mother.”

When Thorold had recovered from his surprise he said, “she told me she had no children.”

“Oh, she doesn’t acknowledge me – not as her heir and all that.”

She smiled at him and Thorold saw the faint resemblance to Lianna that he had seen before but dismissed.

Sarah laughed. “I am a mistake that she made in her youth!”

“She never said anything to me.”

“She is not exactly proud of me. That’s why she keeps me around in her sight.”

“And you father?” Thorold still found it difficult to believe that she was Lianna’s daughter.

“He is her loyal servant – and servant is the right word!”

“So they are no longer close?”

“Close? They have never been close! She used him - once and for her own ends. He was and always has been her guardian. She despises him. He is totally in her power.”

Thorold felt relieved, but he soon suppressed the feeling. “You will be present tomorrow night at the ceremony?”

“Yes. You will help, then?”

“I’ll think about it.”

“I shall have to get back – before I’m missed.” She walked a few paces, and then turned toward him. “She killed Monica. And when she has finished with you – “ she shrugged, “ – who knows?”

Thorold did not watch her go. The past few hours, through their intensity and contradiction, seemed to have drained away his vitality and he rode to his Flat to sit in the stuffy silence for a long time, without feeling and without thinking about recent events. When he did think about them, he came first to one conclusion and then another, to finally change his mind again, and it was without any enthusiasm that he collected clothes suitable for Lianna’s evening.

She greeted his return with a kiss, and did not seem to notice his change of mood.

“I feel very tired this evening,” he said to build his alibi.

She led him upstairs to the bedroom he had slept in before.

“I’ll see you downstairs, in the Sitting Room,” she said smiling, and left him.

He was soon changed, and sat to wait for her in the Sitting Room. It was a long wait, and he rose to briefly play the Grand Piano.

“You must play for me,” she said as she entered, startling him.

He was momentarily stunned by her beauty and appearance. She wore a brooch of colorful design, held by a black silk band around her neck, and her close-fitting dress emphasized the feminine proportions of her body. It was cut low at the back, exposing her tanned skin to the waist, its fit so close that Thorold could see she wore nothing underneath.

“What do you think?” she asked unnecessarily, turning in a circle in front of him.

“I think other women will hate you.”

“Good!” she laughed.

Her driving matched her mood, for she drove fast but with skill out of Shrewsbury to take a circuitous route to the restaurant. Inside, the furnishings were antique, and they were ushered to a table overlooking the extensive private grounds.

“Such a civilized place, don’t you agree?” Lianna said as Thorold sat amazed by the selection of food, and the prices, which were shown on the menu.

The tables were set at a discreet distance from each other, some at different levels. No one else was present – except two waiters and a waitress, discreetly watching them.

“I suppose the prices put people off,” Thorold said as he glanced at the empty chairs.

“We have the place to ourselves tonight.”

Thorold blushed, and stared at the menu.

“Decided what you want yet?” she asked, pleased by his show of innocence.

“Cod, chips, mushy peas and scraps.” He waited for her reaction and when none came, he said, “You decide.”

She did, and a waiter sidled up to her on her signal to take the order. She chose wine, and Thorold had drunk two full glasses of her expensive choice when he said, “all we need is an orchestra.”

“There are speakers secreted among the oak beams to channel background music.”

As if listening to their conversation, the nearby waiter walked gracefully toward their table. “Would Madam like some music?”

“Do you have any Strauss Waltzes?”

“I shall see!”

A few minutes later the music began as the first course of their meal was served. Thorold watched Lianna while they ate and talked of inconsequential things – the long spell of hot weather, the restaurant, his likes and dislikes in music. She did not seem to him to be evil – just exceptionally beautiful, wealthy woman, born to power and used to it. But he could not still his doubts. He heard Sarah’s voice in his head accusing her; remembered Lianna’s lie about having no children; her anger toward Monica. But most of all he remembered Monica’s death and Mallam being borne away by the people of Lianna’s village.

“Why did you never have any children?” he asked to test her.

She smiled. “My husband. Marriage of convenience, really. Did not want him as the father of my children.”

“Did you never want any?”

“Apart from now, you mean?” And her eyes sparkled.

“Years ago. As an heir.”

“Together we shall solve this problem!”

“But seriously – “

“Seriously – not until now. I never found the right man, until now. One has to be so careful.”

Thorold had his answer, and he did not like it. “It is a pity,” he said, guarding his feeling, “that there is not room enough to dance.”

“We could ask them to make room.”

“No – I’d be too embarrassed.”

The evening passed slowly for Thorold. Their conversation returned to the mundane, and he drank an excessive amount of wine to stifle both his feelings and his thoughts. He pretended to fall asleep in her car on their return to her house, awaking at their journeys end to say, “I’m sorry. Drunk too much.”

She smiled indulgently, and did not seem to mind when her kiss, as they stood in his bedroom, was not returned.

“We have the rest of our lives together!” she laughed in reply to his apology for his tiredness.

“I shall be leaving early in the morning. To prepare for our little ceremony. Meet me outside the village mound at ten in the evening. Can you remember that?” she asked playfully.

He slumped onto the bed, playing his role. “Of course.”

“No curiosity?” she asked.

“‘Bout what?” he slurred his words.

“The ceremony?”

“Too tired to be curious. Anyway – trust you.”

She looked directly into his eyes and for an instant he felt she knew about his pretense and the reasons for it. But she kissed him, and the moment was gone, making him sure he had been mistaken, for she touched his face gently with her hand, saying, “sleep well my darling!” to leave him alone in his room.

No sounds reached him and he undressed to sleep naked in the humid night on top of the bed. He was soon asleep. He did not sleep for long. The weather oppressed, making him restless and sweaty, and his mind was troubled by thoughts of Monica, Mallam and Lianna's lies. Only when dawn came, bringing a slight breeze through his open windows, did renewed rest come, and he did not hear as Lianna quietly opened the door to watch, for almost a minute while he slept. She smiled as she closed the door to leave him to his dreams.

It was late morning when Thorold awoke, tired and thirsty. The house was quiet, and empty, and he wandered to one of the many bathrooms before dressing. He found Lianna's note on the table in the kitchen. "Yours – to keep," it simply read. Next to it was a key to the front door of the house.

Half expecting to find Sarah or Imlach, he ventured into the gardens. He found no one, not even in the buildings where Sarah – a long time ago it seemed to him – had taken him to strip away all her clothes. Now, he felt, he understood: angry with her mother, she had tried to seduce him as an act of revenge.

He spent an hour wandering around the house, occasionally opening a drawer or a cupboard as if by such openings he might find something to incriminate or explain Lianna. Even the library held no clues – only books, many of which he would once have been glad to own or buy for his shop. The door that led to the stone chamber was unlocked, and he walked down the steps aware that he might be transgressing Lianna's hospitality. But he hardened himself against the feeling, remembering Sarah's story and Lianna's lies. Black candles lit the chamber.

The red light by the statue was still burning, and as he approached, he saw a book lying on the floor. The 'Black Book of Satan' the spine read.

The book was open at a chapter entitled 'A Gift for the Prince' and he began to read.

'In ceremonial rituals involving sacrifice, the Mistress of Earth usually takes on the role of violent goddess, the Master of the Temple that of either Lucifer or Satan, the sacrifice being regarded as a gift to the Prince of Darkness. This gift, however, is sometimes offered to the dark goddess – the bride of our Prince.

'Human sacrifice is powerful magick. The ritual death of an individual does two things: it releases energy (which can be directed – or stored, for example, in a crystal sphere) and it draws down dark forces or 'entities'. Such forces may then be used, by directing them toward a specific goal according to the principles of magick, or they may be allowed to disperse over the Earth in a

natural way, such dispersal altering what is sometimes known as the ‘astral shell’ around the Earth. This alteration, by the nature of the sacrifice, is disruptive – that is, it tends toward Chaos. This is simply another way of saying that sacrifice further the works of Satan...’

He read no more, but carefully replaced the book, leaving the chamber to ascend the stairs to his room. He felt comfortable again in his motorcycle leathers, gloves and boots, and left the house without locking the door.

The roads and lanes he took led him to a narrow, old stone bridge over a narrow stream, and he stopped to sit beside the water under the blue sky while larks sang high above the fields of ripening wheat. The book had given him final confirmation of his suspicions.

XXII

It was nearing the hour of ten when Thorold arrived in the village, his sealed letter safely in Jake’s house. His friend would open it and know what to do should he fail to return.

Twilight was ending, and as he parked his bike by the mound, removed his helmet and as he listened, hearing only the leaves of the trees moving in the breeze, he found it difficult to believe in magick. The perfume of flowers was strong, reminding him of quiet English villages full of charm. He had not heard or seen the old tractor that was driven across the lane, blocking it, after he had passed to take the last turn into the village, as he did not know the other entrance to the village was similarly obstructed. Neither did he see or hear Lianna approach until she stood beside him and touched him on the shoulder, startling him, again.

“Come”, she said, “they are waiting.”

She carried a wicker basket but he could not see what was in it. He was surprised when she let him toward and into the church.

Inside, a multitude of candles and lanterns had been lit, and he saw the whole village assembled with Sidnal standing and waiting by the altar. But the altar was covered with fruit, food and what appeared to be casks of beer, and as he looked around he could see that all Christian symbols and artifacts had been removed.

The assembly parted as he and Lianna entered.

“Wait,” she whispered to him before walking toward the altar. Sidnal bowed slightly as she gave him her basket. It contained envelopes bearing a substantial

gift of money, the same amount in each, and Sidnal took the envelopes one at a time, read the name written thereon, and waited for the recipient to come forward.

Each villager received an envelope, and Sidnal gave the empty basket to Lianna. She held it upside down and on this signal a young man and woman came forward. She touched their foreheads with her hands, saying, "I greet the Lord and Lady!"

They turned, as the assembled villagers did, toward where Thorold stood. The door opened, and Imlach entered holding a rope whose ends were tied round Mallam's hands, binding them.

Lianna addressed the congregation, saying, "You have heard the charges against him. How say you – is he guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty! Guilty!" The congregation responded.

"Is that the verdict of you all?"

"Yes!" the voices chorused.

"And his sentence?"

"Burn him! Burn him!"

Mallam looked terrified. Lianna led the exit from the church.

"Come," she said to Thorold, taking his hand. Imlach led Mallam into the darkness followed by Lianna, Thorold, Sidnal and the village.

Sarah waited by the gate to the mound, holding a burning torch. She led the procession through the village and into the fields where they stopped beside an unlit bonfire. In its center was a stake.

"No! No!" Mallam pleaded. "Forgive me! I'll do anything! Anything!"

Imlach had a long-bladed knife, which he gave to Lianna as Sarah came to stand beside Thorold while the villagers gathered in a circle around the stake. Thorold felt Sarah's hand touching his, then cold metal. He was surprised, but put the revolver in his pocket, and watched as Lianna approached Mallam.

"Are you ready?" Sarah whispered to him.

Thorold did not answer. Nearby, Lianna cut the rope which bound Mallam.

“Run!” she said to him. “Run!”

For some seconds Mallam did not move, and when he did the waiting villagers moved aside to let him through. He ran into the high, shielding wheat. No one followed.

“There is she,” Lianna pointed at Sarah, “who has betrayed us.”

Lianna came forward, took the torch from Sarah’s hand and beckoned to two men. They held Sarah by her arms while Thorold stood with his hand clutching the gun in his pocket. But he did not move, surprised by Mallam’s freedom, as the two men took Sarah away. Lianna lit the bonfire with the torch, and on this signal the villagers began to dance around it, laughing and singing. Two young women came to Thorold, held his arms and ushered him toward the circle of the dance, and soon he lost sight of Lianna. He danced with them around the fire, several times trying to break away. But another circle of dancers had formed around the one containing him, dancing in the opposite direction, and constraining his movement.

He seemed to dance a long time until he saw Lianna again. She was outside the circle of dancers and came toward him, took his hand and joined in the dance. The heat of the fire had become intense, and the dancers moved away, still holding the circles. Wood crackled, and, among the singing and shouting,

Thorold thought he could hear music accompanying the dance.

“You did not believe her, then?” Lianna asked.

“You knew?”

“Of course!”

“And if I had believed her?” he asked, panting from the exertion of the dance and the heat.

“It would have been a pity to spoil the celebration.”

“And Mallam?”

She smiled. “He has his just reward!”

“Then Sarah is not your daughter?”

“Naturally not! And you have shown the insight I would expect from my future husband.”

Thorold was so surprised he stopped his dancing, and as he did so he could see, by the light of the fire, blood upon Lianna's hands and dress.

XXIII

Thorold had no time to think. The dancing stopped, and he was borne along in the crush back through the gate of the field toward the village.

Several times he tried to find Lianna but without success. He was approaching the church when he saw her standing by the door with a young woman. Her hands were clean, her dress a different one.

"Shall we go and see Sarah?" She said, smiling, when he reached her.

Inside the church, the feasting had begun, and Thorold followed Lianna and the young woman, unwilling to form his fears and feelings into words. The light from the windows of the black and white house illuminated the garden, and as they passed through it Thorold could see, through the open door, straw covering the floor of the stone building that had been Mallam's prison.

Sarah sat, her head resting in her hands, by the table in the kitchen, the two men who had taken her away beside her, with Sidnal standing close by.

"Leave us," Lianna said, and the two men left. "You have done well," she said to Sidnal. "I have a gift for you - as your grandmother I know, would have wished."

Sidnal shuffled his feet and looked down at the floor as Lianna joined his hand with that of the young woman who laughed playfully and dragged an unresisting Sidnal away. As they left the house, Thorold saw Imlach standing by the door.

Sarah looked hopefully at Thorold. "Why didn't you stop her?"

When Thorold did not answer, she said, "You didn't believe me, did you?"

"No."

"But it was true," she said in desperation. "My father will tell you."

Imlach turned away.

"Tell him! Damn you, tell him!" she shouted.

Imlach said nothing, and Sarah began to cry. Then, suddenly, she was angry and glowered at Thorold. "You're pathetic," she snarled. "I pity you, I really do! You're totally in her power! She's corrupted you and you don't see it!"

"I know what has gone on," Lianna said.

“What do you mean?” Sarah demanded, angry – and afraid.

“Between you and your father.”

“No! It’s lies!”

“I have known for a long time,” Lianna said quietly.

“I hate you!”

“So, that’s why you pretended to be her daughter?” Thorold asked.

“Yes!” Sarah was defiant. She stood up, as if to strike Lianna, and as she did so, Imlach moved toward her. “I knew you loved her!” she said to her father. “That’s why I did what I did – with you!” She laughed, almost hysterically.

Imlach raised his hand to hit her, but Lianna stopped him.

“Now,” Sarah shouted, “you’ll never know your child!”

Swift, she ran out of the house, too quick for her father to catch her. She was in the stone building, pushing the door shut, by the time they reacted, and when they reached it she had set fire to the straw.

She laughed at them as they stood by the door and flames engulfed her. Thorold tried to reach her, but the flames and heat and smoke were intense and Imlach pulled him back. Sarah screamed, briefly, and then was silent.

“I shall be at the feast,” Imlach said before walking along the garden path to take the lane to the church.

“Come on,” Lianna said to Thorold, “there is nothing you can do here.”

She took his hand to lead him back into the house. She brought wine, and they sat at the table in the kitchen drinking.

“I suppose,” Thorold said, “this is your house as well.”

“Indeed! Shall we live here – rather than in Shrewsbury?”

He ignored the question. “She said that you killed Monica – by cursing her.”

“Do you believe I did?”

For a long time Thorold did not speak. “No,” he finally said. “There was a book I found, in your house, the evening – “

“The Black Book of Satan?”

“Yes. It mentioned sacrifice.”

Lianna smiled, disconcerting Thorold still further. He realized then the he still loved her. It had been love that had overcome the doubts Sarah had given him, not reason.

“Tell me about Mallam,” he asked.

“What do you want to know?”

He wanted to ask about what he had seen – the blood on her hands and dress – but it had been the briefest of glimpses in difficult light, and he could have been mistaken.

“He is free, then?” he asked.

“Yes – at last.”

“And you planned everything?”

“You tell me,” she said enigmatically.

“I think you set him up right from the beginning. Let him make his mistakes. Condemn himself, in fact.”

“Possibly,” she smiled.

“But why?”

“I’m sure you can work it out.”

It was the answer he had expected. “How does the book I found fit into all this?” It was not exactly the question he wanted to ask, but it would, he hoped, lead him toward it.

She smiled, as a schoolmistress might toward an otherwise intelligent pupil. “Satanism, you mean?”

“Yes,” he answered, amazed at her perspicacity.

“It is not the way I follow. My tradition is different – much older.”

“And Mallam?”

“He followed his own dark path.”

“And Monica – surely she did not have to die?”

“No – it was an accident. But he killed her, accidentally or otherwise.”

“The village – how does it fit in?”

“Do you want to marry me – and share all this?” she asked.

Thorold smiled. “I thought I was supposed to ask you?”

”There is an older way.” She paused. “Yes – or no?”

Thorold felt the importance of the moment, heard the beating of his pulse in his ear, saw the enigmatic beauty of the woman seated beside him, and remembered her physical passion, her tears and words of love. “Yes,” he said trembling.

She kissed him. “I never really had much choice, did I?” he asked.

“Oh, yes, you had plenty of times to chose.”

For a moment Thorold had the impression that she had planned everything – including Sarah’s intervention and death – but the impression was transient. He looked at her, and could not believe it. She was smiling, and he suddenly realized that he would not care if she had.

“Imlach – what will happen to him?” He asked to test her.

“He will stay with us – should you so wish it.”

He was pleased with her answer. “And if I don’t wish it?”

I believe that Sidnal will need some help with his land. Now,” she said, and stood up, “let’s go to bed!”

Thorold needed no further encouragement to follow her.

Tired from the physical passion of the night, Thorold was sleeping soundly when Lianna left the house in the burgeoning light to dawn.

The village was quiet, and she walked past the church and into the fields. The bonfire of the night before was but a smoldering pile of ash, and she walked past it and through the wheat along the path Mallam had taken in his flight. Nothing remained by the edge of the field to mark his passing, except a large patch of discolored earth, which she knew, would soon be gone, and she smiled before returning to her house.

It would be another fifty years before the field would be needed again, and her heir would be there to carry on the sacred tradition. She was pleased with her choice for the man who would father her daughter, and, around an oak tree on the mound, she danced a brief dance in the light of the rising sun.

Final Note of the Compiler of this Anthology



The compiler of this Anthology David Michael Myatt is an Anarchist, also embracing the Satanic Philosophy, but he is not a Neo-Nazi. The author does not believe in religions, for him there is no God or Satan. Only the Satanists are together “Satan”, where there is no question of worship. They have only accepted its philosophy. Satanism is a way of life, and its ritual partly ensuring psychic growth. In this time and age David Myatt brought Traditional Satanism on the surface again, but we do not accept his theory on “Culling”

(human sacrifice) every seventeenth year. He should have known better. Agree with him, there have been human sacrifices in Ancient Times, but no more today. We believe in human freedom and well-being.

What is Anarchism?

ANARCHISM is the philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

The new social order rests, of course, on the materialistic basis of life; but while all Anarchists agree that the main evil today is an economic one, they maintain that the solution of that evil can be brought about only through the consideration of *every phase* of life,--individual, as well as the collective; the internal, as well as the external phases.

Anarchism is the only philosophy which brings to man the consciousness of himself; which maintains that God and Satan, the State, and society are non-existent, that their promises are null and void, since they can be fulfilled only through man's subordination. Anarchism is therefore the teacher of the unity of

life; not merely in nature, but in man. There is no conflict between the individual and the social instincts, any more than there is between the heart and the lungs: the one the receptacle of a precious life essence, the other the repository of the element that keeps the essence pure and strong. The individual is the heart of society, conserving the essence of social life; society is the lungs which are distributing the element to keep the life essence--that is, the individual--pure and strong.



Anarchism is the great liberator of man from the phantoms that have held him captive; it is the arbiter and pacifier of the two forces for individual and social harmony. To accomplish that unity, Anarchism has declared war on the pernicious influences which have so far prevented the harmonious blending of individual and social instincts, the individual and society.

Religion, the dominion of the human mind; Property, the dominion of human needs; and Government, the dominion of human conduct, represent the stronghold of man's enslavement and all the horrors it entails. Religion! How it dominates man's mind, how it humiliates and degrades his soul. God is everything, man is nothing, says religion. But out of that nothing God has created a kingdom so despotic, so tyrannical, so cruel, so terribly exacting that

naught but gloom and tears and blood have ruled the world since gods began. Anarchism rouses man to rebellion against this black monster. Break your mental fetters, says Anarchism to man, for not until you think and judge for yourself will you get rid of the dominion of darkness, the greatest obstacle to all progress

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Invokation to Baphomet

We stand armed and dangerous before the bloody fields of history; devoid of dogma - but ready to carve, to defy the transient: Ready to stab forth with our penetrative will, strain every leash, run yelling down the mountainside of Man: ready and willing to immolate world upon world with our stunning blaze. And let them all sing that WE were here, as Masters among the failing speciens called Man. Our being took form in defiance to stand before your killing gaze. And now we travel from flame to flame And tower from the will to the glory!

Agios ☉ Baphomet – Agios ☉ Baphomet – Agios ☉ Baphomet

© July 2014 -Skull Press Ebook Publication – Ghent, Belgium